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1786——————1886

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

MUNICIPAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Incorporation of the Town of Portland

JULY 4TH, 5TH AND 6TH, 1886

EDITED BY JOHN T. HULL

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE OF THE

CITY COUNCIL

PORTLAND:

PRINTED BY OWEN, STROUT & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

That part of Falmouth, which was called the Neck, now our City of Portland, was in 1775 nearly destroyed by the British fleet, under the command of Mowatt. Most of its buildings, with their contents, were burnt, and the inhabitants scattered. During the remaining years of the war very little was done towards the re-building of the town and the restoration of its business. Its exposed situation on the sea, and the uncertainity as to the continuance or the results of the war, prevented any improvement in the growth or business of the place. But in 1783, after peace was declared, and the Thirteen Colonies took a place as one of the nations of the world, a great change took place. The situation of the Neck as a place of commercial importance was so apparent to its inhabitants that the work of re-building the town, the re-construction of the place, and the improvement of its business, was commenced by its citizens with vigor and industry. People in other localities began to appreciate the natural advantages which were possessed by the Neck, and many emigrants (largely from Massachusetts) turned their attention to the place, which afterwards was known as "the beautiful town by the sea." There were numerous accessions to the population for the few years succeeding the declaration of peace.

The first question of public importance which came before our fathers was that of the division of the old

Town of Falmouth, and the setting off of the Neck into a separate municipality. The feeling among the inhabitants of the Neck was, that they had but slight connections with the other part of the town, their interests were distinct, that they differed in all measures affecting them, they were at town-meeting constantly outvoted by the inhabitants of the larger part of the town, whose larger area also contained a larger number of inhabitants.[1] And so measures were commenced towards the division of the town, and a petition was presented from the residents on the Neck to the selectmen of Falmouth, requesting a town-meeting called to consider the question The first meeting of the inhabitants respecting the proposed separation was held in 1783. The old Falmouth Records, in which the proceedings were recorded, were some years since burnt. I have been able to find in the Massachusetts archives, at the State House, Boston, certified copies of this and other proceedings in this matter, and they being of interest in this connection I print them in full.

TOWN MEETING.

To John Bagley one of the Constables of the Town of Falmouth— Greeting.

Whereas application has been made to us by more than seven of the Inhabitants of the Town of Falmouth to call a meeting of said Inhabitants, To see if the Town will agree that the part of the Town called the Neck shall be sett off as a separate Town. You are hereby required in the name of the Commonwealth of Mass-

[1]Note. The original Town of Falmouth, now comprised in Portland, Cape Elizabeth, Deering, Westbrook and Falmouth, contained in 1786 29,265 acres, of which the neck had 1,466, Cape Elizabeth, 12,881, and the remainder of the town, 14,918. The population of the neck in 1786, was about 2,000; of the remainder, not including Cape Elizabeth, about 2,900.

achusetts to warn the said inhabitants qualified to vote in Town meeting to meet at the meeting House of the First Parish in said Town on Monday the 26th instant at ten o'clock in the forenoon—for the purpose aforesaid

Falmouth May 16, 1783.

THOS. CHILD
RICHARD CODMAN
DANIEL ILSLEY
STEPHEN HALL
} *Selectmen of Falmouth.*

Falmouth, May 26th, 1783.

Pursuant to the within warrant to me directed. I have notified the inhabitants of said Town, according to law to meet at the time and place and for the purpose within mentioned

JOHN BAGLEY, *Constable of Falmouth.*

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the Town of Falmouth on the 26th day of may 1783 pursuant to the preceeding notification John Waite Esq, was chosen Moderator.

On motion it was put whether the Town would consent that the Neck should be set off as a separate town provided they can agree what bridges the Neck shall support and maintain, it passed in the affirmative,—It was also put whether the Town will consent that the Neck should be set off as a separate Town, provided they consent to maintain Sacarippa Prides and Back Cove Bridges, it passed in the affirmative, and the following were laid before the Town as the intended bounds viz. To begin at the middle of the creek, that runs into round marsh, thence N. E. to Back Cove Creek, thence down the middle of that creek to Back Cove, thence across said Cove to Sandy Point, thence round by Casco Bay to the Fore River thence up that river to the first bounds, together with all the Island's that belong to the first Parish—and it was agreed that the neck pay their proportion of all debts due from the Town, and if after a settlement of all accounts a surplusage shall remain on hand the same shall be divided and also the town stock in proportion to the taxes paid by each District

Recorded by JOHN FROTHINGHAM, Town Clerk.

A true extract from Falmouth Book of Records book 4th page 158 & 159

Att.

JOHN FROTHINGHAM, *Town Clerk.*"

The matter seemed to rest at that time, "the impoverished condition of the people, and the desolate state of the Neck diverted all thoughts from the subject until the close of 1785," when the following petition (which I also found among the papers at the State House in Boston) was presented to the General Court of Massachusetts:

PETITION.[1]

To the Honorable Senate and the Honorable House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The Petition of the Subscribers—Inhabitants of that part of the Town of Falmouth in the County of Cumberland, commonly called the neck, humbly sheweth,

That in their present situation they are destitute of many advantages which the inhabitants of maritime towns receive, and which as such they might enjoy if they were incorporated into a different Town. In their present state they suffer much for want of some regular method of employing and supporting the Poor, who are principally resident in that part of the Town, and of repairing and regulating their streets.

The establishment of proper orders and By-Laws for conducting their external Police, such especially as more immediately relate to Sea Port Towns.

Some permanent and effectual Provision for the support of Schools, so necessary to the happiness of Individuals and the well being of Society, and of power to raise money for these and other purposes particularly incident to our compact situation.

They therefore pray you, that your Honors would pass an act whereby they and all who live within the following bounds, viz.: "To begin at the middle of the Creek that runs into round marsh, thence N. E. to Back Cove Creek, thence down the middle of that Creek to Back Cove; thence across said Cove to Sandy Point, thence round by Casco Bay to the Fore river, thence up said river to the first bounds, as well as the Islands in said Town may together

[1] General Court Records.

with their estates be incorporated into a separate and distinct Town. And that by said act your Honors would be pleased to constitute us the Shire Town of the County and indulge us with the privileges incident thereto.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

FALMOUTH, November 15, 1785.

Enoch Freeman	Dudley Cammet	Elijah Littlefield.
Saml. Freeman	Paul Cammet	Joseph McLellan
Richard Codman	Enoch Freeman, jr.	Enoch Moody
Daniel Davis	Enoch Ilsley	Nath. Moody
Stephen Codman	Tim° Pike	Wm. Frost
Arthur McLellan	Moses Noyes	Tho^{s} Sanford
Nath^{l} Deering	Benj. Waite, jr.	Thomas Reed
John Stephenson	William Hobby	James Fosdick
Thomas Robison	Hugh McLellan	James Jewett
Benj. Titcomb	Robert Boyd	Stephen Hall
Jonathan Morse	W. Vaughan	Eben^{r} Davis
William Wiswell	John Masury	Woodbury Storer
Jona Paine	Moses Brazier	Nathl Atkins
John Thrasher	Enoch Brazier	John Nicholls
William Jenks	Lemuel Weeks	Stephen Harding
Joshua Rogers	James Gooding	John Burnam
J. Hobby	Stephen Tukey	Jn°. Archer
Joseph Noyes	Jeremiah ——	Thos. B. Wait
Eben Preble	Joseph Sylvester	Joseph H. Ingraham

Sign^{d}, In the name & behalf of the first Parish in Falmouth—agreeably to then vote passed of 23d Jany. 1786.

SAML FREEMAN
RICHARD CODMAN
TIMOTHY PIKE

The following was the action of the General Court:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

MARCH 4, 1786.

On the petition of Enoch Freeman and others, Inhabitants in that part of Falmouth in the County of Cumberland called the Neck,

praying to be incorporated into a separate Town for reasons set forth in their petition.

Ordered that the Petitioners notify the Town of Falmouth by leaving an attested copy of the petition and this order, with the Clerk of said Town thirty days at least before the third Wednesday of the next session of the General Court, that they may show cause on said day if any why the prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for concurrence.

A. Ward, *Speaker.*

In the Senate, March 7, 1786.

Read and concurred.

Saml. Phillips, jun., *President.*

Falmouth, May 1, 1786.

At a legal meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Falmouth pursuant to the proceeding notification, John Waite Esq, was chosen moderator.

Upon the consideration of the other article in warrant, viz., "To see if the Town will make answer to the petitions of the Inhabitants of that part of the Town called the neck respecting their being set off as a separate Town."

Voted: that the prayer of the petitioners be granted on condition, that the inhabitants within the limits mentioned in said petition maintain their proportion of the following bridges, viz. Fore river bridge, Winslows, Pride's, Proctors and Saccarippa, bridges on Presumpscot river, which proportions shall be estimated according to the last valuations, and also pay their proportion of all debts due from the Town, and if after a settlement of all accounts, a surplusage shall remain on hand the same shall be divided, and also the Town Stock of powder, and all other stock in proportion to the valuation aforementioned.

Recorded by John Frothingham *Town Clerk.*

A true copy as on record

Att. John Frothingham *Town Clerk.*

Pending this question the following petition was presented and which explains the cause of the present irregular boundaries of Portland:

"*To the Honorable the Senate and the Honorable the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled.*

The Petition of Elizabeth Wise Joshua Freeman and Samuel Deane humbly showeth,

That as a petition is now before your honorable Court, for the creating of that part of Falmouth at Casco Bay which has been usually called the neck into a town, and as your petitioners hold lands to the amount of one hundred and eighty acres, which descended to us from our honored Father, Moses Pearson Esquire deceased; without the proposed line of the designed new town, and adjoining on that part of the line which goes by the name of Back Cove Creek, which lands join together, and make one regular tract: As it will be more convenient for your petitioners on several accounts, we earnestly request that if your honorable Court should see fit to divide the town of Falmouth in the manner that is proposed, our lands aforesaid may be annexed to the new town, and made a part thereof. And your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

ELIZABETH WISE
JOSHUA FREEMAN
FALMOUTH March 10, 1786 SAMUEL DEANE.

The report of the Committee of the General Court was favorable to the petition for the new town, viz.:

IN SENATE, June 14, 1786.

Read & ordered that the Petitioners have leave to bring in a Bill for the purposes herein mentioned.

Sent down for concurrence.

SAML. PHILLIPS JUNR., *President.*

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, June 15, 1786.

Read and concurred.

ARTEMAS WARD, *Speaker.*

JOURNAL HOUSE,[1] June 21, 1786.

A bill entitled an act for creating that part of the Town of Falmouth, in the County of Cumberland, commonly called the neck into

[1] General Court Records, vol. 47, p. 118.

a new town by the name ——— of. Read the first time and to-morrow at 10 o'clock A. M. assigned for the second reading.

The bill passed to be enacted in the House July 1, 1786.

IN SENATE[1], July 4, 1786.

An Engrossed Bill intitled "an act erecting that part of the Town of Falmouth in the county of Cumberland, commonly called the neck into a town by the name of Portland, having had two several readings passed to be enacted.

The text of the act is as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

AN ACT for erecting that part of the Town of Falmouth in the County of Cumberland, commonly known as the Neck, into a town by the name of Portland.[2]

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled and by authority of the same:

SECT. 1. That that part of the town of Falmouth aforesaid, and the inhabitants thereof and their estates, included within the following bounds, viz. Beginning at the middle of the Creek that runs into Round-Marsh, so called, thence north east to Backcove Creek, thence

[1] General Court Records, 47–98.

[2] NOTE.—The name Portland. Willis says, (p. 581) "Some diversity of sentiment existed respecting a name for the new town. Casco and Falmouth port were rivals of the successful candidate, and the claims of each were strenuously urged. . . . . The general impression, however, was in favor of Portland, although not a voice in the public paper was lifted up in its support. One writer only, in closing a communication in which the merit of the other was discussed, thus notices it: 'both of these however, I expect must give place to the more acceptable name of Portland.'

This appellation was recommended by its local application, and itsancient connection with a part of our territory. The earliest English name by which the island now called Bangs, (Cushing's,) and the mainland in Cape Elizabeth opposite to it, were known, was Portland, as was also the main channel between them, 'Portland Sound.' The island continued to bear the name during the remainder of the century of its discovery, and the head land on which the light-house now stands has ever been and is still called 'Portland head.'" . . . .

down the middle of that creek to Backcove, thence across said cove to Sandy Point, thence round by Casco Bay to Fore River, thence up Fore River to the first bounds, together with all the islands that now belong to the first parish in said Falmouth, be, and they hereby are incorporated into a town by the name of Portland, and are hereby invested with all the powers, privileges and immunities, that towns within this commonwealth do, or ought by law to have and enjoy.

Sect. 2. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the several collectors of the said town of Falmouth are hereby authorised to collect and pay the taxes, to them already committed respectively, agreeably to their several warrants; any thing in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sect. 3. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the treasurer of the town of Falmouth shall make a fair settlement and adjustment of his accounts as they stood before the passing this act, and if a balance shall remain in his hands the inhabitants of the town of Portland shall receive their just and due proportion thereof. And if upon such settlements, the Town of Falmouth shall be in arrears, the inhabitants of the town of Portland shall pay their just and due proportion thereof, as hereafter in this act is settled.

Sect. 4. And be it further enacted, That the land belonging to the town of Falmouth before the passing of this act, and the town stock of powder, shall be set off and divided, four ninths to the town of Portland, and the other five ninths to the town of Falmouth, and the town of Portland shall pay four ninths of the taxes which have been heretofore imposed by the general court, upon the town of Falmouth; and the assessors of said towns respectively, are hereby empowered and directed to assess all taxes, which were due from the said town of Falmouth, before the passing of this act, to the county or commonwealth, agreeably to the proportion aforesaid; and the towns aforesaid shall be charged in the same proportion, in all future taxes, until the general court shall otherwise determine. And the public landings shall be in common to the inhabitants of both towns.

Sect. 5. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the said town of Portland shall be the shire town of said county, and that the supreme judicial courts, and courts of common pleas, and general sessions of the peace, by law appointed to be holden at Falmouth, shall in future be holden in the said town of

Portland, on the same days respectively, in which they were by law required to be holden at Falmouth aforesaid; any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sect. 6. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the poor now maintained by the town of Falmouth, shall be supported by the two towns in the proportion aforesaid. And if any person or persons heretofore belonging to the town of Falmouth aforesaid, and who have removed from thence, shall be returned thither again, and become a public charge, the same shall be paid by the two towns aforesaid, in proportion to the tax laid on them severally from time to time.

Sect. 7. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That nothing in this act shall in any wise affect or alter any of the bounds of the several parishes within the town of Falmouth, but the same shall be and remain as heretofore by law established; anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sect. 8. And be it further enacted, That the inhabitants of the town of Portland shall from time to time amend and repair Pride's bridge, on Presumpscot River, and the great bridge on Fore River, so called although the same be not included within the limits of Portland aforesaid.

Sect. 9. And be it further enacted, That a certain tract of land without the limits of the town of Portland, and containing about one hundred and eighty acres, belonging to Samuel Deane, Joshua Freeman, and Elizabeth Wise, and which descended to them from Moses Pearson, late of Falmouth aforesaid, Esq., deceased, be, and the same is hereby annexed to the town of Portland, and shall be considered as part thereof; and the lands granted to the first parish in said Falmouth for the support of the ministry there, are hereby annexed to said town of Portland, and shall be considered as part thereof, and shall enjoy the immunities that the other ministerial lands in said Falmouth have and enjoy, the same being without the limits of the town of Portland notwithstanding, so long as they continue ministerial lands, and no longer.

Sect. 10. And be it further enacted, That Enoch Freeman, Esq., be, and he hereby is directed to issue his warrant to some principal inhabitant of Portland, requiring him to notify and warn the inhabitants of the said town of Portland, qualified by law to vote in town

affairs, to meet at such time and place as therein shall be set forth, to choose such officers as any of the towns within this commonwealth by law have a right to elect; and the officers so chosen shall take the respective oaths by law required to be by them taken.

Sect. 11. Provided nevertheless, That nothing in this act shall be construed to affect any grants of land made to the first parish in Falmouth aforesaid, but such lands shall be the estate of the society which before the passing of this act was called the first parish in Falmouth; any thing in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the House of Representatives, July 1, 1786.
This bill having had three several readings passed to be enacted.
Artemus Ward, *Speaker.*

In the Senate, July 4, 1786.
The bill having had Two several readings passed to be enacted.
Samuel Phillips junr, *President.*

By the Governor.—Approved. James Bowdoin.

True copy. Attest: John Avery, junr, *Secretary.*

FIRST MEETING OF THE TOWN OF PORTLAND.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

To John Frothingham, Esqr., one of the Principal inhabitants of the Town of Portland.[1] Greeting,

In obedience to an act of the General Court, passed the 4th day of July last, for creating that part of the Town of Falmouth in said County of Cumberland into a Town by the name of Portland, wherein I am directed to issue my warrant to some principal inhabitant of said Portland requesting him to notify and warn the inhabitants of said Town qualified to vote in Town affairs to meet at such time and place as I shall direct to choose such officers as any of the Towns within the Commonwealth by law have a right to elect.

These are therefore in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to require you to notify and warn the freeholders and other inhabitants of said Town of Portland qualified as aforesaid to meet at the meeting house in said Portland on Wednesday the ninth day

[1] Town Records, vol. 1, p. 4.

of August current at ten of the clock in the forenoon to choose such officers as any of the Towns within this Commonwealth have a right to elect.

hereof fail not.

Given under my hand and seal at said Portland this second day of August, A. D. 1786. ENOCH FREEMAN.

Pursuant to the preceding warrant to me directed, the freeholders and other inhabitants of the Town of Portland qualified according to law to vote in Town meetings, are hereby notified to assemble and meet at the time and place, and for the purpose in the same warrant mentioned. JOHN FROTHINGHAM,

PORTLAND, Aug. 6, 1786. *Portland.*

PORTLAND, Aug. 9, 1786.

In obedience to the within warrant to me directed, I notified the the freeholders and other inhabitants of the Town of Portland qualified to vote in Town affairs to meet at the time and place and for the purpose therein mentioned by posting up the same warrant and the within notification at the meeting house and a copy thereof, at several public places in said Portland.

JOHN FROTHINGHAM.

The meeting was accordingly held at the meeting-house of the First Parish, upon the 9th day of August, 1786. (See Appendix.)

THE editor of this History of the "Centennial Celebration," takes this opportunity to recognize and to testify his appreciation of the valuable work done by the daily papers of the city during the three days celebration. Their full and correct reports of the proceedings have been largely drawn upon in the preparation of this volume, and the assistance thereby rendered is gratefully acknowledged.

ACTION OF THE

CITY COUNCIL AND COMMITTEES.

The City Council of 1885–86, near the close of the municipal year, deemed that some action was necessary concerning a proper recognition of the Centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Portland; and, January 4, 1886, a special committee was chosen to bring the subject to the attention of the next City Government. No action was, however, taken by the committee.[1]

Hon. Charles J. Chapman, Mayor, in his inaugural address, made at the organization of the City Council, March 8th, 1886, referred to the Centennial celebration as follows, viz:

"Portland Centennial.

The centennial anniversary of Portland occurs upon July 4th of this year, it being precisely one hundred years from that date that what was then known as Falmouth Neck was set off from the town of Falmouth, and incorporated into a separate town called Portland.

[1] See Appendix.

We should seem remiss in our appreciation of the event, if we let this anniversary pass unnoticed. Upon such a day the history of the past hundred years should be publicly recounted, and the sons of Portland, scattered all over our country, should be welcomed home to join with us in the celebration. As the anniversary occurs on the Fourth of July, it might be judicious to unite both celebrations in one. If any action is to be taken in observing this anniversary, allow me to suggest that it be done promptly by the appointment of suitable committees, as much of the work of preparation must of necessity be slow."

March 8, 1886. At a meeting of the City Council, it was

Ordered, "That a committee of three on the part of this Board (Mayor and Aldermen), with such as the Common Council may join, be appointed a preliminary committee, to take into consideration that part of the Mayor's address, relating to the Centennial Celebration of Portland; and report plans for observing the same, at the next regular meeting of the City Council."

Read and passed, and the Mayor, Aldermen Beale and Wilson, Councilmen Hobbs, Abbott, Cox, Adams, McCann and Trefethen were appointed as the Committee.[1] A meeting of the committee and citizens for consultation was held March 12th.

[*From the Portland Daily Press of March 13, 1886.*]

The preliminary committee of the City Government, appointed to ascertain the advisability of celebrating the Centennial anniversary of Portland, which occurs upon the 4th of July next, met in the Aldermen's room, City Building, last evening to listen to the expression of opinion in regard to the matter from a number of citizens who had been invited to be present. The full committee, consisting of Mayor Chapman, Aldermen Beale, Wilson and Marks, President Hobbs and Messrs. Trefethen, McCann, Adams, Cox and Abbott of the Council, were in attendance. Among the citizens present were

[1] City Records, Vol. 20, p. 304.

Rev. Dr. H. S. Burrage, T. C. Woodbury, John T. Hull, City Solicitor Symonds, Judge Goddard, Wm. M. Sargent, Lewis B. Smith, W. S. Dana, W. H. Smith, Wm. H. Looney and S. B. Kelsey.

In calling the meeting to order the Mayor said that as chairman of the committee he had invited a number of citizens to meet with them in order to ascertain their views on the question of the celebration and the programme for the day.

Alderman Wilson was chosen secretary of the committee, and Mr. John T. Hull secretary of the meeting.

The Mayor then said that the matter of the celebration required the co-operation of the citizens and City Government, and he was glad to see so many present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. He referred to the part which those especially interested in the history of the city should take in the work of the celebration, and was gratified to see so many of these gentlemen present.

Alderman Beale was called upon as a member of the committee appointed by the last City Government, and said that he had thought of no programme, but that the work of preparation would be a great one. He thought it would be necessary to do a little talking first and a great deal of work afterwards.

Alderman Marks thought that an executive committee and sub-committees should be appointed, and recommended that the necessary suitable uniforms be furnished to the fire department and the companies invited to join in the parade.

The Mayor thought the first thing to do was to ascertain the views of the citizens in regard to the advisability of holding the celebration so that the committee might report to the City Government with an understanding of the wishes of the people.

Mr. Wm. M. Sargent spoke of the number of centennial celebrations which have occurred in the last few years, and thought that the observance here would be agreeable to the best citizens. He recommended the extension of an invitation to the four historical and genealogical societies to unite in the celebration, the different organizations presenting historical matter in specified branches.

Rev. Dr. Burrage thought that a single address would be better than a number of short ones, and the papers referred to in the remarks of the last speaker could be published only at a large expense. Dr. Burrage recommended an historical address with other

exercises in City Hall in the afternoon, and a popular out of door celebration and procession in the forenoon, arranged to bring to the minds of spectators events in the history of the city.

The Mayor called upon Mr. Lewis B. Smith as one who had been active in the preparation of similar celebrations in the past. Mr. Smith said that at this time he would only say he believed the general opinion was in favor of the celebration.

Mr. John T. Hull called attention to the large number of people in other places, either natives of Portland or intimately connected with it, and thought that they should be invited to attend. The letters received from many of these persons would furnish a valuable contribution to a memorial volume, besides increasing the interest in the celebration. Mr. Hull read a list of distinguished people connected with Portland.

Judge Symonds hoped that we shall have a celebration, and a good one. He liked the suggestions which had been made in regard to the historical portions of the celebration, and believed that to make a success there must be a good time out of doors, the forenoon to be given up to a procession as recommended by Dr. Burrage.

Mr. W. H. Smith was decidedly in favor of the celebration, and thought that the city should make the best of it by increasing the knowledge of the citizens in regard to local history. Besides an oration he recommended short addresses upon the business enterprises of the place. Mr. Smith did not think that the celebration could be completed in one day, and as the sons and daughters of Portland are to be present from all over the country he recommended that several days be set apart.

Mr. T. C. Woodbury said he had been appointed on the committee of the last City Government to bring this matter to the attention of the present City Council, but found that action unnecessary. He regarded the celebration as a great educator, and endorsed Dr. Burrage's suggestion of a representation in the procession of historical events. It will take time and money to work up the celebration, but the result will be gratifying. Mr. Woodbury recommended a committee to have charge of the correspondence with Portlanders in other places.

Judge Goddard thought there was little or no dissent to the celebration, and hoped that it would not be gotten up in a stinted

manner. He believed the people wanted a liberal appropriation for this purpose.

Mr. W. S. Dana said that he was enthusiastic on this subject, and heartily in favor of the celebration. He referred favorably to a number of the suggestions made.

Mr. Sargent said that he did not mean that the papers presented by the historical societies were to be bound necessarily, but thought that in manuscript they would make a valuable addition to the city archives.

The Mayor then put the question whether the citizens present recommended the celebration and a sufficient appropriation therefor, and there was a unanimous rising vote.

The committee then went into executive session, and on motion of Mr. Abbott voted to report in favor of holding the celebration. The matter of preparing the report was left with the Mayor and Alderman Wilson, and the committee adjourned. The report will be presented at a special meeting of the City Council Monday evening.

MARCH 15, 1886. The Committee made the following report:

"The joint committee to whom was referred the question of the advisability of appropriately celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the city's settlement (town's incorporation) having considered the matter, beg leave to report:

"At an open meeting of inquiry held by your committee March 12, a detailed report of which appeared in the daily papers of the 13th inst., it was the unanimous opinion of the citizens present that so notable an occasion in the city's history should be properly and appropriately observed. This opinion your committee have found by extensive enquiry among our citizens prevails, and your committee would recommend that the one-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the city (incorporation of the town of Portland), be celebrated with fitting and appropriate ceremonies; and offer for your consideration the accompanying order, viz.:

"ORDERED, That a joint committee, to consist of the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, and the City Clerk, together with the President of the Common Council, and one member of the Common Council

from each ward, be appointed to take in charge the Centennial celebration of the separation of Portland from Falmouth, and the incorporation of the town.

"And said committee shall have power to call to its assistance committees of citizens to forward the objects of the celebration."

The committee that were appointed consisted of the Mayor, Aldermen Beale, Wilson, Ricker, McMahon, Sawyer, Marks, Briggs, City Clerk Burgess, Common Councilmen Hobbs, Gatley, McCann, Adams, Parker, Lang, Abbott and Spring.[1]

At a subsequent meeting of the City Council, held March 29th, 1886, the remaining members of the Common Council were added,[2] so that the full committee consisted of the Mayor, seven Aldermen, City Clerk Burgess and twenty-one members of the Common Council.

March 18, 1886. Meeting of the General Committee:

Present: The Mayor; Aldermen Beale, Wilson, McMahon and Marks; Councilmen Hobbs, Gatley, McCann, Parker, Lang, Abbott and Spring.

George C. Burgess was chosen Secretary of the General Committee.

On motion of Alderman Marks it was voted that a clerk be employed, to be under the control of the committee, from this time to the celebration, at a compensation to be hereafter fixed. John T. Hull was elected as the Clerk of the Committee.

At the suggestion of the Mayor, it was voted that three committees be appointed for preliminary work, and the following were chosen, viz.:

Committee on Printing—Alderman Briggs, Councilmen Hobbs and McCann.

[1] City Records—vol. 22, page 312.

[2] City Records—vol. 22, p. 321.

Committee on Programme—The Mayor, Aldermen Wilson and Beale, City Clerk Burgess.

Committee on Correspondence, Invitations and Addresses—The Mayor, Alderman Marks, Councilmen Abbott and Spring.

Committee on Transportation—Alderman Sawyer, Councilmen Gatley and Lang.

The Committee on Programme held a meeting at the Mayor's office, Monday evening, March 22d:

Present: The Mayor, Beale, Wilson and Burgess. A number of citizens had been invited to attend the meeting, of whom some were present, who were invited to present their views and suggestions respecting the proposed celebration. Suggestions and remarks were made by Lewis B. Smith, J. Marshall Brown, Wm. M. Sargent, Geo. D. Rand, Wm. H. Smith, Albro E. Chase and A. F. Gerrish.

The programme adopted by the committee and reported to the General Committee, at a meeting held March 24, 1886, was as follows, viz:

"The Sub-committee on Programme would ask leave to make the following report, viz.:

"That the said committee held a meeting on Monday evening last, (March 22d), at the Mayor's office, at 7.30 o'clock, at which meeting all the members of the committee were present.

"A number of citizens had been invited by the Mayor to be present and offer suggestions relative to the proposed celebration, some of whom were present and gave expressions of their views relative to the celebration, which were considered by the committee. Lewis B. Smith, Esq., one of the invited gentlemen present, submitted in writing many important and valuable suggestions.

"The committee, after hearing the opinions and views of the gentlemen present, held a meeting by themselves, and agreed upon the following programme to recommend to your committee, viz.:

PROGRAMME.

"SUNDAY, JULY 4TH. In the morning, services at the various churches and places of meeting appropriate to the local histories of the various churches and societies.

"In the afternoon, at the option of the several societies, other exercises suitable to the occasion, and also at the City Hall, services to be held, commemorative of ancient styles of worship, and accompanied by music of the olden time.

"In the evening a meeting to be held at the City Hall, at which appropriate services and exercises will be held.

"MONDAY, JULY 5TH. At sunrise a Federal salute to be fired, accompanied by the ringing of all the church bells.

"In the forenoon, at a suitable hour, a procession to be formed, which shall move through such streets in the city as shall hereafter be designated, such procession to include the military, firemen, civic and secret organizations of our city, school children, with delegations of the sons of Portland from other places; portions of such procession to present in contrast the changes and progress of Portland during the past one hundred years, in forms, costumes and methods, the details of which to be arranged by sub-committees.

"At noon, Federal salute, ringing of church bells, blowing of steam whistles.

"In the afternoon, at Deering Park, various pleasing entertainments for the benefit of the children of our city.

"In the evening, illuminated tableauxs, of a historical character exhibited on low platforms on wheels moved over the rails of the street railroad on Congress street; and also torchlight and flambeaux processions; bands to be stationed at different points along the line. This exhibition to take the place of, or be substituted for, the ordinary fireworks display.

"TUESDAY, JULY 6TH. In the forenoon at the City Hall, the various literary, historical and musical exercises, including the oration, poem, etc.; the City Hall to be properly decorated for the occasion.

"After the close of the exercises in the hall, an excursion to the islands, complimentary to the visitors and especially for their entertainment, they to be the guests of the city. An old-fashioned fish chowder and a modern clam bake to be provided. Citizens to be allowed to participate by paying cost prices.

"In the evening an informal reception by the City Government at the City Hall. All the public rooms in the building to be open and lighted. Speaking if desired. Notable sons and daughters of Port-

land from abroad to be presented to the audience. At a later hour, a promenade concert and dancing in the main hall for those who desire. Special reunions to be had in rooms in the building. An important one, that of the old members and graduates of all the High Schools, to be held in the Supreme Judicial Court Room.

"This reception at the City Hall will be the close of the exercises pertaining proper to the celebration.

"WEDNESDAY, JULY 7TH. A picnic excursion through the White Mountain Notch, over the Portland & Odgensburg Railroad. Free to the visitors. Citizens on the same terms as to the island excursion. This will not only afford our guests a pleasant and healthful recreation, but give our citizens an opportunity to show what seeming difficulties have been overcome, and important commercial avenues opened by the citizens of Portland, who conceived the idea, furnished the capital to build, and the men to control and operate it.

"In the evening, after the return from the excursion, family reunions, and such other purely social gatherings as the well known hospitality of our people will readily suggest and provide.

"During the days of the celebration, let the newspapers of the City give a reasonable portion of their columns to the publication of genealogical and historical articles, contributions in poetry and prose, as well as editorials, together with the accounts of the celebration. Complete files of these papers to be preserved by the City in its archives and in the collections of the Public Library and Historical Societies. All the records of the proceedings, from its inception to its close, comprising the oration, poem, speeches, etc., reported phonographically, all historical and genealogical papers, all poems read or accepted, and all other papers of value to be preserved, and as soon as may be in a proper manner, printed and published in a memorial volume under the direction of some person qualified for the work, authorized to compile and complete it.

"During the days of the celebration, the public buildings to be and remain decorated. Historic arches to be erected at different points and suitable tablets to be placed on ancient buildings, historic places and the birth places or homes of distinguished men or women of our City. Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Chairman.*"

PORTLAND, MARCH 27TH, 1886.

Subsequently at a meeting of the General Committee, held May 30th, the Mayor stated that in consequence of the impossibility of obtaining platform cars, the tableaux for the evening procession would have to be abandoned, and suggested the appointment of a committee on fireworks.

The report as presented was amended by striking out that part relating to an excursion over the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad; and further amended by adding to the programme for Tuesday the attraction of a rowing regatta, and then adopted as amended.

On motion of Mr. Spring, it was voted that the committee select the orator and poet, and report the names selected to the General Committee, and also the names of such distinguished guests as are to be invited to be present at the expense of the city.

At a meeting of the General Committee, held March 29, 1886, the Committee on Invitations reported that in reply to inquiries made, that:

"Hon. Thomas B. Reed and Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson had signified their willingness to accept positions as orator and poetess respectively."

And on motion it was

"Voted, That the chairman be authorized to formally invite Hon. Thomas B. Reed to be the orator, and Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson to be the poetess of the day."

These invitations were extended and formally accepted.

On motion of Mr. Gatley, the Chairman appointed the following committee to select sub-committees, whose duties shall be to attend to the various duties to be performed in connection with the Centennial celebra-

tion, viz.: Beale, Wilson, Burgess, Gatley, Brown, Rumery and Abbott.

This sub-committee held a meeting April 3, 1886, and prepared a list of sub-committees, and on motion it was voted to recommend to the General Committee that the several sub-committees be authorized to add to their numbers such citizens as they may deem expedient to assist them in carrying out the programme. This report was made to the General Committee at a meeting held April 5, 1886. At subsequent meetings of the committee additional sub-committees were appointed, and citizens were added to some of the committees, so that the full organization of the committee as completed was as follows, viz:

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

ALDERMEN.

George W. Beale,	Thomas McMahon,
Virgil C. Wilson,	Whitman Sawyer,
Horace H. Ricker,	William M. Marks,

Herbert G. Briggs.

COUNCILMEN.

JOHN P. HOBBS, *President.*

George Trefethen,	Jerome Rumery,
Richard K. Gatley,	Richard H. Parker,
Henry P. Dewey,	John Williamson,
Joseph A. McGowan,	Caleb N. Lang,
Michael C. McCann,	Henry P. Cox,
Daniel S. Murphy,	George H. Abbott,
Augustus B. Brown,	Ansel G. Dewey,
Osman Adams,	Edward W. Kent,
Frank H. Cushing,	John C. Roberts,
Patrick J. O'Neil,	Eliphalet G. Spring,

George C. Burgess, *City Clerk.*

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMITTEE.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, MAYOR, *Chairman.*

JOHN T. HULL, *Clerk of Committee,*
Office, Room No. 18, City Hall.

GEO. C. BURGESS, *Sec'y General Committee.*

SUB-COMMITTEES.

Finance and Estimates—Mayor, Councilmen Trefethen and Cox.

Correspondence and Invitations—Mayor, Alderman Marks, Councilmen Abbott and Spring.

Sunday Services—Alderman Marks, Councilman Ansel G. Dewey, City Clerk Burgess.

Decorations of Hall and Public Buildings, Arches, &c.—Alderman Wilson, Councilmen Brown, Gatley, Murphy and Williamson; Citizens, George E. Brown, George M. Moore, F. Gregory Forsyth, Michael T. Mulhall, Arthur M. Sawyer.

Salutes, Ringing of Bells, &c.—Alderman Marks, Councilman O'Neil.

Monday, July 5th, Processions, Day and Evening—Mayor, Alderman Sawyer, Councilmen Gatley, McGowan, Brown, Cushing, Rumery, Lang, Abbott, and Spring, City Clerk Burgess; Citizens, Lewis B. Smith, Geo. M. Moore, Albert L. Merry, Wm. P. Goss, H. B. Brown, Isaac C. Atkinson, F. Gregory Forsyth, Granville H. Cloyes, Albro E. Chase, Augustine D. Smith, George Webster, Thomas A. Roberts.

Monday Afternoon, Entertainment for Children at Deering Park—Alderman Briggs, Councilmen McGowan, Parker, Williamson, and Ansel G. Dewey.

Regatta—Alderman McMahon, Councilmen McCann, Henry P. Dewey, Cushing, O'Neil and Roberts; Citizens, Michael F. Davis, Daniel E. Bowen, Henry Kinly.

Literary Exercises at City Hall, Tuesday, July 6th—Mayor, Aldermen Beale and Briggs, City Clerk Burgess.

Music—Alderman Ricker, Councilmen Murphy, Rumery, Cox and Kent; Citizens, John L. Shaw, Herman Kotzschmar, John B. Coyle.

Excursion to Islands—Alderman Ricker, Councilmen Trefethen, Henry P. Dewey, Parker and Hobbs.

Reception by City Government, Tuesday Evening—Mayor, Alderman Sawyer, Councilman Hobbs, Ex-Mayors Neal Dow, William W. Thomas, Jacob McLellan, William L. Putnam, George P. Wescott, Roswell M. Richardson, Francis Fessenden, George Walker, William Senter, Charles F. Libby, John W. Deering, Marquis F. King.

High Schools, Reunion—Alderman Wilson, Councilmen Kent and Adams; Citizens, Thomas Tash, Albro E. Chase, James E. Marrett, E. S. Erving McLellan.

Historical Committee—Alderman Beale, Councilman Cox, City Clerk Burgess.

Printing—Alderman Briggs, Councilmen Hobbs and McCann.

Transportation—Alderman Sawyer, Councilmen Gatley and Lang.

Memorial Volume—Mayor, Alderman Briggs, Councilmen McGowan and Cox, City Clerk Burgess.

Fire Works—Alderman Sawyer, Councilmen Adams, Trefethen, O'Neil and Kent.

Committee on Transportation and Subsistence for Military Companies—Alderman Wilson; Citizens, Gen. John J. Lynch, Q. M. Sterling Dow.

Grand Trunk Railroad Display—Citizens, Joseph N. Martin, David F. Corser, Duncan Menish, Sidney B. Stewart, John Evans, Fred Smith.

Portland and Odgensburg Railroad Display—Citizens, Samuel J. Anderson, Jonas Hamilton, Walter Tolman, Alexander S. Urquhart.

Portland Company—Citizens, George W. Beale, George F. Morse, Alonzo M. Millett, Charles F. Dam, Robert M. Gould.

Horses and Carriages—Alderman Sawyer, Councilmen Cushing and Murphy.

Badges and Emblems—Alderman Wilson, Councilmen Brown and Cox.

Programmes and Advertising—Councilmen Hobbs and McGowan, City Clerk Burgess.

Historical Representations—Alderman Marks; Citizens, H. B. Brown, George D. Rand, George M. Moore, William A. Goodwin, Edward C. Jordan, Charles H. Boyd, John C. Stevens, Fred A. Thompson, Stephen M. Watson.

Committee on Promenade Concert, Tuesday Evening—Citizens, William Senter, jr., Fritz H. Jordan, Fred R. Farrington, Clayton J. Farrington, Howard E. Gould, David W. Snow, Arthur S. Gilson, Harry R. Virgin.

At a meeting of the Sub-committee on Procession, held Wednesday evening, April 14, 1886, it was voted that the different military organizations of the city, the civic associations, the pupils of the Grammar and High schools, also of the Catholic schools, and the Fire Department be invited to take part in the procession of Monday, July 5th; also that a trades procession be organized to participate in the procession. Subsequently invitations were extended to the military detachment at Fort Preble, and the officers and crew of the Revenue Cutter Dallas, and the officers and crew of the North Atlantic squadron.[1] Subsequently the First Regiment, M. V. M., was ordered by the Governor to take part in the parade of July 5th, and invitations that had been extended was accepted by the Yarmouth Rifles, Bath Light Infantry, Portland Cadets, and Fraternity Cadets. Also an invitation was accepted by Damon Division Uniform Rank, No. 1, Knights of Pythias, of Lewiston. It was voted that Major Holman S. Melcher be invited to act as Chief Marshal of the procession July 5th, with authority to appoint his own aids, and he subsequently by letter to the committee accepted the appointment.

[1] See letters, post.

At a meeting of the Committee on Processions Albro E. Chase was appointed Marshal of the Division of School Children, and he was authorized to appoint his own aids.

April 30th. At a meeting of the Committee on Procession the Committee on Historic Representations made a report, recommending the preparation of nine historical and five allegorical representations on floats as a part of the procession of Monday, July 5th next, which report was accepted.

The Sub-committee on Trades' Procession held a meeting Thursday evening, May 6, 1886. The following sub-committees were appointed:

Agricultural Implements, Brushes, Brooms and Stone Ware—S. Coleman Allen.

Apothecaries, Cigars and Tobacco—Henry P. S. Goold.

Bakers and Confectioners—Lewis A. Goudy, George E. Sawyer.

Boat Builders and Riggers—Charles H. Bain.

Books—Frederick W. Bailey, Charles T. Varney, Leonard O. Short.

Box and Trunk Manufacturers—Charles L. Brackett.

Brass Founders and Iron Workers—Martin A. Dillingham, Arthur S. Megquier.

Butchers and Provision Dealers—Austin D. Sulivan.

Furniture, Cabinet Makers, Carpets, &c.—Walter L. Corey, Isaac C. Atkinson, Thomas H. McDonnell.

Canned Goods, Retail Grocers—Martin A. Dillingham, Frank W. Stockman, Austin D. Sulivan.

Carpenters and Lumber—George W. Sylvester.

Carriages and Harnesses—Peter H. Bradley.

Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods—Willard C. Ware, Fred R. Farrington.

Coal and Wood—Isaac C. Atkinson.

Cooperage—Fred A. Hobson.

Crockery and Marble Workers—John E. Sawyer.

Dry Goods—Albert S. Rines, George M. Moore, Leander A. Wade.

Express Companies—Charles A. Cushing.

Fertilizers—Fred D. Ellis.

Wholesale and Retail Fish—George F. Loveitt, Albert N. Hawes.

Photography and Florists—Joseph H. Lamson.

Gas Fitters and Plumbers—Charles A. Plummer.

Wholesale Grocers, &c.—Hollis B. Hill, William H. Stevens.

Hardware, &c.—Henry L. Houghton, Joseph A. King.

Hats and Caps—Robert F. Somers, Albert L. Merry.

Ice and Refrigerators—Willard C. Ware.

Jewelry and Clocks—Charles H. Lamson.

Machinery and Boiler Makers—Thomas B. Merrill, Charles P. Babcock.

Newspapers and Printing—George D. Loring.

Paints and Oils—Charles H. Bain.

Boots and Shoes—Horace H. Shaw, William P. Goss, Charles A. Cushing.

Ship Chandlery—Charles H. Bain.

Millinery—John E. Palmer.

Flags and Sailmakers—J. Edward Fickett.

Musical Instruments—William H. H. Saunders.

Sub-committee on Decorations, at a meeting held May 7, 1886:

Voted, To have the City Hall decorated on the outside and inside, with the corridors, Reception Hall, Mayor's office, Alderman and Common Council room. The old City Hall on the outside. Ten strings of flags to be placed at different points across Congress street. The contract for these decorations was subsequently awarded to John G. Weston, of Lawrence, Mass.

The Sub-committee on Children's Entertainment held a meeting May 17, 1886, and

VOTED, To have an entertainment for the children at Deering Park, on Monday afternoon, July 5th, to consist of a children's concert, Punch and Judy shows, day fire works, music from the bands. Subsequently, the committee arranged for a balloon ascension from Lincoln Park.

The Sub-committee on Sunday Services, at a meeting held May 19, 1886, arranged a programme for the services to be held at the City Hall on Sunday afternoon and evening of July 4th, which was satisfactorily and successfully carried out.

The Committee on Music at various meetings arranged for and engaged thirteen bands to furnish music for the procession of July 5th, and also provided the music for the exercises at the City Hall on Sunday, July 4th, and Tuesday, July 6th.

The Sub-committee on Memorial Volume made a report to the City Council May 27, 1886, and the following order was passed:

"ORDERED, That the Sub-committee of the Centennial Committee having in charge the preparation of a Memorial Volume, be and is hereby authorized to prepare for publication and to publish one volume, to be an account of the centennial celebration of the incorporation of Portland, under the editorial supervision of John T. Hull, Esq.

"And one volume, to be a memorial history of Portland from the date of its incorporation, under the editorial supervision of Gen. John Marshall Brown.

"The expense of publishing said volumes, so far as borne by the city, to be charged to the appropriation for contingent expenses."[1]

[1] Vol. 22, p. 358, City Records.

The Sub-committee on Fireworks, at a meeting held May 24th, accepted the proposal of the "Unexcelled Fireworks Company" of New York to furnish a display of fireworks on Monday evening, July 5th, according to the programme as furnished by them.

The Sub-committee on Invitations, at a meeting held March 18, 1886:

"VOTED, That the Clerk of the Committee commence the work of correspondence the next day (March 19th), and he be directed to prepare lists of the names of those living in other places who were former residents of Portland."

And in accordance with this vote the Clerk of the Committee prepared the following Circular, which was published in all the State of Maine newspapers, and other papers in the United States and Canada, and extensively circulated through the mails:

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

PORTLAND, JULY 4TH, 1886.

The Committee on Invitations of the Centennial Committee desire to have a record prepared of the names of the Sons and Daughters of Portland, who are residents in other places to whom invitations to attend the Centennial Anniversary can be sent. For that purpose they request information of such absentees including those who were born here—those whose parents, or husbands, or wives were natives of our city, and also those not natives who were former residents. Such information can be communicated by letter or otherwise to John T. Hull, Clerk of Committee, at Room No. 18, City Hall.

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor*,
Chairman of Committee.

PORTLAND, March 19, 1886.

At a meeting of the Sub-committee on Invitations, held Friday, June 4th, it was voted to send invitations signed by the Mayor, to the persons hereinafter named, inviting them to attend the Centennial Celebration on July 4th, 5th and 6th next, as the special guests of the city, and while here to be entertained at the expense of the city; and invitations in the following form were sent:

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, MAYOR, *Chairman.*

JOHN T. HULL,
Clerk of Committee.
Room No. 18, City Hall.

GEORGE C. BURGESS,
Sec'y General Committee.

PORTLAND, ME., June 8th, 1886.

DEAR SIR:

On behalf of the Centennial Committee of the City of Portland, I have the honor to extend to you an invitation to be present at the exercises commemorative of the Centennial Anniversary of our City, to be held on July 4th, 5th and 6th next, as the

GUEST OF THE CITY.

Hoping that you may be able to favor us with your attendance,

I am very respectfully
Your obedient servant,
CHAS. J. CHAPMAN,
MAYOR.

To †D. Fuller Appleton, New York.
*Gen. Romaine B. Ayers, U. S. Army.
†Rev. Phillips Brooks, Boston.

*See letters from in appendix. †Present.

To *Hon. Erastus Brooks, Staten Island, N. Y.
†Rt. Rev. Alex. Burgess, Quincy, Illinois.
*Rt. Rev. D. M. Bradley, Manchester, N. H.
†Rev. Edwin C. Bolles, Salem, Mass.
†Joseph Brooks, Esq, Kennebunk, Maine.
*Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, Boston.
*B. H. Bartol, Philadelphia.
†Capt. Robert Boyd, U. S. N., Com'r of U. S. S. Tennessee.
*Phineas Barnes, Pittsburg, Pa.
*Daniel C. Colesworthy, Boston.
†Hon. Henry Carter, Haverhill, Mass.
†Rev John W. Chickering, Wakefield, Mass.
*Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., Evanston, Ill.
*John Ward Deane, Boston.
*Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, Owatowna, Minn.
†Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thomas Cummings, Esq., Freeport, Me.
†Rev. Joseph F. Elder, D. D., New York.
*Samuel Fessenden, Esq., Stamford, Conn.
†Hon. Henry L. Gregg, Hudson, N. Y.
Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., San Francisco, Cal.
†Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Bangor, Me.
*Hon. Eugene Hale, Ellsworth, Me.
Alvin Higgins, Esq., New York.
*Hon. Hosea Ilsley, Chelsea, Mass.
†Hon. Isaac A. Jack, St. John, N. B.
†Charles P. Ilsley, Esq., Cambridge, Mass.
*Capt. Washington Ilsley, Limerick, Me.
†Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Harpswell, Me.
†Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C.
*Rev. Henry M. King, D. D., Albany, N. Y.
†Gen. Horatio C. King, New York.
†Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.
†Hon. John Lynch, Washington, D. C.
*Isaac McLellan, Esq., Greenport, L. I.
†John H. McDonough, Esq., Boston.
†Prof. Edward S. Morse, Salem, Mass.
*Mrs. Clara (Barnes) Martin, Boston.

To *Stephen R. Niles, Esq., Boston.
†Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, Saco, Me.
†Hon. William D. Pennell, Lewiston, Me.
*Prof. John K. Paine, Cambridge, Mass.
*Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Hollywood, N. C.
*Rt. Rev. Horatio Southgate, Ravenswood, N. Y.
†Maj. Charles W. Stevens, Boston.
*Andrew Scott, Esq., Flushing, L. I.
*Mrs Ann S. Stephens, New York.
*Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, Philadelphia, Pa.
*Rev. Horatio Stebbins, San Francisco, Cal.
*Hon. Francis Springer, Columbus Junction, Iowa.
*Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Boston.
*Hon Stewart L. Woodford, Brooklyn, N. Y.
†Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, Concord, N. H.
*Moses Woolson, Concord, N. H.
*Sargent S. Prentiss, Esq., New Orleans.
*Mrs. N. P. Willis, New Bedford, Mass.
*Mrs. Mary Neal Sherwood, Baltimore, Md.
*Miss Margaret E. Neal, Baltimore, Md.

The above were either natives, former residents, or their parents, husbands or wives were born in Portland.

OFFICIAL GUESTS.

*The President, GROVER CLEVELAND, Washington, D. C.
†The Governor, Hon. FREDERICK ROBIE, Gorham, Me.

STAFF.

†Brig. Gen. Samuel J. Gallagher, Augusta.
*Brig. Gen. John T. Richards, Gardiner.
†Col. Augustus C. Hamlin, Bangor.
†Col. F. M. Guptill, Saco.
†Col. Samuel N. Campbell, Cherryfield.
†Col. Charles C. Burrill, Ellsworth.
†Col. Enoch C. Farrington, Portland.
†Col. Frank D. Pullen, Bangor.

AIDS.

†Lt. Col. Wm. A. R. Boothby, Waterville.
†Lt. Col. Wm. B. King, Calais.

To †Lt. Col. Albert B. Nealley, Lewiston.
†Lt. Col. Wm. F. Boardman, Calais.
†Lt. Col. J. Frank Hayden, Bath.
†Lt. Col. Ruel T. McLellan, Portland.
†Lt. Col. Frank C. Knight, Rockland.
†Lt. Col. George E. Dole, Bangor.

STATE COUNCILLORS.

*Hon. Ernest M. Goodall, Sanford.
†Hon. Joseph A. Locke, Portland.
*Hon. George R. Fernald, Milton.
†Hon. A. R. Bixby, Skowhegan.
†Hon. Andrew R. G. Smith, Whitefield.
†Hon. Silas C. Hatch, Bangor.
*Hon. Lambert Sands, Sebec.

*Gen. Charles Hamlin, Bangor.
*Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta.
*Hon. William. P. Frye, U. S. Senator, Lewiston.
*Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., M. C., Lewiston.
*Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, M. C., Bangor.
*Hon. Seth L. Milliken, M. C., Belfast.
*Rev. Wm. DeW. Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.
*Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, President of Colby University.
*Rev. Owen B. Cheney, President of Bates College.
†Hon. M. C. Fernald, President of State College.
*Hon. John D. Long, Pres't of the "Sons of Maine," Boston.
*Hon. James W. Bradbury, President of the Maine Historical Society, Augusta.
†Chairman of Board of Selectmen, Cape Elizabeth.
Chairman of Board of Selectmen, Deering.
†Chairman of Board of Selectmen, Westbrook.
Chairman of Board of Selectmen, Falmouth.
†Hon. Joseph R. Bodwell, Hallowell.
*Col. Clark S. Edwards, Bethel.
*Hon. J. Bois De Veber, Mayor of St. John, N. B.
†Hon. Samuel E. Parcher, Mayor of Biddeford.
†Hon. Roscoe L. Bowers, Mayor of Saco.
†Hon. L. M. Haskell, Mayor of Auburn.

To †Hon. Daniel Gowan, Mayor of Lewiston.
*Hon. George E. Macomber, Mayor of Augusta.
*Hon. J. E. Ladd, Mayor of Gardiner.
†Hon. Augustine Lord, Mayor of Hallowell.
†Hon. Benjamin Williams, Mayor of Rockland.
Hon. J. M. Wakefield, Mayor of Bath.
Hon. Charles Baker, Mayor of Belfast.
*Hon. E. B. Neally, Mayor of Bangor.
Hon. H. B. Mason, Mayor of Ellsworth.
*Hon. M. N. McCusick, Calais.
*Hon. Mayor, Newburg, N. Y.

To those who accepted the invitations, the following circular was sent:

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, MAYOR, *Chairman.*

JOHN T. HULL,
Clerk of Committee,
Room No. 18, City Hall.

GEORGE C. BURGESS,
Sec'y General Committee.

Dear Sir:

The Committee on Invitations of the Centennial Committee, have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of———informing them of your acceptance of the invitation to be present at the exercises commemorative of the Centennial Anniversary of the City of Portland, on July 4th, 5th and 6th, next, as the

GUEST OF THE CITY,

and they beg leave to inform you, that, if agreeable to you, arrangements have been made for your entertainment while here, at——— where you will proceed on your arrival in the City, and of which please notify the Clerk of the Committee, John T. Hull, Room No. 18, City Hall.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, MAYOR, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM M. MARKS,
GEORGE H. ABBOTT,
ELIPHALET G. SPRING,
Committee on Invitations.

The Committee on Excursion to the Islands, at a meeting held June 14th, voted to accept the proposition of the Forest City Steamboat Company to transport the company to Long Island and return, and to furnish a clam bake. The bill of fare to consist of the following, viz: clams, eggs, lobsters, corn, potatoes, sweet and Irish, coffee, tea, brown bread, pilot bread, butter, dip for the bake, pickles. Mr. David B. Ricker was added to the committee.

The Committee on High School Reunion, at a meeting held June 7th, voted to add Thomas Tash, Superintendent of schools, Albro E. Chase, Principal of the High School, James E. Marrett and E. S. Erving McLellan, graduates, to the committee.

Voted, That Councilman Adams, of the City Committee, Messrs. Chase, Marrett and McLellan be a committee to prepare a list of names for a sub-committee, one lady and one gentleman from each class.

This committee subsequently reported the following names as the committee:

Committee of the High School Classes.

Graduating class, 1864. Chas. A. Haskell, Mrs. Chas A. Haskell.
1865. E. S. Erving McLellan, Mrs. A. M. Smith.
1866. 1st class, Mrs. H. P. Larrabee.
1866. 2d class, George E. Raymond, Miss Hattie Blanchard.
1867. Edwin L. Goding, Miss Annie W. Lyman.
1868. Dr. George H. Cummings, Miss Ella M. Adams.
1869. Charles F. Guptill, Miss Mary F. Baker.
1870. Edward W. Corey, Miss Lucy N. Blanchard.
1871. George M. Thomas, Mrs. George W. Way.
1872. James E. Marrett, Miss Ella S. Sargent.
1873. Josiah H. Drummond, Jr., Mrs. Charles D. Smith.
1874. Charles O. Haskell, Mrs. E. S. Goding.

1786 1886

THE CITY OF

PORTLAND

Cordially invites your presence on the

CENTENNIAL

ANNIVERSARY OF THE

INCORPORATION OF

PORTLAND

ON JULY 4·5·6 1886

Chas. J. Chapman
Mayor

FOR THE

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS

1875. Walter G. Davis, Miss Alice J. Evans.
1876. Fred N. Hamilton, Miss Edith Hersey.
1877. Samuel H. Thompson, Miss Nora E. Wyer.
1878. Will. C. Allen, Miss Mary S. Murch.
1879. Wilford G. Chapman, Miss Mabel Hurd.
1880. D. Ray Frohock, Miss Annie Fowler.
1881. Charles F. Flagg, Miss Carrie Thompson.
1882. Frank O. Haskell, Miss Florence E. Woodbury.
1883. Fred E. Eastman, Miss Alice M. Allen.
1884. Fred G. Fassett, Miss Mary G. Moses.
1885. Fred H. Palmer, Miss Edith H. McAlpine.
1886. George Morrill, Miss Emma Jones.

The Committee on Entertainment for Children at Deering Park, at a meeting held, voted to engage the services of Mrs. Ann E. Merrill, music teacher in the Public Schools, to make arrangements for the children's concert at Deering Park on the afternoon of Monday, July 5th.

The Committee on Invitations caused to be designed and engraved an invitation card like the copy on the opposite page. Over four thousand of them were sent to the sons and daughters of Portland, and special distinguished guests. Also the following circular accompanied each invitation card sent:

1786 PORTLAND'S 1886

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION,

JULY 4TH, 5TH AND 6TH, 1886.

To the Sons and Daughters of Portland and its Former Residents:

The City of Portland proposes to celebrate its Centennial Anniversary in an appropriate manner, by suitable services on Sunday, July 4th; procession and displays on Monday, July 5th; historical and literary exercises, entertainments, excursions and reunions on Tuesday, July 6th, next.

The Committee on Invitations cordially invite you to be present on that occasion, and they have caused the official invitation of the city to be sent to you from the Chairman of the Centennial Committee, and it is hoped that at that time many of you may be able to return to and visit again

" . . . . the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea."

Please reply to this communication as soon as is possible, and if you or any of your family propose to attend the celebration, please forward their names and intended places of entertainment, while here, to John T. Hull, Clerk of Committee, room No. 18, City Hall, in order that a record may be kept for the information of the committee.

A full programme and information respecting transportation will be published hereafter.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor, Chairman.*
WILLAM M. MARKS, GEORGE H. ABBOTT, ELIPHALET G. SPRING, } *Committee on Invitations.*

PORTLAND, June 1, 1886.

Many interesting responses and letters were received, some of which are published hereafter.

The Clerk of the Committee, Mr. John T. Hull, on April 30th, published the following communication in the Daily Argus:

The proposed celebration of our hundredth anniversary by the city, July 4th, 5th and 6th next, and the reunion of its former residents, is regarded with a good degree of favor by its sons and daughters, absent from us, who are to be found in all parts of our land.

Notices of the intended celebration have been published and widely circulated by newspapers in different sections of our country, and the responses from the former residents have been numerous and hearty. Letters have been received from parties residing in over twenty States and Territories of the United States, and also in the

British Provinces, who formerly dwelt with us, or their children whose homes now are far distant from the "old town by the sea," all expressing a deep interest in the proposed reunion and wishing their names enrolled in the lists of those to whom invitations are intended to be sent.

A newspaper published in an extreme section of the Northwest (The Daily *Argus* of Fargo, Dakota Territory) publishes the following humorous notice, viz:

"According to the Bismark *Tribune*, Dr. J. B. Hall, at one time a citizen of North Dakota, now down in Maine, wants all former residents of Portland, including Brad Stevens, to send their names to John T. Hull, No. 18, City Hall, Portland, so a record of all can be had. Anybody born there, or ever living there, should respond. Maine has many gallant sons in Dakota and Colonel Plummer."

The *Capital*, published at Jamestown, Dakota Territory, says:

"Portland, Me., is to have a grand centennial anniversary celebration on the 5th of July. The sons and daughters of Portland the world over are invited to return for the time to their old home and participate in the pleasures of the day. That Portland can entertain, needs no demonstration to those who attended the G. A. R. encampment last season."

M. P. Williams, a former resident of Portland, now editor of the *Register*, Hudson, N. Y., in his paper says:

"Portland's Centennial.—The city of Portland, Me., will appropriately celebrate its centennial anniversary on the 4th of July next. Old Falmouth has a most interesting history, and her children—many of them distinguished in literature, science and statesmanship—are scattered all over the globe. The attractions of Casco Bay and its surroundings at the balmy season of the year cannot fail to draw together an immense throng. Mayor Chapman, chairman of the Centennial Committee, has issued the following circular," &c.

From the various letters received by the clerk of the Centennial Committee, we make some pleasing extracts, which show the feeling of Portland's children for their old home, and first of all we give a portion of a letter from Portland's former gifted authoress and

poetess, now living at an advanced age, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith. We regret that we have not now space to publish the letter in full:

HOLLYWOOD, Cartaret Co., N. C.,
April 19, 1886.

Mr. John T Hull, Clerk of Committee, &c.:

If possible I will be with you to contribute my mite on the august occasion. I shall at least hope to send you a word. Portland, like Mount Zion, is "beautiful for situation," and why not add "the joy of the whole world?" for her children have been an honor to her. And first, should be my husband, Mr. Seba Smith, whose humorous writings are still in demand, being the thoughts pertaining to statesmanship, presented in the guise of humor. Of course you are familiar with the record of the worthies of Portland, who are household words in our republic: Seba Smith, John Neal, Henry W. Longfellow, N. P. Willis, and I think Fannie Fern, his sister, (her daughter, now Mrs. Parton, lives in New York.) Daniel C. Colesworthy, Chelsea, Mass. John Neal's daughter lives in Baltimore, I think. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has one daughter with her in New York City. Hon. Francis Springer, Columbus Junction, Iowa. He framed the constitution of Iowa, and was Judge of the Supreme Court for twelve years.

Alas! when we enumerate the children of Portland it revives the memory of my sorrows. Of my six sons, two are this side of the bourne whither we all tend—Hon. Appleton Oaksmith, late member of the Legislature of North Carolina, and not undistinguished as a writer of verse and prose; Mrs. Augusta Oaksmith, born and a resident of Portland, now of Hollywood, Cartaret Co., N. C. Alvin Oaksmith, also a writer of verse and prose, and lately nominated to office by acclamation, is living in Blue Point, L. I. . . . . .

In my travels as a lecturer and preacher, it was not unfrequently that I met some former resident of Portland, and always they were doing her honor by position and character. Of her numerous sons high in attainments, and high in honors, you need no mention from me. I have been prolix, and yet I fear I have done little to help you in honoring those to whom honor is due.

Very respectfully yours,
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH."

Among other letters to the committee is one from a lady, a native of this city, residing thirty years in Texas, who says, "My best wishes will be with you all on the day appointed. My recollections of your beautiful city are very pleasant, although I have been so long a stranger."

Mrs. Dorcas Conner of Lynn, aged 84 years, writes: "I am too feeble to attend. My father was Philip Fowler, who built, in 1800, the building (on Fore street) now known as the "Friendly Inn." My mother was Dorcas Tukey, the youngest child of eleven, and daughter of Jona Tukey. I am the last of my family. I lived with my cousin, Mrs. Seward Porter, about 1812, and helped make powder bags to fit out privateers. I had to fit out my husband and two sons to the war of the rebellion. I remember many incidents connected with the war of 1812, and the embargo, and I would like to lay my eyes once more on my native place; but I never shall. I take a great interest in all that pertains to my native place."

Dea. E. F. Duren of Bangor, in one of his letters says: "I am much interested in the proposed celebration at Portland. I would state that my native place was Boston (1814), yet my mother was born in Portland, Nov. 7th, 1786, (centennial) a daughter of Hon. Samuel Freeman and Betsey (Ilsley) (Jones) Freeman. My residence in Portland was with my grandfather, from 1824. Graduated from Portland Latin School, Master Libby, classmate of the late Commodore Geo. H. Preble."

J. M. Johnson, Esq., editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* of Buffalo, N. Y., a native of Portland, says: "My desire will be great to be present, and to contribute to the literary exercises. I should be pleased to contribute a brief paper of reminiscences dating back fifty years. Also of the work of the committee (at Buffalo) for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at Portland in 1866; in which $10,000 in money and supplies were contributed by the good citizens of Buffalo."

The venerable Charles Lord of Calais, writes: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than being present on the occasion, did my health permit. Forty-five years have passed since I left Portland. Very few of my acquaintances are now living, and I am not a little surprised that I should be remembered as a former resident."

A letter from a lady in Concord, N. H., says: "I am greatly attached to Portland, and can never call any other place home; so respond gladly to the invitation, and give attention to all that concerns my beautiful native city."

A lady residing in Eastport, a native of Portland and belonging to one of its prominent families, writes: "I claim a strong interest in the beautiful city of my birth. I wish much to witness the festivities of the anniversary, with my husband and daughter. Shall do so if possible."

A postal received reads:

FLUSHING, N. Y., April 22d, 1886.

Pr. request in Transcript.

Born in Portland in 1798, resided there till 1831; since in New York and Flushing.

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW SCOTT.

A letter from a native of Portland, who has resided in Texas for many years, and who was, during the war, a general in the Confederate service, says: "I should like very much to attend the celebration in dear old Portland if I am able."

A letter from Liverpool, N. S., from a lady long residing there, says:

"I have the honor of being one of Portland's grandchildren, which makes me, I presume, eligible for an invitation. I should be very glad to visit the birthplace of my ancestry on my father's side of whom I know so little. My father came to Yarmouth, N. S., from Portland about the year 1816, and married there."

Maj. Charles W. Stevens of Boston, one of Portland's talented sons a prominent merchant and known as a writer, speaker and poet, and prominent in military circles, as past commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, &c., writes expressive of his great interest in the proposed celebration.

It is hoped that the interest that is being manifested in this our centenniel celebration elsewhere will be responded to by those who are here at home, and that our citizens will take all necessary

measures to properly receive and entertain those who, on that occasion, will come back to see the "old place," and renew the old associations and memories of the past.

The Chief Marshal, Maj. Holman S. Melcher, issued the following orders, viz:

CITY OF PORTLAND.

1786. CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. 1886.

Office of Chief Marshal.

Portland, June 10, 1886.

Dear Sir:

You are cordially invited to accept a position on the Honorary Staff of the Chief Marshal on the occasion of Portland's Centennial Celebration.

In accepting this invitation, no active duty will be required.

You will report to General Henry G. Thomas, on Casco Street, at 9.30 A.M., July 5th, mounted, and if convenient, dressed in a dark suit, black hat preferable, and light gloves, to ride with other prominent and representative men of the city at the head of the column, and review the procession at the close of the parade.

Respectfully,

H. S. Melcher, Chief Marshal.

Official:

Charles D. Clark,

Adj. Gen'l.

CITY OF PORTLAND.

1786. CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. 1886.

OFFICE OF CHIEF MARSHAL.

PORTLAND, JUNE, 14, 1886.

(GENERAL ORDER,)
(No. 1.)

I. The following named gentlemen have accepted positions on the Staff of the Chief Marshal, in the Centennial procession of July 5th, and their appointments are hereby announced:

Col. Hollis B. Hill, Chief of Staff,
Capt. Charles D. Clark, Adjutant General.
Capt. Whitman Sawyer, Quartermaster General.
Maj. Albert A. Nickerson, Inspector General.
Mervin W. Clark, Asst. Adjutant General.
Arthur K. Hunt, Asst. Quartermaster General.

AIDS.

Col. Henry M. Sprague,	Capt. Samuel Thurston,
Maj. W. H. Green,	Jere. S. Douglass,
Maj. Charles H. Boyd,	William Senter, Jr.,
Capt. Geo. M. Seiders,	William Lawrence Dana, M. D.,
Capt. Appleton H. Plaisted,	Geo. M. Young,
Capt. H. H. Shaw,	John P. Thomas,
Geo. L. Swett,	Lyman Hanson,
Aug. H. Prince,	Fred B. Libby,
William McLellan,	Jabez True,
X. John Little,	Edward C. Jordan,
Geo. H. McKenney,	Caleb N. Lang.

II. The Headquarters of the Chief Marshal are hereby located at the Mayor's room, City Building, on the morning of the parade, where all officers of the staff, not assigned to duty, will report promptly at 8 A.M.

III. The following assignments on the part of this Staff are hereby announced, and officers so detailed will report to the Marshals of the several Divisions, or to the Committees having them in charge, rendering such assistance as may be in their power in the formation and organization of the same, and make due verbal report to the Chief Marshal thirty minutes before the time set for the moving of the procession, which will be announced in future orders :

Col. Henry M. Sprague, Maj. W. H. Green, Capt. A. H. Plaisted, Military Division.
Maj. Chas. H. Boyd, Historical Division.
Capt. Geo. M. Seiders, Civic or Societies' Division.
Aug. H. Prince, Trades' Division.
Capt. H. H. Shaw, Manufacturers' Division.
Jabez True, Schools' Division.
George H. McKenney, Fire Department Division.
William Senter, Jr., Naval Division.
George L. Swett, Railroads' Division.
John P. Thomas, Honorary Staff.

IV. Col. Hollis B. Hill, assisted by Edw. C. Jordan, of this staff, are hereby assigned to the care and charge of invited guests.

V. To Capt. Samuel Thurston, assisted by X. John Little and Jere. S. Douglass, is assigned the care and charge of all bands of music, and they will report to the Chief Marshal for instructions.

VI. By report of committee, to whom it was referred, the following uniform is adopted on the part of this staff: Soft black hat, with gold cord; dark blouse or sack coat, with brass buttons; military gauntlet gloves; dark pants with enamelled leather boot tops.

VII. Officers, in addition to the badge adopted by this staff, are at liberty to wear all military or other badges to which they may be entitled.

VIII. Each officer is expected to procure his own horse, but equipments to be obtained of Capt. Whitman Sawyer, Quartermaster General, it being desirable to have all alike, and application should be made to him for same.

IX. Officers are earnestly enjoined to exercise due economy in expense of uniform and horse, as no bill of exorbitant amount will be approved.

X. This General Order is subject to such changes and alterations as the occasion may require, of which due notice will be given.

By command of

H. S. Melcher, *Chief Marshal.*

Charles D. Clark, *Adj. General.*

The Committee on Trades' Procession held a meeting Tuesday evening, June 10th.

The Committee on Banners reported that they were having a large banner prepared for the head of the procession and twenty-six smaller ones for the heads of the sub-divisions.

At a meeting of the committee, held June 17th, it was voted that the banners representing the different departments be carried by men mounted.

The following circular was issued by the Chief Marshal of the Trades' Processions:

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

Committee on Trades Procession.

Portland, Me., June 18, 1886.

Dear Sir:

It has been decided that the Marshal and Aids of Trades Procession will dress as follows: Dark kersey tall hat, black cutaway coat, linen riding trousers, drab gloves, white neck-tie. For horse, plain English or Whitman saddle, with light bridle.

G. M. Moore, *Marshal.*

The following was the organization of the staff of the Trades' Procession:

Marshal,

GEORGE M. MOORE.

Chief of Staff.

FRED. D. ELLIS.

Aids,

AUSTIN D. SULIVAN.	GEORGE W. SYLVESTER.
MARTIN A. DILLINGHAM.	WILLARD C. WARE.
ISAAC C. ATKINSON.	WILLIAM H. STEVENS.
PETER H. BRADLEY.	ALBERT S. RINES.
CHARLES A. PLUMMER.	CHARLES A. CUSHING.
WILLIAM P. GOSS.	WM. H. H. SAUNDERS.
ALBERT L. MERRY.	THOMAS P. R. CARTLAND.
JOSEPH H. LAMSON.	THOMAS H. M'DONNELL.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

George M. Moore.	John E. Sawyer.	Robert F. Somers.
Fred D. Ellis.	Fred R. Farrington.	Albert L. Merry.
Henry P. S. Goold.	Charles A. Cushing.	Thomas B. Merrill.
Lewis A. Goudy.	Geo. F. Loveitt.	Charles P. Babcock.
Charles H. Bain.	Albert N. Hawes.	Wm. H. H. Saunders.
Willard C. Ware.	Peter H. Bradley.	John E. Palmer.
Hollis B. Hill.	Geo. W. Sylvester.	Geo. D. Loring.
William H. Stevens.	Thos. H. McDonnell.	Horace H. Shaw.
Charles A. Plummer.	Isaac C. Atkinson.	William P. Goss.
Joseph H. Lamson.	Martin A. Dillingham.	Thos. P. R. Cartland.
James E. Fickett.	Austin D. Sulivan.	Geo. L. Briggs.
Leander A. Wade.	Arthur S. Megquier.	Joseph S. Dunham.
Albert S. Rines.	Charles L. Brackett.	Fred Dunham.

SCHOOL DIVISION.

The following orders and directions respecting the School Division Procession were issued by the Superintendent of Schools and the Marshal:

PORTLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Principals:

The following general directions drawn by the Marshal in charge of the School Division of the Centennial Procession should be carefully observed. Whatever previous preparations, not inconsistent with the daily school work, can be made, and aid rendered, contributing to the order and success of the procession will meet with approval.

Respectfully,

THOMAS TASH, *Supt.*

Superintendent's Office, June 9, 1886.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

MARSHALS.—Select from your own school as many marshals as you think you need, say one to every sixteen. If you prefer that I should furnish marshals, notify me how many you want and what ones if you have any choice.

MARCHING.—All marching will be done by fours. In marching each boy should keep in line with the boy in front and at his side; the distance between the lines of four should be about three feet. Pupils had better be arranged by height, tallest on the right of the line

Banners and badges will be furnished on the morning of the parade at the place of meeting mentioned below.

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING—Pupils will be at the buildings mentioned below promptly at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, July 5, 1886. The room that each school will occupy in the building will be designated by placards, and aids will be in attendance.

Shailer, Grammar and Primary,	at	the High school building.
North, " "	"	Chestnut street school building.
Cumberland St. Grammar	"	High school building.
Center St. Grammar and Primary,	"	" " "
Butler "	"	" " "
West " "	"	Chestnut street school building.
Peaks Island " "	"	" " " "
Primary No. 1,	"	" " " "
" " 2,	"	" " " "
" " 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9,	"	High school building.

Pupils coming to High School building will enter on Cumberland street.

Banner Bearer.—Each principal will select one to bear the banner and two to act as his aids, and to march one on each side of him. The banner should be placed in the center of the line.

One teacher, at least, from each school should be present at the buildings above mentioned to assist in the distribution of badges. As soon as the pupils are formed in line to move into the procession, teachers will be excused.

A good opportunity will be given all children in line to see the procession, as it will countermarch during the parade.

The arrangements in regard to the girls will be announced hereafter.

Albro E. Chase, *Marshal in charge.*

HEADQUARTERS CHIEF MARSHAL, SCHOOL DIVISION.

[General order no. 2.]

Portland, June 26th, 1886.

To the Principals:

Please note carefully the following directions in regard to the School Parade, July 5, 1886.

1st. Be sure that you have selected one marshal; also two assistant marshals for each 24 boys—also if you have any drummers in school, select two, also one banner bearer and two aids.

2d. Pupils will meet at their respective school buildings on that morning at 9 o'clock to receive badges, &c. Principals will arrange for such teachers, as they may wish, to be present at the same time to distribute the badges.

3d. An aid from the headquarters will be in attendance to conduct each school to their position in the line. This aid will also bring the badges.

4th. All formations will be in double ranks and in columns of sixes.

5th. The position of the marshal will be on the left of the first section of sixes when in column and three paces in front of center when in line.

6th. The position of the aids will be on the right of their sections when in line, and two paces to the right when in column.

7th. Col. R. T. McLellan will act as drill instructor and be obeyed accordingly. The following will be drill hours unless otherwise ordered: Drummers, if any, will have their drums at the school building on these days.

West School, Monday, 11.15 o'clock A. M.

North School, Monday, 2 o'clock P. M.

Shailer School, Monday, 3.30 o'clock P. M.

Monument St. School, Monday, 3.30 o'clock P. M.

The principal of this last school will send her pupils to the Shailer school building so that they will be there by 3.30, unless ordered differently.

Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock all pupils, who march, belonging to the following schools, will be at the Butler school building: Casco Street, Spring Street,

Park Street, Brackett Street, Vaughan Street, and will drill with the Butler school. Other schools will be notified in the next order.

8th. All marshals and aids will report for orders and directions at the High School building, Congress street entrance, on Monday, June 28th, at 6.30 o'clock P. M.

9th. All other orders and directions are hereby countermanded.

ALBRO E. CHASE, *Chief Marshal.*

HEADQUARTERS CHIEF MARSHAL, SCHOOL DIVISION.

[GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.]

PORTLAND, July 1, 1886.

To the Principals:

Please note carefully the following directions in regard to the school parade July 5, 1886:

1st. Be sure that you have selected one marshal; also two assistant marshals for each twenty-four boys; also if you have any drummers in school select two, also one banner bearer and two aids.

2d. Pupils will meet at their respective school buildings on that morning at 9 o'clock to receive badges, &c. Principals will arrange for such teachers, as they may wish, to be present at the same time to distribute the badges.

3d. An aid from the headquarters will be in attendance to conduct each school to their position in the line. This aid will also bring the badges, unless they have been delivered earlier.

4th. All formations will be in double ranks and in columns of sixes.

5th. Please send immediately by mail upon receipt of these orders to Albro E. Chase the names of the marshal and aids in your school, in order that their names may be published; also the number of pupils. If your numbers have increased over the number originally reported, badges cannot be had.

6th. Marshals must obey the directions of the aid in getting their company to the headquarters.

7th. All girls who are to ride will report at the High School Building at 9 o'clock on that morning.

8th. Order No. 7 does not apply to those under direction of Mr. John L. Shaw.

9th. All marshals, aids and drummers will report for final orders and directions at the High School Building, Congress Street Entrance, on Saturday, July 3d, at 8.30 o'clock A. M. Marshals and aids will bring a light cane.

10th. Caution pupils about their behavior, especially when they are in line on Congress street and the procession moves by them.

11th. All previous orders are hereby countermanded.

ALBRO E. CHASE, *Chief Marshal.*

CENTENNIAL SERMONS.

The Committee on Sunday Services, addressed a circular to each of the clergymen of the city, who held a parochial charge, as follows, viz.:

CITY OF PORTLAND.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

DEAR SIR:

It is proposed to preserve in a permanent form an account of the Centennial Celebration, together with an Historical Sketch of Portland, including, amongst other things, an account of the rise and growth of the religious societies of the city.

Through the Ministerial Association we have extended an invitation to the pastors of the city to prepare, in the form of an historical discourse, to be delivered in their churches on Sunday morning, July 4th, a sketch of their several societies, and we beg your co-operation in this matter, and that you will furnish the committee with a copy of your discourse or a report of same for use in making the Memorial Volume.

Very truly yours,

WM. M. MARKS,
ANSEL G. DEWEY,
GEO C. BURGESS,
Committee on Sunday Services.

MAY 20, 1886.

And replies in the following form were received, viz.:

PORTLAND, May —, 1886.

Gentlemen:

Your invitation is received and accepted. I will furnish you with a copy of my discourse or a report of the same for use in the proposed memorial volume.

Very truly yours,

_____.

JOHN T. HULL, *Clerk of Centennial Committee.*

On Sunday, July 4th, the weather was very fine, and the attendance at all the churches in the forenoon was large. A great many of the former residents of Portland had arrived in the city during the few days previous, and joined in the crowds who were present at the various places of worship.

In all the churches, at their centennial services, at the suggestion of the late Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin,[1] the following hymn was sung:

TUNE.—ST. MARTIN'S.

I.

"Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

III.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs:
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

IV.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may never forget his works,
But practice his commands."

[1] See Appendix.

Abstracts of the Sermons which were Delivered.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, UNITARIAN.[1]

BY THE PASTOR, REV. THOMAS HILL, D. D.

Proverbs, xvii, 6.—Children's children are the crown of old men: and the glory of the children are the fathers.

The word glory in this passage, as in many others in the Bible, meant (the preacher said), boasting. Numerous and virtuous descendants are a crown to the old man; and noble ancestry is the boast and pride of the children. And the children had a right to a certain amount of pride in their ancestry. For the child in general inherited good qualities from his fathers. There were notable exceptions, but the general rule was, like father, like son; so that each had a right to be reasonably proud of the other. The orators of the historical anniversaries were right in eulogizing the fathers.

There was no need of entering into much detail of the First Parish in Portland. So much was already easily accessible in print that it hardly was worth while to repeat it. The earliest date given by William Willis relating to church matters in Falmouth, was a reproof of the town for not holding Sunday meeting. This came from a court held in York, 1659. Soon after this Robert Jordan, an Episcopalian minister, was found laboring here, and was faithful for 36 years. The general Court of Massachusetts, had, however, no great respect for men of that kind,—they ordered the town in 1669 to get a congregational minister. George Burroughs, who was afterwards executed as a witch, in the terrible delusion at Salem, preached here between 1674 and 1684,[2] at two different times, but was driven off by the Indians. The town was utterly destroyed by them in 1690; and indeed from 1674 until 1713, nearly forty years, there had been no year of settled peace. The peace of Utrecht gave a few of the settlers courage to return and seek their old homes. Even then, however, the General Court thought the town not worth saving, and actually destroyed the fort, three years after the peace, viz., in 1716.

[1] Note by Editor—The order in which these sermons are printed is in accordance with the age in this city of the denomination represented.

[2] Note by Editor—A document in the Mass. Archives shows that he was here up to 1689.

Baltimore with Mr. Joseph Barbour to the ordination of Jared Sparks. This was the famous ordination at which Dr. Channing first formulated Unitarianism, setting out its five points, as it were, in contrast to the five points of Calvinism. Dr. Nichols had been in such complete sympathy with Dr. Channing that he had been consulted in reference to that very sermon.

Dr. Nichols continued the sole pastor until January, 1855, when Mr. Horatio Stebbins was installed pastor, and remained here nine years, when he accepted a call to San Francisco, and by his removal thither in April, 1864 — where he is still holding an honored position —had created the first break or vacancy in the pastorial office. This lasted three years and a half, and was filled by the Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey. He was installed in December, 1867, and resigned his position in the autumn of 1872. In March, 1873, Rev. Thomas Hill was called, installed in May, 1873, and still retains the office.

It was wonderful to see how peaceful the parish records appear during the last ninety-eight years, since the formation of the second Congregational church. There had been great events in the political world, and fearful commercial and financial disasters,—the war of 1812, the revulsion of 1837, the great civil war, the great fire, the destruction of the old house of 1740, and the building of this solid granite house,—but the parish records showed no serious shaking of the foundations, such as appear in the earlier times. The church had been organized one hundred and fifty-nine years; the parish had been the First Parish one hundred and fifty-two years. Great changes had taken place within the parish which it would be interesting and profitable to study were there time to do so. The parish was at first territorial, taxing all polls and estates within its limits, and backed by the whole power of Great Britain to collect its taxes. Then it abdicated, by permission of the General Court, its right to tax certain polls and estates, first of Episcopalians and Quakers, then of seceding Congregationalists. Next, by similar permission, it gave up the right to tax polls and estates, having previously obtained power to tax pews. All this while the call for the meetings was addressed to the free holders and other inhabitants. Finally the parish became, so far its legal and corporate power is concerned, the owner of the pews.

Similar changes have taken place in the church. At the very beginning, in 1727, this church had taken a step not quite in accordance with the strictest standards. According to the straightest views, the candidate for admission to a Congregational church should be carefully examined in relation to his theological views, and in relation to his evidence that the grace of God had selected him and sealed him as one of the elect. But in July, 1727, this church stated that such examination should be dispensed with, unless peculiar occasions seemed to require it. The church was in the eighteenth century the more important organization; the parish was auxiliary to it. The church selected and called the minister; the parish concurred. But in the nineteenth century this was first reversed; the parish selected and called the minister, and the church concurred; and then afterward the voice of the church was neglected altogether. This change arose partly from a natural revulsion from the artificial idea of the church, held by the fathers, and a return to the New Testament idea of the church, as the congregation of the faithful. But great practical evils had occasionally arisen from it, because the idea of the parish had also changed; it no longer included the congregation. In one church in Massachusetts a few men had quietly bought up pews enough to dismiss a pastor, who was acceptable to, and beloved by, a majority of those who hired sittings in the house, and nearly all the church. In another, during a vacancy, a plan was discovered, just in time to defeat it, of secretly buying pews enough to settle a minister who would have been exceedingly offensive to a majority of the old owners, and old congregation.

These great changes in the nature of the church and parish were accompanied by other changes in theology, religion and morals. They were not altogether under the control of man. They doubtless contributed, on the whole, under Divine Providence, to the furtherance of the kingdom of God. But these beneficent changes were destructive to the indolent and unbelieving. Inaction, and the choice of innutritious food, might lead to ill health, torpor and death, even in a land of plenty, and of healthful climate. The parish and the church might swing about and change with the changing times, but could not flourish, except by clinging to the essential truths and essential modes of action belonging to a Christain church.

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PREBLE CHAPEL, UNITARIAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM T. PHELAN.

It will be thirty-nine years October next, since the inception of the movement that resulted in the formation of this ministry of benovelence which to-day has its center at Preble Chapel.

In 1847, at the suggestion and under the direction of Dr. Nichols, steps were taken for the establishment and support in this city of a ministry at large by the two Unitarian societies. His efforts were earnestly supported by the ladies of the Channing Circle, and by the benevolent gentlemen in his own and Park St. societies. And in April, 1849, they were prepared to employ a missionary and invited Rev. W. H. Hadley, who accepted the office, and at once entered upon his work.

In April he opened a Sunday-school in the ward room of the Exchange building, and within six months the school attained an average of one hundred and fifty scholars each Sunday. Mr. Hadley also opened an evening school in the same place in the fall of 1849, which was largely attended, which was continued for several seasons, and was probably the first of the kind in the city. These schools were both subsequently transferred to the ward room of Old City Hall.

In August, 1850 an act of incorporation was secured from the Legislature of Maine. By this charter the property and management of this institution was vested in a board of seven trustees, under the name of the Portland Ministry at Large. The first board of trustees were Dr. Nichols, Rufus P. Cutler, Thomas Chadwick, William Willis, Nathaniel F. Deering, Jedediah Jewett and Martin Gore. The trustees at once saw the necessity of better accommodations for this ministry than a ward-room, and undertook the task of providing for it a permanent resting place, and one month after the act of incorporation, Madam Preble, whose generous heart always beat responsive to the calls of benovelence, executed a deed September, 1850, of a lot on the corner of Preble and Cumberland streets, contaning 6,000 square feet. In the spring of 1851 the trustees began the erection of a chapel upon this lot, which was completed under the supervision of James Kirby and dedicated October 29, 1851, under the name of Preble Chapel, in honor of its most liberal benefactor. It was dedicated free from debt and was a fine monument of the energy and

zeal of the trustees of the Christian benovelence of the friends of this ministry.

The aim of this institution, as stated by those who laid its foundations, was to advance the cause of religion, charity and good morals.

And to this end, religious worship, Sunday-school instruction and material aid to the poor and unfortunate, have always gone hand in hand in this ministry. From the very first, the Sunday-school has been the most prominent and important feature of the mission. It is rather a remarkable fact, that since this Sunday-school found a permanent home in Preble Chapel, thirty-five years ago, its numbers from year to year have varied scarcely more than ten—ranging about one hundred and fifty. It has been very fortunate in the fine class of people who have volunteered in its service.

Mr. James H. Baker was the first superintendent, and Miss Jane McLellan the first librarian. In the list of early teachers, I find such names as C. H. Boyd, G. H. Chadwick, E. H. Daveis, E. D. Boyd, G. A. Mason, N. Gilman Nichols, F. Seymour Nichols, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Pierce, Misses Newhall, Fitch, Willis, Baker, Titcomb, Preble, Deering, Fox, Ware, Nichols, etc.

In 1855, A. E. Stevens, who had served the school for four years, as teacher, was elected superintendent and held the office for seventeen years. S. T. Pullen was elected superintendent in September, 1875, and still holds the office.

During the thirty-nine years of its existence, the Ministry at Large has had three ministers in its service. Rev. W. H. Hadley, the first, after seven years faithful, energetic service, resigned, and at the breaking out of the rebellion, became an army chaplain and died since the war in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

In June, 1857, Rev. O. P. Tuckerman entered the service of this ministry and continued his faithful service for eleven and one-half years, until his death.

In January, 1869, W. T. Phelan entered the service of the Ministry at Large, and still retains the pastoral office.

The present board of trustees is Dr. Hill, C. E. Jose, I. P. Farrington, M. P. Emery, Samuel Rolfe, and Rufus Cushman, under whose efficient supervision the financial affairs of this institution are promptly and ably managed. The ladies of the Unitarian Circle,

the worthy successors of the Channing Circle, have the present direction and management of the benevolent work and raise the funds necessary for carrying on the same. The library, which has a small fund, is at present under the management of Mrs. Farrington, assisted by Mrs. Whipple and Paul Stevens. A sewing-school is also maintained through the fall and winter at the chapel. The implications of these bold facts are that Preble Chapel, by its many-sided, practical, Christian service, has earned its right to existence, and is a perpetual witness to the fact that the good which men do lives after them; and a good institution, that continues good and serviceable ought to have perpetual lease of life.

S. LUKE'S PARISH, EPISCOPAL.

BY C. MORTON SILLS, M. A.

The history of S. Luke's Parish is but a short one, covering as it does a period of little more than thirty years, but in order to record it fully a brief reference may well be made to the origin of the Church in Maine, whence it sprang.

Though, no doubt, the prospects of material aggrandizement were the chief incentives to the early voyages of settlement on these coasts, the uncertainty and danger of the expeditions caused those who took part in them to resign themselves more fully to the keeping of the Almighty God of Heaven, and gave a certain religious tone to their undertakings. In addition to this natural religious feeling, the royal patents granted to the discoverers and settlers of these lands bore reference to the establishment of the Church of England. Several of the early expeditions seem, therefore, to have been accompanied by chaplains of the English Church, and by them the first Christian services in Maine were said according to the ritual of the Church of England. So that the Episcopal Church in this part of the country dates back to the very earliest settlements. According to the carefully preserved records, the first service was held by Rev. Richard Seymour, chaplain of the Popham Colony in 1607. Mr. Seymour was succeeded by the Rev. William Morrell, who was sent over from England to superintend the religious

interests of the new colony. After him came the Rev. Richard Gibson, a graduate of Cambridge, and the first permanent pioneer of the Church in these parts. Mr. Gibson took charge of the Church in Saco in the year 1636, and ministered to the various companies of settlers from Falmouth to Portsmouth. At this time churches or chapels were built at Richmond's Island, Saco and Portsmouth. Following him in 1640 came Rev. Robert Jordan, who for thirty-six years officiated in the same capacity as missionary along the coast. He, like Mr. Gibson, was a faithful upholder of the ways of the Church, and for their maintenance of the principles of the Church and for their performance of the rites of the Church they were called upon to suffer great persecutions, being actually condemned to prison for baptizing children and for performing the ceremony of holy matrimony according to the order of the English Church. The records tell us that a complaint was made by the friends of Mr. Jordan "that the General Court did imprison and barbarously use Mr. Jordan for baptizing children." (The font which was used by Mr. Jordan is still in existence, and is preserved in the cabinet of the Maine Historical Society at Portland.)

For eighty years after Mr. Jordan's ministry, the services of the Church were suspended, owing partly to the opposition of the Puritan rulers of Massachusetts, and partly to the continual Indian wars by which the town was at last almost destroyed. In 1756 and 1760, we read of missionaries of the English Society for Propagating the Gospel sent out, and of their work in different parts of Maine. In 1764 the number of Episcopalians and of others who were dissatisfied with the ministration in the First Parish in Portland was sufficient to justify them in organizing a parish, to be called S. Paul's Church, and in inviting the Rev. John Wiswall, a Congregational minister who had lately declared in favor of the Church of England, to become their minister.

The records of the meeting when the permanent foundations of the Church in this city were laid are full of interest. The names of the forty-one subscribers to the church building, which it was proposed to erect, include some of those who are well known in Portland to-day, and whose wealth and social influence at that time also must have augured success for the new undertaking. The subscription paper, dated Falmouth, July 23, 1764, shows subscriptions of over

£500, "for the building of a house wherein the worship should be carried on agreeable to the laws of Great Britain." On September 4th in the same year, the parish of S. Paul's was duly organized, and the wardens, James Hope and George Tate, laid the corner-stone of the little church, which was built at the west corner of Middle and Church streets, and was fifty-three feet long by twenty-nine wide, had three isles and as many doors, and sixty pews. There being no bishop in America at that time, Mr. Wiswall went to England for ordination, and while there made favorable arrangements with the Society for Propagating the Gospel for an annual grant of money and books to the new parish.

At first, owing to the then existing laws, the parishioners found themselves obliged to pay for the support of the worship in the old First Parish, so that their pecuniary burdens were by no means light.

The church was opened June 6th, 1765, and the first year's report speaks of seventy families, of the baptism of one adult and twenty-seven infants, of whom two were blacks, slaves, and of twenty-one admitted to the Holy Communion.

Mr. Wiswall seems to have been in charge of the parish for nearly ten years, till the time of the rupture with the mother country, when, from on board the British man-of-war, commanded by Capt. Mowatt, where as a staunch loyalist he had taken refuge, he resigned his charge. Services were after this held by Edward Oxnard, a layman, and by Rev. Mr. Bailey, of S. John's church, Pownalborough (now Dresden).

The eight years of the war hushed the voice of the Church in Falmouth, but in 1783 the parish of S. Paul's reorganized and in 1787 a new church was built and opened for worship, the first sermon being preached therein by Rev. Nathaniel Fisher, of Salem. From this date to 1803, the Church for various reasons becoming impoverished, services were maintained with more or less regularity by different clergymen and lay readers, Rev. Joseph Warren being rector for three years, from 1796 to 1799, and the Rev. James Bowers, of S. Ann's, Pittston, performing occasional duty to the year 1803. In this year, Mr. Timothy Hilliard, a graduate of Harvard, was appointed rector, and worked so successfully that the parish soon found the little wooden church too cramped for it, and decided to erect a more suitable building of brick. Church and land cost

$14,000. The old building was bought by Mr. Enoch Ilsley, who presented it to the Methodists. The new church is fully described by Mr. Goold (Portland in the Past). The plainness of the exterior was compensated for, we are told, by the beauty of the interior, which was richly ornamented with wood carving. The latter years of Mr. Hilliard's ministry were marked by little of that success which had been promised by his earlier efforts. A sad melancholy possessed him, under the influence of which his interest in the Church ceased, and the Church itself declined.

After Mr. Hilliard's resignation in 1808, the church was virtually abandoned, being only occasionally ministered in by visiting clergymen. The acquisition to the parish of one or two staunch Churchmen, notably Simon Greenleaf, aroused it to new life, and in 1819, the Rev. Petrus S. TenBroeck was instituted rector of S. Paul's, being the first clergyman regularly instituted in that office.

Mr. TenBroeck's connection with the parish was dissolved in 1831, after a successful rectorship of eleven years. His successors were Rev. Dr. Chapman, Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, Rev. Thomas M. Clark, now bishop of Rhode Island, and Rev. John W. French, the last of whom remained in the rectorship for three years, when the parish, becoming inextricably involved in pecuniary difficulties, sought relief from its liabilities, in the dissolution of its former organization and in the reorganization under the new name of S. Stephen's parish. Though scarcely a plan to be frequently adopted, this arrangement seems to have met with success. In 1839, S. Stephen's parish was incorporated and received a conveyance of all the property of old S. Paul's, minus, we suppose, a considerable portion of its old debts. The new parish elected as its rector the Rev. James Pratt, who, on Jan. 15th, 1840, was instituted rector, and who after a long rectorship of eighteen years, during which the parish had been abundantly successful, resigned to take charge of a church in Philadelphia.

We have to think of the effect of the revolution and of the prejudice and persecution and opposition from which the Episcopal Church suffered at the hands of Puritan settlers of Massachusetts before we can realize the cause for the slow growth of the Church in Portland, and for the fact that for nearly a century there was but one Episcopal Church in a town, the early religious associations of whose first settlers were connected with the Church of England. It was

not till 1851, but thirty-five years ago, that the first movement was made towards the organization of a second parish of our communion in Portland. On the 19th of April of that year thirteen gentlemen, five of whom now survive, met at Rechabite Hall, where the city building now stands, for the purpose of forming a parish for religious worship according to the doctrines, usages and canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and of the Diocese of Maine.

The names of these gentlemen were as follows: James T. McCobb, Henry W. Hersey, John Merrill, Reuben Ordway, Josiah S. Little, Edward P. Gerrish, Charles B. Merrill, Edward E. Upham, John T. Smith, Ezra C. Andrews, N. Putnam Richardson, Frederick Davis, J. Ambrose Merrill.

At this meeting, after prayer by Rev. J. Pratt, rector of S. Stephen's, the parish of S. Luke's was organized, with John Merrill and N. Putnam Richardson as wardens, with Henry W. Hersey clerk, and Edward E. Upham, James T. McCobb and Josiah S. Little as vestrymen and assessors, and Reuben Ordway as treasurer. The wardens and vestry were authorized to hire Union Hall for one year, and to furnish the same for the use of the parish for public worship.

They were also instructed to request Bishop Southgate, who had been missionary bishop to Constantinople, to officiate as rector for the time being; a position which the Bishop accepted and held for a year, till May 1, 1852.

In May, 1854, the lot where S. Stephen's church now stands was purchased. During the vacancy of the rectorship, after Bishop Southgate's resignation, Rev. D. R. Goodwin officiated from May 1, 1852, to May 10th, 1853, when the Rev. Benj. H. Paddock, now Bishop of Massachusetts, having been elected rector, entered upon his duties. Mr. Paddock, through ill health, was soon forced to resign, and it was not until the following year that his successor, Rev. Alex. Burgess, was elected. The corner-stone of the church was laid by Bishop Burgess, on Monday, August 7th, 1854, and on Monday, July 10th, 1855, the building was consecrated.

In 1866, Portland suffered from the great fire, and S. Stephen's church was burned to the ground. The loss of property was immense, and although S. Luke's itself was uninjured, its

parishioners, in many cases, were deprived of their business and of much of their property, and the reports consequently show a reduced state of the parish.

On the 27th of Dec., 1866, the Rev. Alex. Burgess resigned his charge, after a faithful and successful rectorship of twelve years.

At the convention held at Gardiner, October 31st, the vacancy in the Bishopric, caused by the resignation of Bishop Burgess, was filled by the election of the Rev. Henry Adams Neely, D. D., assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, in charge of Trinity Chapel, who was consecrated to the Episcopal office on the feast of Conversion of S. Paul, January 25th, 1867, and entered upon his duties as rector of S. Luke's parish, on May 1st of that year. The parish had meantime been supplied by Rev. Asa Dalton, the rector of S. Stephen's, and by Rev. Flavel S. Mines, Deacon, and Rev. C. W. Hayes, both of whom had been sent on by the Bishop to assist him in his work.

The name of the last mentioned priest is intimately connected with the parish and diocese for the next fourteen years, and it is due to the systematic and painstaking methods of all his labors that the clerical work of the parish and diocese was brought into such shape as to be readily and easily carried on by his successor.

It was in 1867, Messrs. George E. B. Jackson and Charles B. Merrill being the wardens, that S. Luke's parish, having undertaken the building of a Cathedral Church, effected the sale of its former church to S. Stephen's parish for $17,000, and having purchased the "Robinson lot" as it was called, on State street, the corner-stone of the new building was laid on August 15th, 1867, by the Bishop of the diocese, in the presence of a numerous body of clergy and laity; the musical portion of the service being rendered by members of the choir of Trinity Chapel, New York, under the leadership of their organist, Dr. Walter. The proposed cost of the Cathedral was eighty thousand dollars, an amount that was eventually exceeded by some thirty thousand dollars before the building was ready for consecration.

During the interval between the selling of the old church, which soon became the Bishop Burgess' Memorial Church, and the opening of the Cathedral, the congregation of S. Luke's worshiped first of all

in S. Stephen's Church, and then in a chapel offered with great kindness and courtesy by the State Street Congregational Society.

Christmas day, 1868, was notable in the history of the parish, as the day when the Cathedral was first opened by the Bishop for the celebration of the sacraments and services of the Church. Not that the building was then completed, by any means, for the windows were only filled in with cotton cloth, and very much remained to be done to make the church comfortable. The zeal of the congregation which assembled in the cathedral that first winter was great, and if the bodies of the worshipers frequently shivered with cold, the cold did not penetrate to their hearts or affect the fervor of their souls, and the discomforts of the first few months were doubtless wonderful assistants to the offertory, in causing those who suffered from these inconveniences to contribute liberally toward their speedy removal.

Nine years of earnest work and determined endeavor passed before the heavy debt incurred in building the cathedral was extinguished. In 1876 a splendid and united effort was made by the parish to relieve itself of the burden of the remaining thirty-five thousand dollars, and, seconded by liberal gifts from without, its success was such that on S. Luke's day, Oct. 18, 1877, the present beautiful cathedral was consecrated to the service of Almighty God. The Instrument of Donation speaks of the three-fold character of the church. It was a parish church for the congregation therein worshiping, a cathedral church as the permanent home, official residence and place of ordinary ministration of the Bishop of the diocese, and a free and open church for all classes and conditions of men, in which no pews should ever be leased or sold. Combining the cathedral and parochial features, its chapter, duly incorporated, reserves to the parishioners a full representation in that body and their approval of appointments of clergy ministering in the cathedral under the Bishop.

At the consecration nine Bishops and some sixty priests were present to show their sympathy with the diocese, and to show also their regard and friendship for him who had conceived and so energetically carried out the design of establishing in Maine the first cathedral church in New England.

The clergy connected with the cathedral at different times have been the Revs. Charles Wells Hayes, C. H. Chapin, N. Taylor Root,

canons; Rev. C. M. Pyne, priest; Revs. F. S. Sill, F. C. Neely, C. J. Ketchum and M. McLaughlin as deacons. Since the resignation of Rev. C. W. Hayes as canon resident, in 1880, the present incumbent has held the position, each year adding to his interest in the welfare of the parish as well as to his sense of his responsibility in the furtherance of the work, and he trusts also to the gratitude he feels for the many tokens of love and sympathy which he has so continually received from the Bishop, and from you, my dear brethren, and by which he has been so much encouraged ever since his coming to this parish, six years ago.

The church is now surrounded by many important organizations for all sorts of parish and missionary work, and reports this year some four hundred and sixty communicants, and offerings of about seven thousand five hundred dollars.

ST. STEPHEN'S, EPISCOPAL.

BY THE RECTOR, REV. ASA DALTON, D. D.

2d Thessalonians, ii. 15: Stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught.

Let us now notice the points most pertinent to this occasion, on which we are requested by the City Government to give an account of, the origin and history of this ancient parish, the second in order of time founded within the present city limits.

The second point is, that with the growth of towns, the differences which had been kept in the background began to appear in efforts to introduce the liturgic service of the English Church. Salem, Old Newbury, Portsmouth and Portland are all examples of this kind. Parson Smith had been pastor of the First Parish twenty-five years when he began to record the symptons of unrest which resulted in the formation of this parish, which was then called S. Paul. Parson Wiswall, its first minister, had been pastor of the Second church in that part of Falmouth called New Casco. He went to England to obtain Episcopal ordination, and, returning, was rector for ten years. In 1775 he resigned and retired to Nova Scotia, where a new parish was formed for him, with which he remained till his death.[1]

[1] See note on p. 75.

The first church edifice erected by this parish was begun in 1764, and set apart for worship in June, 1765. The names of the contributors, with the amount they contributed, are all set down in the parish register; so are the names of the families and individuals who worshiped in the church the first year. The number was fifty-seven, increased to sixty-seven the second year, and in ten years to about one hundred.

The church stood at the corner of Middle and Church streets, was nearly square and built of wood. The first wardens were James Hope and George Tate. Henry Wallis was the first clerk, who led the responses, his seat being below the reading desk. The vestrymen were Mr. Thomas Child, Benjamin Waite, Esq., Mr. John Waite, Mr. Stephen Waite, Mr. Wheeler Riggs, Mr. Edward Mountford, Mr. David Wyer, Mr. Daniel Ilsley, Mr. Jonathan Craft, Mr. Robert McLellan and Dr. Edward Watts. Nearly all the members of the church had belonged to Parson Smith's congregation, and nothing was farther from their thoughts or temper than an entire separation from the old church with which they had been connected, and in which many of them had been born and baptized.

As to its history in other respects that has been marked by vicissitudes beyond its control. It was prosperous and relatively strong before the Revolution. During the course of that war it was greatly weakened by divisions among its members, who took opposite sides in the war, and by the desertion of its rector. The church building was burned by Mowatt when he ordered the bombardment of the town. It was, however, rebuilt on the same site soon after the close of the war. The list of subscribers to the new building is more numerous than could have been anticipated, and if a suitable rector could have been secured the revival of the parish would have followed in a few years. This want, though urgent, was not supplied till Mr. Timothy Hilliard, who, like Parson Wiswall, was a graduate of Harvard, was called to serve as rector by the congregation, which for some time he had served as a lay reader. Meanwhile a new brick church was erected on Pearl street, not far from the old site. This church was plain without, but beautiful within, being similar to King's chapel, Boston, St. Paul's, Newburyport, St. John's, Portsmouth, St. Paul's, New York, and other colonial churches of the Sir Christopher Wren style. It was remodelled, but not improved, only enlarged on

an inferior plan in 1856. Ten years later it was wholly destroyed in the great fire of 1866.

Mr. Hilliard was succeeded by Rev. Petrus S. TenBroeck, whose ministry was longer by several years than that of his predecessor. Mr. TenBroeck was much beloved by his people and highly respected in the community. The records of the parish as kept by him indicate unusual fidelity, and his letter of resignation is a model, combining charity with dignity and due regard to the feelings of his parishioners.

Several clergymen officiated before Mr. TenBroeck, and more after him, who can scarcely be called rectors of the parish. Their stay was short, and, indeed, for the most part they came only to accommodate the parish for a few weeks or months, and in other instances, after surveying the field, feared to attempt its cultivation. Of rectors proper, however, we must mention Rev. Mr. French, who was here from 1836 to 1839, when he resigned to accept the position of chaplain at West Point, of which post he performed the duties faithfully and acceptably for many years. Among those here for briefer periods were Drs. Alex. H. Vinton and Thomas M. Clark.

In January, 1840, Dr., then Rev. James Pratt, accepted a call to the rectorship, which he held for nearly nineteen years, the longest up to that time. Dr. Pratt was a man of fine social qualities, and made many friends, who never deserted him. He was active in the temperance and other good causes, ever ready to respond to the numerous calls upon his time and strength. During his ministry the parish prospered beyond all former years, and towards the close of it a new parish was formed, which took the name of S. Luke's, and became an efficient and prosperous parish almost from the first. Dr. Pratt resigned in 1858, and was succeeded by Rev. Roger S. Howard, who remained two years and a half, and was followed by Rev. William S. Perry, now the popular and erudite Bishop of Iowa.

The present rector succeeded Bishop Perry in 1863. Of him I will only say that he came to you with an intention to serve the parish to the best of his ability, and to remain as long as the parish would sustain him, which has been to this day, now nearly twenty-three years.

The fire of 1866 was a great calamity, but many kind friends extended a helping hand, among whom Mrs. Sarah K. Safford, a former

communicant of the parish, stands first, and will be ever held in grateful remembrance. Soon after the fire about one-third of our number united in forming a new parish, giving it the name of S. Paul's, reviving the old name of this parish.

S. PAUL'S CHURCH, EPISCOPAL.

BY THE RECTOR, REV. ARTHUR W. LITTLE.

Mr. Little took for his text I Sam. VII., 12; "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

After a brief allusion to the Centennial of our beautiful city, and the 110th anniversary of our country's birth, Mr. Little said that, as the parish of S. Paul's was the successor of the old S Paul's, a brief sketch of the early history of the church in Maine was necessary.

New England was mostly settled by the Puritans, who were Dissenters from the old mother church; but the first settlers of Maine were Churchmen. First religious services in Maine were held by a priest of the English Church in 1605, at which time George Weymouth set up crosses at various places, in token of the Catholic faith of the English Church. The only ministers known in Maine till 1648, were Anglican priests, especially Gibson and Jordan. The Puritan colony of Massachusetts got possession of Maine soon after this, and the feeble church was stamped out. George Burroughs was the first dissenting minister in Portland (1676), a sincere man, shamefully put to death for witchcraft in 1692. "Father" Smith was the first settled Puritan pastor, 1727 to 1795. Puritanism was now *supreme*, until 1764, when forty-one persons organized as a Church parish. At the same time Mr. John Wiswall, a Harvard graduate, pastor of the Puritan society, of New Casco, was providentially converted to the Church, and chosen rector as soon as he should obtain lawful ordination. "There is a sad uproar about Wiswall, who has declared for the Church, and accepted the call our Churchmen have given him."—(*Smith's Journal*, p. 200, July 31, 1764). Then followed the long, perilous voyage to England, where Mr. Wiswall received Holy Orders at the hands of the Bishop of London. Returning in five months, as a priest of the Church, he found that his devoted

little flock had built a substantial church, which was soon dedicated in loving memory of S. Paul. This was the mother church of Portland. Within a year it had seventy families—many of the leading families of the town. The Church was most prosperous till the Revolution.

The Rev. Mr. Wiswall at his ordination had been required to take an oath of allegiance to the King, and so when the war broke out was a Tory, and was obliged to flee to England.[1] Mr. Little has in his possession a part of Mr. Wiswall's library, which he left with one of his parishioners the night before he sailed for England, May, 13, 1775. The same year Portland was bombarded by the British, and old S. Paul's was burned and the church people scattered; but in 1785 the feeble flock resolved to build, the few churchmen left subscribing ten pounds apiece. If the churchmen here now, had half the zeal and devotion of those men, there would be no church debts. The new church was consecrated July 15, 1787, being a two-story wooden building on Middle street. It was used till 1813, when an elegant church of brick was built on School street. When the Rev. Dr. TenBroeck assumed the rectorship in 1819, there were but twelve communicants of the church in Portland! Now in the three parishes of the city there are nearly 1,000 communicants—*a growth ten times as rapid as that of the population.*

In 1839 the old S. Paul's ceased to exist as a corporation, and the parish was reorganized under the title of S. Stephen's. Another parish was formed in 1851, called S. Luke's. S. Stephen's was destroyed in the great fire. A majority of the parish, taking all the property, the insurance money and some $9,000 collected for rebuilding, moved up town and bought the beautiful stone church of S. Luke's, which parish had now become the Bishop's church, and was about to build the Cathedral of the Diocese.

The impoverished church population of the East End thus left destitute of church privileges, determined to revive the name and work of "Old S. Paul's." The parish was organized June 4, 1868.

[1]NOTE BY EDITOR.—Mr. Wiswall went from Falmouth to England, and for three years was a chaplain in the British Navy. In 1782 he went to Nova Scotia, where he officiated as a missionary, until his death at Wilmot, in 1812. His son Peleg was Judge of the Supreme Court, and died in 1836. Archdeacon Gilpin, of Halifax, N. S., is a grandson of the Rev. John Wiswall. See letter from him, *post.*

The corner stone was laid Nov. 5th, bearing the dates 1764 and 1868. First service in the picturesque stone church, corner of Congress and Locust streets, was on July 23, 1869

List of Rectors:—Rev. N. W. T. Root, June 4, 1868 to Dec., 1872; Rev. David Pise, D. D., Dec., 1873 to Apr., 1875; Rev. F. S. Sill, May, 1876, to May, 1878; Rev. Charles Jno. Ketchum, Apr. 14, 1879 to Apr. 17, 1881; Rev. Arthur W. Little, June 12, 1881. (Still rector.)

The statistics of S. Paul's from June, 1868 to June, 1886, were: Baptisms, 382; Marriages, 120; Confirmations, 258; Burials, 190.

Mr. Little spoke more in detail of the work since his coming here five years ago. The number of communicants had increased from 100 to 260. He had baptized 180 and presented for confirmation, 134; had delivered 520 sermons and lectures, and over 150 catechisings.

Parochial Organizations:—The Vestry, Sunday-school, Choir, Ladies' Guild, Sister Dora Society, Sons of S. Paul, Woman's Auxiliary, Girl's Friendly Society, Altar Committee, Visiting Committeee, Ten-minute Workers, S. Luke's Sewing-school and the Mothers Meetings—associated with the Cathedral.

The parish was never more united and prosperous, and with the blessing of God has a bright future before it.

SECOND PARISH, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. CHAS. H. DANIELS.

Hymns—(2041) "Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!"

(1107) Oh! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?

Scripture Psalms 122, 125; Isa. lii. 1-10; 1 Cor. iii. 1-11.

One hundred years ago the only Congregational church in the town of Portland was the First Parish church, now Unitarian, with Rev. Thomas Smith as pastor, and Rev. Mr. Deane his colleague. Ninety-nine years ago events transpired which created disaffection and finally resulted in a secession and the organization of the Second Parish Congregational Church. The occasion grew out of

inability to support two pastors. The senior pastor, being wealthy and unable to perform his duties, it was desired that the salary be relinquished. This was declined. The old church was in need of repairs; some proposed a new house. Over these questions the crisis came, resulting in the withdrawal of the disaffected in August, 1787.

The first meetings for business and conference were held in the one-story wooden building known as the Greeley tavern, located at the corner of Back (now Congress) and Hampshire streets. Divine worship was first held in the old North school-house, then situated on the corner of Middle and King (now India) streets, where large audiences were gathered under the unusual excitement which circumstances called forth. Great interest prevailed regarding the new movement, but it was not until March, 1788, that an act of incorporation was granted. This act required the society to give one-fourth of the salary of the senior pastor of the First Parish, Rev. Thomas Smith; also to pay arrearages and relinquish their pews. On the 30th of September, 1788, eleven male members "embodied themselves as a Church of Christ in the said society." John Bagley, Joseph Jewett, William Bond, William Jenks, Samuel Gooding, Abner Lowell, John Thrasher, John Dole, Joseph H. Ingraham, Stephen Tukey; also Elijah Kellogg, pastor elect.

At the early meetings at Greeley Tavern steps were taken to secure a lot upon which to erect a house of worship, through a committee consisting of Messrs. Enoch Ilsley, Thomas Sanford, Abner Lowell and Joseph H. Ingraham. The lot on the corner of Middle and Deer streets was their choice, and a plan for the house, to be 65 by 55 feet, was adopted. This house was opened for worship Sept. 28, 1788, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Also the same year the society raised £250 to erect a dwelling-house for the minister—a good thing to do. The church was a plain two-story building, without spire or ornament. On the front end was a flag staff, upon which was hoisted the flag, which, in the days of no clocks, was the call to service. Across the way was the S. Paul's church, on which was a small bell. It is told concerning the rivalries of that day that the S. Paul's sexton one morning called out: "What do you hoist that flag for?" Our sexton, Burns, wittily retorted: "To let the people know your bell is ringing." In 1793 a tower was

built upon the church, and a bell was imported from England and placed in the belfry. The town furnished a clock, which was placed above the belfry, and so marked the time for the town.

The first organ in any church in Portland was placed in this church in 1798. We venture that was by many counted as unholy a thing, as to others, the introduction of stoves was uncomfortable. One Nicholas Blaisdell was employed to play the organ at a salary of $25. In 1820 a larger organ was purchased.

The growth of the society required in 1807 the enlarging of the church edifice, which was done by cutting the church in two and inserting twenty-two feet, and adding thirty-two new pews. In 1818 a new and large lecture room was built on Deer street, opposite the church, for social religious meetings and for the Sabbath-school. In 1825 the house was again remodelled at large expense, among other reasons to improve its acoustic properties and thereby to relieve Dr. Payson. The house was again remodelled, and at greater expense, during the ministry of Dr. Condit. New pews, windows and galleries were put in; the walls frescoed, and a beautiful pulpit, with furniture, provided. To some of you these things are yet in your mind's eye.

And now this day is to this church an anniversary of more than ordinary meaning. On July 4, 1866, twenty years ago to-day, this house of God and chapel, hallowed by so many memories and loved as the house of fathers and mothers, beloved pastors and Christian brethren, was burned in the great fire of that year. It called forth the sad cry: "Our holy and beautiful house," where successive generations worshiped God, "is burnt up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." The people were scattered; sixty-five homes among the people were destroyed, and the insurance lost. Nearly all the people were crippled and impoverished.

At once the people were summoned to meet in conference in State street church, opened to receive them, and there renewed their courage and resolved "to retain our organization under the name and title of the Second Parish Church and Society." It was also determined to secure a new site for a church, and as soon as possible erect another house of worship. The self-denying toil of the pastor, the persistent labors of parish committees and hearty co-operation of all the people is written upon all your hearts. On July 4, 1868, eighteen years ago to-day, the corner stone of this house was laid

with appropriate ceremony. Again, on July 4, 1875, eleven years ago to-day, this house was dedicated to God and His service. The whole cost of this house was $81,412.52. Struggle, sacrifice, and often reproach, was the price; a heavy debt was the burden. But on Sept. 14, 1879, under the direction of Mr. Kimball, the debt raiser, this burden was removed, and the Second Parish church was free from debt. Thanks be to God for His great goodness. It is true that July 4th, in the years 1866, 1868, 1875 and 1886 will be remembered.

The first pastor of the church was Rev. Elijah Kellogg, a native of South Hadley, Mass. He was early enured to hardship and toil. He worked his way through Dartmouth College, graduating at twenty-five. His theological education was with the eminent Rev. Mr. Murray of Newburyport, who also recommened him to this church as a suitable candidate. He first preached four Sabbaths in the North school house to crowded houses. Giving much satisfaction, he was invited to remain six months. The intense earnestness of Mr. Kellogg as a preacher, his outspoken manner, his searching presentation of truth, along with the novelty of the secession, called forth large congregations and aroused excitement. For a time it revolutioned religious affairs in the town, as is shown by the record made by Dr. Smith of the First Parish: "Poor Portland is plunging into ruinous confusion by the separatists." "One Kellock came here to preach to the separatists."

After the organization of the church and completion of the house of worship, on Oct. 1, 1788, Mr. Kellogg was ordained pastor. The sermon was preached by Rev. Peter Thatcher, A. M., pastor of a church in Boston. Mr. Kellogg continued as pastor 23 years, until 1811, when he was dismissed by a council.

The next pastor Rev. Edward Payson, D. D., began his connection with the Church, first as colleague of Mr. Kellogg.. He was ordained Dec. 16, 1807. His own father Rev. Seth Payson, of Rindge, N. H., preached the sermon from the text in 1st Tim., v. 22. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," &c. Time will not permit nor your acquaintance with this eminent man, allow that I should dwell long upon him. He was highly blessed in the Church, the Church was highly favored in having him as a minister, ministering during his last years in feebleness, he was yet mighty through God. He died, Oct. 22,

1827. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, the pastor of the Third church. The burial was in the parish tomb, Eastern Cemetery. The body, and the monument originally on the tomb, were afterwards removed to Evergreen Cemetery.

With the death of this good man, the line of eminent pastors was not broken. In 1828, the Rev. Bennet Tyler, D. D., then well known as president of Dartmouth College, was called to the pastorate, the people having neither seen nor heard him. The wisdom of the call was abundantly vindicated. Dr. Tyler was installed in September, 1828. The sermon was preached by Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D.

The pastoral office next fell upon the Rev. Joseph Vail, D. D., called from Brimfield in 1834; a man of deep piety and "one of the best of pastors." The installation was on Oct. 14th, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Prof. Emerson of Andover. During the pastorate of Dr. Vail he was very active in its duties, and it is hardly to be wondered that ill-health caused his resignation and dismission Oct. 15, 1837.

The people very soon happily united in calling Rev. Jonathan B. Condit, then professor in Amherst College, Mass.; a man of pious devotion to his work, of great ability, a finished speaker. His installation occurred May 17, 1838, the sermon being preached by his brother, Rev. Robert W. Condit. He was dismissed from this church, Dec. 9, 1845.

In the year 1846 the pastorate fell upon one who still survives, and is with us in physical weakness, but in moral and spiritual strength, Rev. John J. Carruthers, D. D., installed Aug. 19, 1846. He brought to this church a wide experience from both continents.

Our next pastor was the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, called here from Andover Seminary in 1879. He was happily fitted to do the work then resting upon the church, in harmonizing the forces, organizing them for new work after removing the church debt. Successful in these ways, at the same time universally beloved by the people, he was called to another field, which call he accepted, and was dismissed Nov. 28, 1882.

The present pastorate began in October, 1883. Such is the story of the pastors of the Second Parish Church.

At the recent conference at Bath one speaker called to sharp account the failure of city churches in sending young men into the

ministry. We can but name the worthy list of ministers and missionaries who have been members of this church or under its influence: Isaac Weston, John A. Douglass, Josiah G. Merrill, Charles Freeman, John H. Ingraham, Calvin E. Stowe, Cyrus Hamlin, Bishop Horatio Southgate, Robert Southgate, Edward F. Cutter, Charles Walker, Joseph Lane, Horatio Ilsley, Rufus W. Emerson, Sidney Turner, John E. Tyler, Josiah Tyler, Fred W. Boyd, Fred W. Oxnard, John Goddard, William Carruthers, William K. Vail, Henry M. Vail, Arthur Shirley, Daniel Greene, N. A. McAulay. These were all graduates of our church. Nearly all their families were members of our church. All these, with the mothers and daughters in Israel, have done a work here not in vain. We enjoy the fruits of their toils.

SISTER CHURCHES.

The Second Parish has contributed large numbers to form many new churches of our faith and order. In 1807, a church was attempted as the Third Church. A house was erected in 1808; a minister settled in 1810, and the church disbanded in 1812. In the same year, and in the same house, the Chapel Church was formed, taking thirty-two members. The church was abandoned about 1824. This was superseded in 1825, by the Third Parish, to which, we gave many members. After the fire in 1866, this church disbanded with a record of valuable work for Christ.

It seems but right that we tarry to speak somewhat of this church, our loved and honored child. Its history is written above and on many of your hearts. It was not an ordinary formation, from divided sentiments, or change in centers of population, but from the necessities of an overcrowded house, that the Second Parish impressed with needs of Christ's kingdom prayerfully set apart thirty-five for this new enterprise; among them, the most influential, Deacons Storer and Southgate, Gen. Fessenden, were of the number. And while they declare great desire for the old church and pastor, they consent to remove and organize the "Third Congregational Church of Christ." This was effected Sept. 9, 1825. The house of worship of the Chapel church was secured for this church by certain members of the Second Parish for $5,000, and was deeded to the new church so long as the creed was sustained. The Rev.

Charles Jenkins was installed the first pastor, Nov. 9, 1825, an esteemed, pious minister, but externally austere and awkward. He died suddenly Dec. 29, 1831, leaving a prosperous church.

The next pastor was Mr. W. T. Dwight, son of President Dwight, of Yale College, of good blood, himself a reputable Philadelphia lawyer. Being converted, he turned to the gospel ministry, and was ordained June 6, 1832. His ministry, known to so many of you, was eminently successful. For thirty-two years he was permitted to remain and impress his Christian life and leadership upon his people, many of whom bear the marks to-day of the godly man. He was dismissed, May 1, 1864, and died at Andover, Mass., Oct. 22, 1865, aged 71 years.

Rev. J. E. Walton supplied the church less than two years. The fire of twenty years ago laid waste this Third parish, and it soon disbanded. Much of its property, and many of its members were transferred to the Plymouth church. During its existance, 770 members were brought into its communion. We are glad to bear this tribute to an esteemed and useful church of Christ.

Note by the Editor.—In the history of the Chapel Society and the Third Congregational Society some important historical facts have been omitted; and as the pastor who wrote this sermon is absent, the editor considered that it is important that this addition should be made:

In 1807, mainly through the agency of Mr. Nathaniel Cross, a new Congregational society was organized. Its meetings were held in a hall, and its preacher was Rev. Jotham Sewall. The meeting-house on the corner of Chapel and Congress streets was commenced in that year (Parson Deane says, under date of Sept. 11, 1807, "N. Cross' meeting-house raising"), and finished in 1808. In that year the society was incorporated as the "Third Congregational Society." Rev. Nathan S. Beeman was ordained as pastor. He was dismissed in 1812, and Rev. Elijah Kellogg was employed for a season. The society was disbanded in 1814. The Chapel Congregational Society was organized in 1812, and Mr. Kellogg was installed as pastor, and the society obtained the use of the meeting-house of the Third society. Rev. Thomas M. Murdock was ordained as a colleague to Mr. Kellogg in 1819, and continued till 1821. Mr. Kellogg then became the sole pastor. Mr. Whipple preached a short time, and in 1822 Rev. Thomas M. Smith was ordained and continued till 1824. He was the last regular minister. In 1824 the Chapel Society was dissolved, and in 1825 the new Third Congregational Society was organized, to whom the meeting-house was sold. Its first minister was Rev. Charles Jenkins, as is stated above, &c. Rev. Thomas M Smith, after leaving this society, became an Episcopalian, and was a professor in the Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio. He died at Portland (while on a visit) Sept. 6, 1864, aged sixty-seven years, and was buried in the Richardson tomb in the Eastern Cemetery.

BETHEL, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. FRANCIS SOUTHWORTH.

Rev. Jotham Sewall, long known as the Apostle of Maine, was perhaps, the earliest to minister to the men of the sea at this port, as early as 1820. In 1821, Dr. Payson preached his remarkable discourse to them. A Bethel church was organized in 1824, but became extinct.

For ten years previous to 1832 we find that Rev. Jotham Sewall, William Jenks, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Jenks, compiler of the "Comprehensive Commentary on the Bible," and Captain Blake, a minister of rare and peculiar gifts, who boarded round among the Christian families of the city, were successful preachers to seamen.

From 1832 to 1835 Rev. Sewall Tenney, since and long the pastor of the Congregational church in Ellsworth, occupied the place,—yet living. He preached in the Mariners' church, likewise Rev. Chas. M. Brown, from 1835 to 1837 in the same building. This building, at the corner of Fore and Moulton streets, was erected in 1828, bearing on its granite front, and still legible, this inscription: "Mariners' Church." It cost $33,000, and went to the mortgagees in the great financial crisis of 1837.

The present church was formed in 1840, with one-half its membership from the Second Parish. Rev. Dana Cloyes was the first pastor till 1843; then Rev. George W. Bourne till 1847; then Rev. Daniel M. Mitchell till 1849. Meanwhile the meetings had been held from hall to hall, as room could be obtained. The present Bethel church edifice was slowly building from 1848 to 1850. But the church was well-nigh dissolved. In 1853, Rev. James R. French became pastor, and near the same time Capt. Washington Ryan became a resident of the city, and an honored name on Commercial street, which fact is mentioned in view of the new vitality that, at that time, seems to have come into this church. Mr. French closed his labors in 1855, and was succeeded by Rev. S. H. Merrill, who after a ministry of eight years, accepted a chaplaincy in the army in 1863. The next pastor was Rev. V. J. Hartshorn, for one year, who was succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. F. Southworth, in 1865. The Bethel church edifice went down in the great fire twenty years ago, and was rebuilt, so as to be occupied in seven months thereafter. The Bethel

is the child, and dependent of the stronger churches, but in spiritual ability it was never, perhaps, more efficient than to-day. Its congregation of transient visitors from the sea, gathered in one assembly would be a mighty host.

ABYSSINIAN, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. G. WILSON.

Previous to 1800 there were very few, if any, colored people in town. In 1769 there were two persons, a man and his wife, owned as slaves by Thomas Smith of Gorham. Others were held as slaves in Windham. Of these it is said "they went off in the war of 1775." In 1803 a colored man, whose name was George Peters, a resident of Portland, was punished in the pillory, which was erected on what was called the "Training Field," where a portion of the Eastern Cemetery now is. In 1810 but two families of colored people were residents of Portland. These mostly resided near Mountfort and Hancock streets, or on Munjoy Hill. As a class these are said to have been generally esteemed. Among the most prominent men connected with them was Rev. Samuel Snowden, a worthy preacher of the Methodist denomination. Others were Joseph and Lewis Shepard, Boston Jackson, Peter Smith, Jack Williams, Isaiah Ruby, James Ball, and others, who are spoken of by those who knew them as being respectable, industrious men.

During the period from 1813 to 1832 many of the people of color were received into the Second Parish church. Seats in the gallery of the meeting-house of this parish were reserved especially for this people. Greatly to their credit and, doubtless, to their profit, they were constant and regular in their attendance. At length twenty-two of these members were dismissed to form the Abyssinian church, which took place Aug. 7, 1835.[1]

The ecclesiastical council, convened for this purpose at the Abyssinian church, was organized by the choice of Rev. Joseph Vail,

[1] NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In 1828 an Abyssinian Society, composed of colored people, was incorporated, and the meeting-house on Sumner, now Newbury street, was commenced.

moderator, and Rev. John W. Chickering, scribe. The churches represented were the Second, Third, and High Street, of Portland. Rev. Asa Cummings, Sewell Berry and Rev. Mr. Carruthers, being present, were invited to sit and deliberate with them. At this time, as appears in the minutes of the General Conference of the Congregational Churches in Maine, S. W. Chase was the stated supply for the pulpit, who continued to 1840. From 1841 to 1851 Amos N. Freeman was pastor; Benjamin Lynch was installed May 23, 1854, dismissed 1856; E. J. Adams, 1856 to 1857; Amos G. Beman, from 1857 to 1860; James F. Brown, from Nov. 16, 1860, to 1861; Eben Ruby, from September, 1861, to 1863; John B. Haslette, 1865–6; James W. Pennington, for a period subsequent to Dec. 2, 1866, whose decease occurred at Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 22, 1870. Rev. Samuel Harrison was acting pastor from Aug. 1, 1870, to July, 1872; Rev. W. P. Alward for three months from June 1, 1875. Rev. Mr. Carruthers, father of the venerable and beloved Dr. Carruthers of this city, pleasantly and affectionately spoken of by this people as "Father Carruthers," and a Mr. White, at different periods, have supplied this pulpit and labored among this people. From Feb. 15, 1880, to the present time, the present incumbent, Rev. John G. Wilson, has been the acting pastor.

HIGH STREET, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. W. H. FENN, D. D.

December 29, 1830, a number of residents of the westerly part of Portland, gathered at the house of Nehemiah Cram, on State street, and voted it expedient to build a house of worship in their section of the town. January 22, 1831, land was bought on High street, and May 28 of the same year the corner-stone was laid. August 12 a joint convention of the Second and Third churches nominated twenty-five male members to be set off from the Second church and five from the Third church to form the spiritual nucleus of the new organization.

September 9th, at a council in the vestry of the Second church sixty-five persons, fifty-seven from the Second church, eight from

the Third church, entered into covenant with one another and organized the High Street church. Of these church-members only three survive. Mrs. Clarissa E. Baker is the only one who is still united with us. The meeting-house was dedicated January 18, 1832, sermon by Rev. Bennett Tyler, D. D., of Second church. August 8, 1832, Rev. George C. Beckwith was installed; sermon by Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., of Andover, Mass. In December, 1834, his office was resigned, and he was dismissed by council. April 2d, 1835, Rev. John W. Chickering, of Hillside, in Bolton, Mass., was installed; sermon by Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston. After a favored ministry of thirty years' duration he was released from his charge March 29, 1865. Rev. William H. Fenn, D. D., present pastor, was installed July 25, 1866.

The back of the church was burned February 2, 1869. The corner-stone of the new house was laid July 17, 1869. It was finished the same year, and was dedicated Dec. 30, 1869; sermon by Dr. J. M. Manning of the Old South church, Boston. In the autumn, 1879, the interior of the church was decorated, under the direction of Mr. John LaFarge, of New York City. August, 1880, the vestry and the ladies' rooms above it were refitted, decorated and papered.

The membership of the church to-day is 400, its annual contributions for various benevolences average $3,500. The moving cause for the existence of our organization was the plethoric health of the Second Parish. Besides a growing want had long been making itself felt to provide a convenient place of worship for the people who lived in the more western part of the city. Thus fifty years and more of our church life show marked changes, which are commended to your deliberation.

But we pass in the contemplation of this piece of local church history, to consider our relative position to our sister churches, and to the kingdom of God. What changes do we note in the half century? Great every way. Noticeable upon the surface is the decay of dogma as such, the declining vigor and rancor of denominational belief. Fundamental truth is as dear as ever. But the landmarks being fixed, the border lines are not continuously drawn out. Fences have gone out of vogue in homestead plots, and even church-yards. Here and there, to be sure, is still set a prickly hedge of creed, but it is short lived, for everybody plucks at it, and when

dead will never be replaced. In architecture, form of worship, and in general features of charity work, all the churches have greatly assimilated, and they grow more rapidly like each other. Perhaps the form of church government is as characteristic as any other one thing about them. And yet, for all the assumptions of hierarchy, there is not a polity, Methodist, English, or even Roman, which is not steadily yielding to the incursions of Christain democracy and becoming wonted, however indirectly, to popular control. Nor is there a body of the most rooted independency, which is not slowly being converted to the culture and refinement of worship of the more traditional and aristocratic churches. They all incline to a richer, fuller worship. More music, ritual, liturgy, responsive service.

STATE STREET, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. FRANK T. BAYLEY.

We enter today upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of our city. The request of the Centennial committee, that historical discourses be given in the several churches, is most appropriate; not indeed, because the anniversary of municipal incorporation chances to fall upon the Lord's day, but for the better reason, that religion and the Church of Christ have been large and important factors in the history which we celebrate.

In responding to this request, I have not attempted an elaborate history of this particular church, feeling that a sketch of the ecclesiastical history of the town would be more appropriate to the occasion, than an exclusive presentation of our own much briefer career. I have tried to tell briefly the religious history of the town, with especial reference, indeed, to our own genealogy and history.

It will be remembered that the early township, Falmouth, originally contained the present towns of Falmouth, Cape Elizabeth, Portland, Deering and Westbrook, together with a number of islands.

The first white settler in the township arrived at Richmond's Island, in 1628, an unprincipled trader. Thus commerce, not religion, opened the gates to advancing civilization. But, fortunately

for both commerce and civilization, religion speedily entered. As early as 1637, an Episcopal minister was settled upon the island; while a tradition, deemed by Mr. Willis reliable, reports a church established at even an earlier date.

The first house in Portland proper, then called the Neck, was built in 1633. Many of the early settlers here were Episcopalians, and the Episcopal was apparently the only form of public worship until 1659.

At that time the jurisdiction of Massachusetts was established in this region, and the uncompromising Puritans of that Commonwealth undertook a religious as well as a civil supervision. Robert Jordan, the Episcopal minister, was frequently censured for the performance of baptism and marriage, and in 1660 was summoned to appear before the General Court, to answer for his irregular practices, and required to desist from the same. At the first session of the court the following order was passed: "This court being informed that the inhabitants of Falmouth, are at present destitute of any public means for their edification on the Lord's day, and by reason of the people not meeting together for their mutual furtherance in the ways of God, great advantage is given unto the common enemy, these are to require all the inhabitants of the said place to meet together on the Lord's day for their mutual edification, by reading of God's word, and of the labors of known and orthodox divines, singing of psalms and praying together, till the favor of God shall give them better and more public means for their edification." Two years later, an order of the court requires the towns of Saco, Scarboro' and Wells, to procure able and orthodox ministers within six months, and Falmouth was soon included in a similar order. Obedience was doubtless rendered, but there is no intimation of the name of the preacher.

Immigration from Massachusetts soon created a preponderance of Puritan population, and the state religion, enforced by law, became the predominant religion of the province. Some of the early settlers, however, held fast to their first love, and religious difference added to the already existing spirit of hostility to the government of Massachusetts.

In 1719 the town voted the support of a minister, and in 1720 the building of a meeting-house, but the poverty of the people delayed

both projects for several years. Meanwhile, occasional services were held by ministers settled further west, and by the army chaplain whose quarters were on the Neck.

July, 1727, witnessed a notable gathering on Munjoy Hill. Commissioners from Massachusetts and New Hampshire met, in a spacious tent, more than two hundred Indian representatives, for the final ratification of a treaty of peace between those states and the eastern tribes. Two items of moral and religious interest may be noted in connection with this occasion. A contemporary historian, himself present, says: "One of the first things the Indians desired of our governors was that they would give the order that the vessels in the harbor, as well as the taverns ashore, might be restrained from selling any liquors to their young men." The governors approved of the precaution, and the first prohibitory law was promulgated in the State of Maine. When the first day of the conference, which was Saturday, was over, the governor said to them: "To-morrow is the Lord's day on which we do no business;" to which the chief replied: "To-morrow is our Sabbath, we also keep the day."

Until 1733 the whole town constituted one parish. By mutual consent the Second Parish was then formed, on the south side of Fore river; the parish of Purpooduck, now Cape Elizabeth.

A Presbyterian is rather a curiosity in Maine today, and the sole church of that order, recently established here, seems almost an anomaly. But in the middle of the eighteenth century Presbyterians abounded in this State, especially in the region between the Kennebec and the Penobscot, and their churches were numerous. There was a strong Presbyterian element in the new parish, and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians do not easily turn aside from the faith and discipline of John Knox. Considerable sectarian feeling developed under these conditions, and the first minister was soon succeeded by a Presbyterian.

Mr. Whitefield journeyed as far east as Yarmouth in 1745, preaching in every pulpit in the State on his way. He spent a week in Falmouth, and his work awakened here, as it did throughout the country, great excitement and much contention as to its real character and value. Parson Smith writes: "The opposition to him among our leading men was violent, and unwearied pains were taken to prejudice the people against him," and at a later date, "the

parish is in a buzz about Mr. Whitefield." It may be added, that Mr. Whitefield's preaching was apparently followed by no such striking results here, as in many places.

Shortly after the close of the war, the religious services of the Church of England were resumed, and the later history of Episcopalianism in Portland began. But the tracing of our own genealogy being our special purpose, we shall confine ourselves to the history of the First Parish, and its ecclesiastical children. That society found itself in very difficult circumstances, when its scattered members re-assembled. They were in arrears to both their ministers, though both had relinquished much of their salary during the war. Their meeting-house was injured by war, and dilapidated by neglect. Disagreement arose as to repairing it, many preferring to build anew. A disaffected portion withdrew in 1787, and formed the Second Parish. Population soon came in rapidly, and the growth of the town within a few years, was "unexampled in the annals of New England up to that time." Both the churches found abundant material for their upbuilding, and both prospered, in spite of the gloomy prognostications of Parson Smith, who wrote: "Poor Portland is plunging into ruinous confusion by the separation." It may be added, that the separation was no result of doctrinal difference. The two parishes were in doctrinal accord until the early part of Mr. Payson's ministry; their pastors interchanging pulpits from time to time.

The same causes which had led to the formation of High Street church, soon made apparent the need of still another church in the growing western portion of the city. The first movement towards colonization was in December, 1846, when a dozen gentlemen met at the house of W. S. Dana, Esq., to discuss the matter. In the following year Dr. Chickering called a meeting to hear, as he expressed it, "the reasons which had convinced him of the necessity and duty of providing another place of worship in this section of the city," and with characteristic zeal, he spent the next day in circulating a subscription paper, which he carried to the meeting, bearing pledges for $1,500.

In June, 1848, a report upon the subject was made at the session of the Cumberland conference. But owing to a season of financial depression, and the special needs of the Third Parish at the time,

the consummation of the movement was delayed until 1851, when $10,000 were subscribed for the purpose of building. There were sixty-nine subscribers, of whom, fifty-three are no longer living. The present site was purchased for $6,000, about 45 cents per foot, and the building was first occupied for worship, on the first Sabbath in June, 1852. At the sale of pews by auction, June 23, 1852, twenty-one pews were sold to twenty persons, at a valuation of $3,750, with premiums amounting to $129. Of the twenty purchasers, but four are now living, and but two are now connected with the parish.

The first meeting preliminary to the organization of the church, was held Feb. 20, 1852, in the vestry of the High Street church, attended by members of the High Street, Second and Third parishes. Judge Shepley, the Moderator, presented a paper, requesting letters of dismission from High Street church, which was signed by all the members of that church present. A committee was appointed to report a covenant, summary of doctrines and rules of government. At a second meeting, March 3, the several papers reported by this committee were adopted, and committees were apointed to arrange for the calling of a council and for the supply of the pulpit.

The council met March 17th, 1852, and the church was duly organized. Of the fifty-eight original members, forty-eight came by letter from High Street church, four from the Second Parish, four from the Third Parish, and two from churches in Boston. Thirty-seven of these original members have passed into the heavens, and but five of the survivors are now members of this congregation. At the public services in the evening the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Dwight, the consecrating prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, the right hand of fellowship given by the Rev. Dr. Chickering, and the address to the church by the Rev. Mr. Adams of Gorham.

Business meetings of the church were held at Park Street schoolhouse, in the singing-gallery of the church, and at private houses, until April, 1855, when the new vestry was occupied. During a little more than a year, the church continued without a pastor, though diligent effort was made to secure one. Nevertheless, there seems to have been a thrifty growth through the zeal and fidelity of its members.

In December, 1852, a call was extended to the Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, of New York City. His acceptance was followed by his installation, April 27th, 1853. His pastorate continued nearly four years, marked by devoted labor, and the steady growth of both church and congregation. At his resignation in March, 1857, he left a broad and stable foundation for future years, a church of mature development, though of youthful age. For more than a year and a half the church was now without a pastor. But the loving care of the Great Shepherd, and the wisdom of Divine Providence were shown in due season. A call was extended in December, 1857, to Mr. George L. Walker, then a student in Andover Theological Seminary. This call was accepted with the understanding that the commencement of pastoral labor should be deferred until September, 1858. Mr. Walker was installed by council October 13th, 1858. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Walker, D. D., the father of the new pastor, the installing prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers; the charge to the pastor given by the Rev. Mr. Moore; the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Mr. Thwing, and the charge to the people by the Rev. Mr. Wheelwright. The pastorate thus inaugurated, continued until October, 1867, a period of nine years. After an interval of three years, a call was given to the Rev. Edward Y. Hincks, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and he was installed by council October 18, 1870. After eleven years of faithful devotion to the Master and his people, this longest of the several pastorates was closed by the resignation of Mr. Hincks, and his dismission by council May 26, 1881. The present pastorate began in March, 1883.

A few subordinate lines of review will be suggestive of important facts in our history. There have been added to the fifty-eight original members — by letter, three hundred and fifty-six, and by confession of faith, three hundred and seventy. It should be added, however, that a considerable number of those received by letter had previously been members, and had been dismissed to the churches from which they came again to us. It is a pleasant fact that these children of the church have sought the old home again. Our present membership is four hundred and twenty-three. Of the original members, but five remain with us. Two colonies have gone out from us. In 1855 twenty-two members were dismissed to form the Union Church; and in 1873 sixteen members became the nucleus of the Williston Church.

This church has also had the privilege of aiding other sister churches, both in and beyond the city; and it has ever been a most loyal supporter of the Maine Missionary Society, for which its first collection was ordered in by vote of the church in February, 1853. The record of church benevolences begins almost with the history of the church itself. The scheme of benevolence has been from time to time modified, with a view to greater efficiency. The adoption of the system of weekly offerings has largely increased the contributions. The record of benevolence is not easily made up previous to the last eleven years. For the five years ending with 1879, the annual average was $2,753. For the five years ending with 1885, the annual average was $5,915. These figures include special gifts, as well as the Sabbath contributions.

From an early period of our history, the ladies of the parish have been active in humane and benevolent work. The Missionary Circle, organized in 1861, did enthusiastic work for the soldiers, and since the war has cared for many needy missionary households, having distributed the value of about $2,500 in the last ten years. The Williston Circle, now known as the Social Circle, organized in 1870, raised for the Williston mission more than $4,000, and its total gifts to all objects aggregate $5,658.

The Sabbath-school was organized in June, 1852, W. S. Dana, Esq. being the first superintendent. Its sessions were held in the singing-seats and adjoining portions of the galleries of the church, until the completion of the chapel in April, 1855; the time of meeting being before the morning service. The attendance during the first year was about fifty, teachers and scholars. The school has been steadily maintained by the faithful labor of many workers. Its records were burned in the great fire, but its history is written in heaven. The membership during the period covered by existing records has been quite uniform, reaching its highest number, three hundred and thirty-two, in 1885.

Benevolent contributions have been made from the beginning, and have been widely scattered among good and needy causes. Repeated gifts to the Williston mission are recorded, and it is pleasant, in view of later events, to read of the appropriation in 1871 of $100 "to the mission school of Mr. D. L. Moody of Chicago, their building having

been destroyed in the great fire." Many members of the school have become members of the church from time to time.

Thus we have followed the blended and mostly golden strands that make up our history. Time permits but few words of comment. There is much, very much, for which to be thankful. God, the God of Israel, has been our father's God, and our God. He has been in the midst of His people as teacher, leader, deliverer and comforter. Confession of sin and shortcoming befits us; for many things have been left undone, that ought to have been done, and some things done that ought not to have been done. But where sin has abounded, grace has much more abounded.

And in the presence of these memorials of the Divine goodness and fidelity, let us set up this day, our Ebenezer,—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" And gathering inspiration of hope and courage from the past, let us go forward in the strength of the Lord, to advance still farther, by His gracious help, the cause of Christ.

WEST CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. S. K. PERKINS.

Rev. Sidney K. Perkins, of the West Congregational Church, preached an appropriate sermon on the origin and history of that church. Some twenty-five years ago, during Dr. Chickering's thirty years' pastorate of High Street church, a member of his congregation, Miss Eliza A. Hanson, dying in Florida, bequeathed $3,000 in trust to her pastor for the erection of a house of worship in the west part of the city, especially for the accommodation of a mission Sunday-school, in which she had been a devoted teacher. Of this sum $2,000 was to be invested as a fund for expenses, leaving $1,000 for the land and building. To this was added, through Dr. Chickering's efforts, in money and materials, $4,000 more for the erection and furnishing of the beautiful brick house of worship near Congress street railroad station. A Congregational church was soon organized, which has increased to some two hundred members, and is now in a highly prosperous condition.

Rev. Dr. Chickering was then introduced, and made some interesting statements in regard to the enterprise of which he had so unexpectedly been called to take charge of, the material and spiritual success of which was so gratifying.

ST. LAWRENCE STREET, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. ABIEL HOLMES WRIGHT.

"This shall be written for the generation to come; and a people which shall be created shall praise the Lord."—Ps. cii. 18. (R. V.)

It is the duty of the present generation to preserve and to transmit to posterity the history of its times and institutions. In compliance with the request of our City Government, I present to you this morning a discourse embodying the history of the rise and progress of this St. Lawrence Street church, a report of which is to be included in the memorial volume of Portland's Centennial Anniversary. This request is virtually a recognition of this church as an important institution of the city, to the welfare of which it has sustained a vital relationship.

Among the religious organizations, the St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church has existed twenty-eight years. Its history has been written, not for your ears only, but "for the generation to come," and for a people which shall be created to stand in your places, and, as we hope, to praise the Lord in a nobler house than this when another century has passed away and we are all in our graves.

1. We will speak of the origin of this church. Providence decreed that its origin should be independent, and that its infant life should be without the fostering care of any maternal church. In 1857 Ward One contained more than three thousand inhabitants, and a population of at least two thousand crowned the beautiful eminence of Munjoy Hill, with but one church in its midst, the Congress Street Methodist. Amid this flourishing community there was ample room for another church to live and grow. Many of the families residing here worshiped in Congregational churches in other parts of the city; some who were Congregationalists by preference had sought com-

munion with the young and thriving Methodist church near their homes. It was natural, therefore, that the second church of Munjoy Hill should be Congregational in its faith and polity. The formation of such a church had been thought of, and talked of, as early as 1853. Incipient steps were taken in this direction by the Second Parish church, at the suggestion of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Carruthers, and a committee was appointed to examine and report concerning a suitable place and plan for such an enterprise. The present site of the church was contemplated, but nothing resulted from the movement. The matter was again proposed by Dr. Carruthers, who was thoroughly convinced of the necessity and expediency of the effort. In 1856 he drew up and signed a subscription paper for this object, and secured the signatures of others, both clergymen and laymen; but this attempt also failed. It appears that the St. Lawrence Street church had but barely missed the honor of becoming the legitimate child of that most prolific and maternal of all our churches, the venerable Second Parish.

The origin of the St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church was, in truth, a household prayer-meeting, where several families met on Thursday evenings for devotional exercises. The first of these meetings was held in the house of Luther H. Shaw, and was led by Rev. Henry D. Moore, of the Union Church. There was no one among this company who was willing then to assume the responsibility of organizing even a household prayer-meeting. But out of that assembly there came forth the future leaders of the St. Lawrence Street Church. There it was, as it met from house to house, now at Daniel Randall's, then at Edward Waite's, afterwards at James V. Poor's, then again at some other house, that those social ties were formed, and those spiritual bonds were cemented which subsequently found a more complete and joyful expression in the communion of this church. The original and active members of this prayer-meeting were our spiritual fathers and mothers. They became the original members of this church, which at this time they did not even dream of founding. One of the most prominent members of this prayer-meeting, and a leading spirit in the church enterprise that grew out of it, was Mr. William Curtis, who still resides in our community and remains in our communion. To his efforts, more than to those of any other man, this church owes its origin. He was the first mover

in the establishment of the prayer-meeting, and afterwards the leader in the building of this house of worship, and in the subsequent formation of the church. Associated prominently with Mr. Curtis were Daniel Randall, Edward Waite, Washington Griffin, Luther H. Shaw, James V. Poor, William H. Beaumont and Simeon Skillings Of these, three remain in our communion to-day, Messrs. Curtis, Griffin and Poor.

With these eight Christian men, originated the plan of providing a new house of worship in this community. They had no thought of forming a church. The pressing need was for a meeting-house for Sabbath worship and Sunday-school work.

In August, 1857, they formed themselves into a corporate body, under the State laws, for the purpose of building a house of worship. This lot, upon which our church edifice stands, they purchased for $2,400, giving their own private bonds for the deed. The result was the erection of this meeting-house, which was dedicated to the worship of God January 15, 1858. It was then a one-story building, standing somewhat on one side of the lot and nearer to the street, and its audience room was a few feet less than its present length. The city pastors of a former generation officiated at its dedication. The Rev. John W. Chickering, D. D., of High Street church, presented an historical statement, which is published in the first manual of the church. The Rev. William T. Dwight, D. D., of the Third church, offered the prayer of dedication, and the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of Harpswell, preached the sermon from Psalms, xcvi, 6, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." From this interesting service, the Rev. John J. Carruthers, D. D., of the Second Parish church was necessarily and regretfully absent, but he sent his cordial greeting to the chairman of the building committee in a letter containing these impressive and inspiring words, "My heart's desire and prayer to God is that the truth as it is in Jesus may be purely and faithfully proclaimed in the new house of worship, and that it may from the first be divinely honored as the birth-place of immortal souls." In view of the past history of this sanctuary the prayer of this now venerable man of God reads like a prophecy.

The new edifice was no sooner dedicated and occupied, than the desire began to be expressed for the formation of a church. On February 8th, seventeen days after the dedication, twenty Christian

men and women met by appointment at the house of Mr. Daniel Randall, on Waterville street, the same that is now owned and occupied by Mr. Gookin, and there entered into a mutual agreement to form themselves into a church, to be called the St. Lawrence Street Congregational Church. (At this time, also, the covenant used by the Second Parish and other Congregational churches was adopted.) The organization of the church was completed on Friday, February 19, 1858, with a membership of twenty-two, ten males, and twelve females; and was publicly recognized by an ecclesiastical council convened for that purpose. The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott..

2. Of the pastorates and progress of the church. It has had five pastorates, viz.: the Rev. Edward P. Thwing was pastor from March, 1858, to July, 1862; the Rev. John H. Murdough from September, 1862, to November, 1865; the Rev. Samuel M. Morrison from October, 1865, to March, 1867; the Rev. Rufus K. Harlow from October, 1868, to October, 1869, and the Rev. Abiel H. Wright from January, 1871, to the present time. Arthur Libby, James V. Poor, and Edward Waite were made its first deacons, and William Curtis, Daniel Randall and Royal E. Whitman its standing committee. Edward Waite was made its treasurer, and Arthur Libby its scribe.

The present pastor, Rev. Abiel H. Wright was called December 10, 1870, his installation taking place on the nineteenth of the following April. He began his labor with the church on the first Sabbath in January of 1871. The first noticeable event in the history of the parish after his settlement was the payment of the last one thousand dollars on the long-standing debt for the house of worship. The repair and improvement of the church edifice soon followed. (For this purpose the parish voted in August 12, 1872, to issue its bonds to the amount of $3000, to be secured by mortgage on its real estate.) A building committee composed of Robert Dresser, F. B. Percy and William Curtis was chosen to carry out the proposed plans of the parish. Subsequently Edward Waite took Mr. Curtis' place on this committee. The work was begun in September, 1872, and was completed by the end of the year. The congregation meanwhile occupying the Congress Street Methodist Church Sunday mornings through the courtesy of that church.

On February 19, 1883, occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of the

church, which was observed with appropriate services on Sunday and Monday. On Sunday, the eighteenth, an historical sermon was preached by the pastor, and commemorative addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, and the Rev. Elijah Kellogg. On Monday evening congratulatory addresses were made by the city pastors of different denominations, and letters were read from former pastors of the church and absent friends. A full report of these interesting services was published in the St. Lawrence Street "Church Chronicler" of March, 1883.

WILLISTON, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. LEAVITT H. HALLOCK.

"Remember me, O my God, for good."—Nehemiah xiii, 31.

The completion of a century, like the striking of a clock, arrests attention; the clock strikes, but even as we count, wheels continue to revolve, time speeds on, and already we are fairly started upon the succeeding period. From this vantage ground of an hundred years we look both ways. At the past, soon to be forgotten, garnered chiefly in what it has made of us; and at the future, now marching in upon us to mature the seed and scatter it yet again for other harvests.

When the century begun, only the First Congregational church existed in Portland, and that was on the eve of its perversion to Unitarianism. In September, 1787, the Second Parish, mother of us all, seceded, and was organized into a society in March, 1788, and into a church in November of the same year. Her history is very rich, covering many pivotal facts, determining the birth successively of the Third church in 1808, which soon expired; the Chapel church in 1811, which died in 1824; the Third church, known as such to many of you, born in the flush days of Dr. Payson's ministry in 1825, which survived until the fire of 1866; then High street in 1831; Fourth in 1835; Bethel in 1840; and St. Lawrence Street in 1858. All properly children of the Second Parish. Next come the grandchildren, State Street in 1852, West in 1862, Plymouth in 1869,

now disbanded in 1885, and last of all, just entering her "teens," the one grand-child, daughter of State Street, grand-daughter of High, great grand-daughter of her still youthful mother awaiting her centennial, the old Second Parish. A fruitful period, and the ministry of Dr. Payson was one of the elements of the grand result. Our particular history has been brief. Only thirteen years has Williston been christened, a babe among her fellows, just now emerging from our childhood; we have walked alone a few years, and, of late, have stretched forth helping hand to our sisters for their aid. We have been blessed with rapid growth, more than realizing the expectations of our founders.

Twenty years ago, beside the smoking ruins of the shorn Forest city, on the first Sunday of July, Williston Chapel was dedicated with appropriate services, including a sermon by Rev. George Leon Walker. Five years before a Sunday-school had been gathered by the personal effort of Miss Anna Sweetsir, in the old school-house on Walnut, now School street, which was at length fathered by State Street church, and led along until able to walk alone. Seven years after the chapel was dedicated, viz., February 5, 1873, an ecclesiastical council convened, moderated by Rev. Dr. Carruthers, and the recognition sermon was preached by Rev. E. Y. Hincks. The intervening years of unrecorded service, and self-denying toil occupy little space in history, but much more doubtless in characters trained, and souls saved; *God keeps those records.*

The church organization was effected with twenty-two members, one-half of whom are still here and at work, having multiplied by the blessing of God, and by earnest toil, until the membership is upwards of three hundred and fifty, the Sunday-school about four hundred, owning a house of worship without debt, aiming to make its religion business-like, and, let us hope, also to make its business christian-like. This church has to acknowledge the unceasing kindliness of its recognition at the hands of other churches, both of its own and of other denominations, with which its fellowship has been of a thoroughly Christian sort.

The pastors of the church during its thirteen years of life, have been three: Rev. Burke F. Leavitt, now of Chicago, was installed May 7, 1873, and faithfully served his Master here for three years, when he was dismissed reluctantly, at his urgent request. A man

"winning and genial, tender and sympathizing, sound in the faith and uncompromising in presentation of the truth, and indefatigable in pastoral work. He was at once pastor, manager and missionary, and faithful in all." Rev. Frank E. Clark was installed as pastor, October 19, 1876, and so continued until September, 1883, a period of seven years. It was during Mr. Clark's pastorate that the present edifice was built and furnished; it was first occupied for worship September, 1878, but was not dedicated until after the payment of the debt, viz., February 6, 1881. The struggles of those days, ever thrilling to the men and women who shared in the anxieties and helped to win the victories, are duly recorded, but need not be dwelt upon here. Just about the time the church was dedicated, Mr. Clark set on foot the organization under its present form and name, the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, whose history and successes are too well known to need comment here. Mr. Clark's pastorate was marked by rapid increase in the membership of the church, wide-spread interest and abundant ingathering among the young people. In that department and in the line of social and sympathetic work he excelled, and his service to Williston church will never be forgotten, for its fruits abide.

December 13, 1883, Rev. Leavitt H. Hallock was installed pastor. Williston church has many times over proven its right to be, and confirmed the wisdom of its founders. Its influence has been wholesome in the neighborhood of its cradling, and it has done not a little to benefit the section in which it is now permanently located. While it has outgrown its mission character, let us hope its missionary spirit may steadily increase, measured by enlarged contributions and increasing personal effort for mankind.

Among interesting items of our history may be mentioned: the laying of the corner stone, October 17, 1877; the meeting of the State conference in June, 1881, and the payment of a debt of $10,000 on the morning of November 17, 1881, by voluntary contributions. Though the youngest of the galaxy, let us prove ourselves not less truly identified in spirit with our Lord, than our elder sisters, whose friendly aid and affection we gratefully record and reciprocate. "Time is measured by deeds, not by figures on the dial." Thus let us make age fast, and bring sheaves into heaven, for the glory of our Lord.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

BY MRS. HOWARD TAYLOR.

It is a difficult task for the historian to separate the history of Friends in Portland, from the general history of the Society in Maine, so closely interwoven are the interests of the different branches. The first meeting established was the Falmouth meeting, and from this many of the others were from time to time set off. It appears that members of this Society came here before the middle of the eighteenth century, for we read that in the summer of 1740 a day of fasting and prayer was observed by the First church on account of the "Quakers" and their "pestilent heresy." All the ministers in this part of the State were present, and many prayers were offered. The peculiar ideas of Friends concerning the ordinances aroused antagonism, while their plainness in dress, manners and speech caused many a shaft of ridicule to be hurled at them. Their numbers increased, however. Others came and settled near the Presumpscot river.

The first business meeting, of which we have any record, took place at North Yarmouth, in third month of the year, 1751. Then was established the Falmouth Monthly Meeting, which was held at Falmouth and North Yarmouth alternately until twelfth month, 1758. After this it was no longer held at North Yarmouth, but occasionally at Harpswell until ninth month, 1774. Then Falmouth alone enjoyed the privilege until 1784. Subsequently it met at Royalsborough a part of the time, and was composed of the following preparative meetings, viz.: Falmouth, Vassalboro', Royalsborough and Windham. On account of the distance from Falmouth, Vassalboro' Preparative Meeting, in second month, 1787, requested a monthly meeting nearer home. It was granted. For a similar reason, Royalsborough, now Durham Preparative Meeting, was given the same right in 1790. In twelfth month of the same year, Friends in Portland were permitted to hold meetings for worship, during the inclement season on first-days and fifth-days, except the fifth-days appointed for preparative and monthly meetings. Once more Falmouth had exclusive right to monthly meeting sessions until seventh month, 1793, when Windham Preparative Meeting asked to have them a portion of the time. This was

acceded to for the second, sixth and tenth months of the year. In ninth month of 1796, Friends in Portland were authorized to hold a preparative meeting one fifth-day in each month. In first month of 1803, Windham Monthly Meeting was established. Then again Falmouth Monthly Meeting was held at Falmouth alone until 1833, since, which time it has met one-half the time in Portland. It is at present composed of the two preparative meetings of Portland and Deering. It meets the odd months in the latter, the even months in the former place, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, on the third fifth day (Thursday) of each month. The men and women held their meetings in separate sessions until second month, 1883. They are now held in joint sessions, with two clerks, a man and a woman. Falmouth Quarterly Meeting sits at Deering once during the year. The New England Yearly Meeting convened at Portland in sixth month of the years 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883 and 1885. It is appointed to meet here again in 1887.

The first Friends' meeting-house in this vicinity was a small building erected in 1752, near the Presumpscot river. In 1768, this failed to answer the demands of the Society, and the present larger house was built by subscription. The first meetings held in Portland were at at the house of William Purinton. The brick house that formerly stood on the corner of Pearl and Federal streets was finished in 1796. It was the first meeting-house in this region to be warmed by means of a stove. It had a large box stove in the middle aisle. On the stove were piled loose bricks, and each person could take a warm brick to keep him comfortable during the service. This stove caused Friends to be much ridiculed, and it was some time before the other churches were warmed in a similar way. This old house was sold in 1849, and in 1850 the small house on Oak street was built. Until the year 1774 Friends in Portland were required to pay taxes to help support the First Parish minister.

Among the prominent family names, we find those of Hussey, Horton, Winslow, Hall, Jones, Pope, Hacker, Purinton, Dow and Morrill. Two eminent ministers were Thankful Hussey and Edward Cobb. The latter was born in 1775, and died in 1832. Of him it has been said, "He being dead yet speaketh." Thankful Hussey was born in Georgetown, Maine, and died in Portland. She was the wife of Samuel F. Hussey. She visited many meetings at various

times, and though her life was a busy one, she lived to the good old age of ninety-two years. Many of our citizens remember Rufus Horton, jr., who, though not a minister, was well-known for his sterling character and ability. In 1837 he was chosen a director in the Manufacturers and Traders Bank. In 1852 he was made its President. He died in 1867, aged seventy-two. "Resolutions of respect are entered on the bank records." His wife at her death gave to Falmouth Monthly Meeting a sum of money called the "Sarah W. Horton fund," of which the interest is used to keep the two meeting-houses in good repair. Friends were much interested in the anti-slavery movement. Foremost in the agitation were Samuel F. Hussey and wife, Nathan Winslow and wife, Oliver Dennett and wife, Miriam Hussey, and Emma and Harriet Dow. The old meeting-house on the corner of Pearl street was the first to be opened, and for some time was the only place to be obtained for the gatherings of those who favored the cause of freedom for the slave. One night when public feeling was most bitter, it became necessary for the principal speaker to don woman's apparel, and protected on each side by a "Quakeress," to leave the meeting-house and seek a place of safety. Many other little incidents occurred which we have not space to relate. This Society has three separate burial places, one in the rear of the Deering meeting-house has been used for generations. The last burial made there was that of the Indian chief, Frank Modoc, in sixth month of the present year. Another ground is a lot of twenty-five square rods in the north-easterly corner of Eastern cemetery. This lot was set off to Friends by a vote at a town meeting in 1795. The early Friends had scruples of conscience which forbade the use of monuments, hence but few names are inscribed there. We find those of Horton, Hussey and Van Blarcom. The last interment was made in 1866. No dust has ever been removed. The third burial place is at Cape Elizabeth.

Perhaps the most discouraging time in the history of Friends was about the year 1864. They dealt strictly with members who took any part in military performances, as well as with those who married persons not members of the Society. But there is no longer war, the custom of disowning a member for marrying one of another belief is no more, and within a few years the membership has been several times multiplied. The past year there has been much need of a

larger house of worship. There is a flourishing Bible school, which was established about twenty years ago. At this school most of the adults, as well as the children, are present each Sabbath. Friends work for both Home and Foreign Missions. The following sentence is significant: A hundred years ago it was called a "bad day" for Portland when the "Quakers" came. Last year, when the yearly meeting was held here, all denominations of Christians joined in bidding them welcome, and in giving the right-hand of fellowship in the work for the One Master.

CHESTNUT STREET, METHODIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. JAMES W. BASHFORD.

"And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved."—Acts ii. 47.

The sources from which the following sketch is derived are Rev. Joshua Taylor's manuscript, "The Rise of Methodism in Portland," Samuel R. Leavitt's "Historical Sketch of the Chestnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church," written in 1872, the minutes of the conferences found in the rooms of the New England Methodist Historical Society, the published histories of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the recollections of aged members. Mrs. Jane Beal, who joined us in 1811, is still with us, and her memory of her early days is good. Our sketch naturally falls into six periods:

I. *The Seed Time—1793–1804.*

The second Conference of the M. E. Church in New England was held at Lynn, Mass., August 1, 1793. Jesse Lee went to this Conference fully determined to offer himself as "a missionary to Maine." Accordingly we read in the appointments of that year: "Province of Maine and Lynn, Jesse Lee." Lee preached the first Methodist sermon in Maine, at Saco, September 10, 1793; and the first Methodist sermon in Portland two days later at the house of Theophilus Boynton, on the spot now numbered 169 Newbury street. Lee passed on east, preaching almost daily, and upon his return to Portland "was permitted to preach for a time in Mr. Kellogg's meeting-house; but as certain difficulties arose he did not long enjoy that privilege, being

degraded at length to the humble situation of a private house." Lee returned to Lynn, December, 1793; and in 1794 visited Portland again, this time "preaching in the Court House to a large and attentive throng." He passed on to Monmouth and Readfield. In these towns he organized the first Methodist classes in Maine. He probably organized the Portland class upon his return from Readfield toward Lynn, for Joshua Taylor, who was Presiding Elder of Maine in 1797, writes that the Portland class, or society, was organized in 1794, and also that Joel Ketchum was appointed to the Portland circuit. The class consisted of Samuel and Sarah Homer, Daniel and Polly Lewis, and probably Theophilus Boynton and wife. The following is the list of "traveling preachers" and the number of members upon the Portland circuit down to 1802, and of the Poland circuit for the next two years:

1793—Jesse Lee,	0
1794—Jesse Lee and Joel Ketchum,	6
1795—Philip Wayer,	36
1796—Jesse Stoneman,	80
1797—Nicholas Snethen and John Finnegan,	175
1798—Timothy Merritt,	165
1799—Timothy Merritt and Joshua Soule,	222
1800—Asa Heath,	230
1801—Reuben Hubbard,	249
1802—Philip Munger, Poland circuit,	101
1803—Joseph Wicker, " "	109

The Portland circuit included not only "the Neck," as the town was often called, but most of the territory within fifty miles of Portland. Throughout this territory the "circuit rider" traveled, preaching in school-houses, private houses, barns and groves. Revivals broke out in several places, so that while the class in the town grew very slowly, the membership on the circuit increased rapidly. The success of the work upon the circuit led to its division by a line running nearly north and south between Portland and Falmouth Foreside. The eastern half of the circuit was named Falmouth Circuit, and reported one hundred and thirty-nine members, while the name of the western half of the circuit was changed from Portland to Poland, because more of the remaining members were found in Poland than at "the Neck." "The Neck," however, was included

in the Poland circuit, though the school-house at "the Neck," which the Methodists had been allowed to use in 1800 and 1801, was denied them in 1802–3, and the Portland class was but seldom visited by the preachers. With the exception of the two years when the school-house was secured, the services were generally held in the house of Theophilus Boynton and wife. In 1798 Bishop Asbury spent a Sunday in Portland, and makes the following record in his diary: "Preached in the back room of Widow Boynton's house to about twenty-five, chiefly women. In the afternoon preached to about double the number."

II. *Struggles and Victory—1804–1825.*

In March, 1804, Joshua Taylor spent a Sunday in Portland on his way to the Fourth General Conference, which met at Baltimore, May 6th. Hearing that the old "English church,"[1] on the corner of Church and Middle streets, was for sale, he consulted Samuel Homer and Daniel Lewis, the only male members of the class, and with the help of the society's good friend, Major Enoch Ilsley, the house was obtained. Finding help from individuals in town and from some friends in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, whom he probably met at the General Conference, the house was removed to the lot between Federal and Congress streets, opposite the head of Chestnut street, and put in order for meetings, after which it was concluded to receive a preacher stationed by the Conference, and accordingly Joshua Taylor was appointed to the charge in the month of July. In the course of two years' labor he had the happiness of seeing a considerable increase in the society (forty-six) and an attentive congregation to crowd the house.

The above is in the main from Joshua Taylor's manuscript, and he may be regarded as in a large sense the founder of Methodism in the city proper. The first board of stewards was organized in 1806, and consisted of Samuel Homer, Lemuel Gooding, Joshua Emery and William True. William True, who remained a steward until 1818, was the father of Rev. Charles K. True, D. D. The son was born in Portland, and his early religious life was shaped by Chestnut Street Church. He later graduated at Harvard, and became the well-known Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at the Wesleyan University.

[1] Note by Editor.—S. Paul's, Episcopal.

But Joshua Taylor's success did not overcome all obstacles from without or banish all sin from within the church. In 1806 the owners of the lot upon which the church stood refused to lease the Methodists any more land upon which to enlarge their building. At the same time we find written opposite some of the early names: "Withdrew, being a Calvinist"; and opposite a few others the still sadder record of expulsion. The church, however, was now beyond the point where the defection of a few members or opposition from without could destroy her. A subscription was started to buy a lot, and in 1808 the first Chestnut street lot was bought of Joseph Titcomb for $550. The first board of trustees was now formed, consisting of William Waterhouse, Thomas Delano, William True, Thomas Runnels, Samuel Homer, Lemuel Gooding and Thomas Dodge. But just at this point the church's history was strongly influenced from without. The Napoleonic wars first resulted in embargoes upon European ships. This gave the commerce of the world to American vessels, and Portland probably was never more flourishing than from 1798 to 1806. This accounts for the ease with which the first church was paid for in a few months, and the readiness with which the second subscription was started. But America was presently drawn into the maelstrom. British orders in council, embargoes and the war of 1812 completely paralyzed Portland's commerce and brought unexpected difficulties upon the struggling church. Although the subscription for the second house of worship was started in 1806, the lot was not bought until 1808, and the first Chestnut Street church was not ready for worship until February 17, 1811; the outside of the church was not completed until 1812; it was not pewed until 1819, and was not paid for until 1824. This desperate struggle of eighteen years for the second church building shows how far the baleful influence of Napoleon's ambition extended. The hard times were the occasion of a still more serious difficulty. As the trustees could not secure subscriptions for the new church, they built nineteen pews in the gallery in 1811, and sold them for $540 to help pay the church debt.

The controversy in regard to music prevented any growth for several years, and resulted in a division and in the organization of The Separate Methodist Church in 1818. The new organization held services in a wooden building on Congress street, opposite

Chestnut street (which was afterwards made into a dwelling-house and burnt in the fire of 1866), for a time, but presently disbanded. The division reduced the membership of the original church from two hundred and twenty-four in 1816 to one hundred and forty-three in 1819.

The Sunday-school was organized in 1822, with James B. Cahoon, later mayor of the city, as superintendent. Several of the original scholars are still living, but Mrs. Mary Yeaton, *nee* Rice, is the only member of the original school who is still in attendance. Another member of our school, Hon. John J. Perry, has been a teacher here and elsewhere for over fifty years.

The following is the list of "stationed preachers" and the number of members upon the Portland station from 1804 to 1825:

1804—Joshua Taylor,	11
1805—Joshua Taylor,	57
1806—David Batchelor,	64
1807—Joel Winch,	113
1808—Joel Winch,	142
1809—Epaphras Kibby,	171
1810—Epaphras Kibby,	162
1811—Martin Ruter,	162
1812—John Lindsay,	170
1813—Daniel Fillmore,	141
1814—Daniel Fillmore,	154
1815—Eleazer Wells,	156
1816—Jacob Sanborn,	224
1817—Elijah Hedding,	188
1818—Charles Virgin,	181
1819—Soloman Sias,	143
1820—Soloman Sias,	180
1821—David Kilbourn,	195
1822—David Kilbourn,	201
1823—Josiah Scorritt,	188
1824—Phineas Crandall,	181

Of these, Joshua Taylor, like most of our early ministers, was forced to locate in order to support his family. He thus became a member of Chestnut Street Church, and was for over a quarter of a century upon our official board. He taught school in Portland for

many years, was presidential elector in 1824, and voted for John Quincy Adams. He founded the Methodist church and preached for many years at Cumberland. He died in Portland, universally beloved, in 1861. He was at the time of his death the oldest Methodist preacher, save one, in the United States, having preached seventy years.

By 1829 the church was so crowded by the new additions that a part of the gallery, which had been partitioned off for the prayer-meeting, was thrown into the auditorium, and a neat chapel was built for the social services facing Cumberland street, at what is now No. 264. The rear of the chapel was but a few steps from the parsonage. Two ministers were sent to the station in 1829, and services were soon begun in the western end of the city. These services soon resulted in the erection of another house of worship at the corner of Ann (now Park) and Pleasant streets, now called the Park Street Church. The members were divided June 27, 1833, and the Pleasant Street M. E. Church was organized, while the original was now called the Chestnut Street M. E. Church.

On account of financial embarrassment the Pleasant street property was hastily sold in 1834 to the Unitarians, and part of the members returned to Chestnut street. Some became Unitarians, and part of them dropped out of all church relation. The loss of two hundred and sixty-one in our membership which occurred in 1835, and is reported in 1836, is due in a large measure to this most unfortunate surrender of the advanced position taken. The return of the Pleasant street members and the increase by revivals led to the enlargement of the Chestnut Street Church by lengthening the building, and putting a vestry under the whole of it in 1836. Upon the completion of this vestry the Cumberland street chapel was sold to the Swedenborgians, who had been allowed to worship in it since 1829.

The following is the list of the stationed preachers and of members from 1825 to 1842:

1825—Ephraim Wiley,	150
1826—Ephraim Wiley,	166
1827—Ephraim Wiley,	284
1828—Stephen Lovell,	312
1829—Stephen Lovell and W. H. Norris,	352

1830—J. Horton and W. H. Norris, . . 416
1831—J. Horton and G. F. Cox, . . . 510
1832—G. F. Cox and G. G. Moore, . . 571
1833—Chas. Baker and J. B. Husted, . . 616
1834—Ephraim Wiley and W. H. Norris, . . 661
1835—Ephraim Wiley, ... 671
1836—Stephen Lovell and G. F. Cox, . . 410
1837—Joseph H. Jenne and G. F. Cox, . . 579
1838—George Webber and G. F. Cox, . . 592
1839—George Webber and Moses Springer, . 602
1840—John Hobart and Moses Springer, . . 706
1841—John Hobart and J. L. Francis, . . 720

The pastors and the membership during the intervening period are as follows:

1842—W. F. Farrington, ... 597
1843—W. F. Farrington, ... 526
1844—George Webber and H. M. Blake, . . 650
1845—George Webber, ... 655
1846—Eaton Shaw, ... 366
1847—Eaton Shaw, ... 394
1848—Chas. F. Allen, ... 384
1849—Wm. McDonald, ... 352
1850—Wm. McDonald, ... 366
1851—Aaron Sanderson, ... 377
1852—J. Colby, ... 317
1853—J. Colby, ... 330
1854—Chas. W. Morse, ... 332
1855—Chas. W. Morse, ... 325

V. *The Second Period of Church Building—1856–1860.*

Thus far the history of Chestnut Street M. E. Church has been substantially the history of Methodism in Portland, and the surrounding country. From this time forward the church becomes one of several churches, and the story becomes more loved, and the history of the general movement begins to report itself in an individual church. The first effort of the individual church was to renew its house. In 1856 the board of trustees was enlarged and reorganized. The lot of land upon which the church now stands was

bought for $7,155.20. Rev. Henry Cox was transferred from the Newark conference for the pastorate, and May 2, 1856, the board voted to build a house of worship at a cost of $20,000, and appointed Eliphalet Clark, George Worcester and Moses G. Palmer a building committee. The church was dedicated July 8, 1857, at a total cost, including the land, of $57,800. The building at the time of its dedication was the finest Methodist church in New England, and one of the best in the denomination. (The pastor was chiefly responsible for the erection of a finer structure than was contemplated.)

Rev. H. B. Ridgway, D. D., came as pastor in 1860. He was only thirty years old, was not radical in spirit, was a native of Maryland, and had many friends in the North. He was followed by William R. Clark—the Wendell Phillips of Methodism. His radical preaching at once produced a turmoil.

The war was the most favorable time for cancelling the indebtedness. But the members had become engrossed in other objects and demoralized in regard to the finances. Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D., however, succeeded in raising $5,000 toward the indebtedness in 1865, and planned to raise $10,000 more in 1866. But just at this time another great crisis befell the church and the entire city in the great fire of July 4th. It left over one hundred families connected with the church homeless. In 1868, before the church had recovered from the fire, the pastor Rev. E. W. Keyes became a Swedenborgian. This change of doctrine by the pastor, and the circumstances attending it was a serious blow to the church, and threatened at one time to rend it asunder. It required the next year, under Rev. S. K. Bailey for the waves to cease their rolling after the storm was past. In 1870, Rev. Israel Luce became pastor of the church. He, with rare fidelity and skill, called out the spiritual forces of the church gathered in families and built the church up inwardly. Rev. S. F. Jones followed, calling out large congregations and filling them with the spirit of happiness. Then under the iron will of J. R. Day, and the splendid management of C. J. Clark, and the heroic sacrifices of scores upon scores of members, the entire debt was subscribed, $10,471.24 under Dr. Day, and $9,736.55 under Dr. Clark. The last $830 of these subscriptions was paid under Dr. McKeown, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the church was celebrated July 8, 1882, amid great rejoicings.

In 1873 the present parsonage, No. 219 Cumberland street, was bought for $5,750, all of which, save $580, has been paid by the Ladies' Aid Society. The women of the church have also a Dorcas society, organized in 1832,(?) which has done a large amount of charitable work. The women have formed at least two-thirds of the membership of the church from the outset. The success of the church has been to a large extent due to their services in the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, the social, financial and charitable work.

The oldest member that Chestnut Street Church has had was Miss Hannah Haines, who died in 1884, having been a member of the church seventy-eight years. Our oldest living member is Miss Haines' sister, Mrs. Jane Beal, who joined us in 1811. Our oldest official member is Harris C. Barnes, who entered the official board in 1837. Among the ministers recommended to conference by this church are Rev. C. J. Clark, D. D., Rev. W. S. Jones, our present presiding elder, Rev. Alpha Turner and Rev. Edmund Cooke, D. D. Edmund Cooke joined Chestnut Street Church when seventeen years old, received some of the deepest intellectual and spiritual influence of his life in this church, went to Wilbraham and Wesleyan Universities, and has been for years one of the eminent educators of our church. Francis Murphy, the noted temperance evangelist, was reclaimed through the influence of Chestnut Street members. But time would fail us to tell of Capt. John B. Coyle and his wife Sabrina Coyle, of Charles Holden, of Henry Baker, John Yeaton, Israel Foster, Henry C. Lovell, and of that layman whose name stands prominent in our history, Dr. Eliphalet Clark.

Chestnut Street Church has been emphatically a family church. Parents, children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren, have been enrolled upon her records. She has been, in some sense at least, the mother of ten other churches. She has in some measure spiritually trained and recommended twelve men for the regular ministry, sixteen for the local ministry, and given eight licenses to exhort. She now numbers five hundred and seventy known members in full, fifty-five upon probation, and six hundred and thirty Sabbath-school scholars. She has some eight hundred different places and some two thousand five hundred names upon her call book, being the largest Protestant church in the State. The estimated amounts which her members have given to charity is $150,000. The estimated

membership upon her rolls from the beginning is 4,400. May the recording angel be able to say of her members until the last child of earth is gathered into the kingdom: "And the Lord added to them daily that were being saved."

The following ode, written for the occasion by the poet, Robert Rexdale, of the Portland *Sunday Times*, was effectively rendered by a grand chorus under the leadership of Mr. James S. Staples, the music adopted being suited to the spirit of the poem:

STRIKE YOUR LYRES.

I.

Strike your lyres and raise the song,
Ye hosts of Jubilee!
Joy and gladness now belong,
O Machigonne! to thee.
For thy loving children kneel
At the altars of their sires.
Then awake the joyous peal!
Strike! strike your lyres.
CHORUS—Welcome, welcome, to the
Hundredth Isle!

II.

O'er the ocean of the years,
The Lord on us did smile!
And His hand the shallop steers
Unto the Hundredth Isle.
O ye hosts! behold the land,
Lighted by its signal-fires.
All is joy upon the strand!
Strike! strike your lyres.
CHORUS—Welcome, welcome, to the
Hundredth Isle!

III.

Thus we come this natal day,
O city of our love!
Tribute at thy feet to lay,
With blessings from above!
Peace be thine forevermore,
O land of pure desires!
Minstrels of the golden shore,
Strike! strike your lyres.
CHORUS—Welcome, welcome, to the
Hundredth Isle!

PINE STREET, METHODIST.

Owing to the ill health of the pastor, Rev. C. J. Clark, no historical sermon was preached at Pine Street church. In the evening there was a re-union jubilee service.

CONGRESS STREET, METHODIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. EZRA TINKER.

The origin of the Congress Street Methodist Episcopal Church is so recent, the source of information so near at hand, that its conception, organization and growth admit of the plainest historical statements. Less than a century ago Methodism was introduced into Portland by that heroic Christian teacher and successful Methodistic evangelist, Jesse Lee, who preached the first Methodist sermon on the twelfth of September, 1793. On the first of October, 1795, the first class was organized. Six persons constituted the nucleus around which have gathered the forces of Methodism. Methodism being simply Christianity in earnest, as it has been said by a distinguished Scotch divine, positively aggressive, ever on the alert, she has always been planning larger things. In harmony with this spirit, in the year 1846, she planted a colony in the western portion of the city, from which has grown the present Pine Street M. E. Church.

In the year 1851, she turned her eyes towards Munjoy Hill, which is beautiful for situation, like Jerusalem and Mount Zion of old, and she coveted it for Christ and the church, and in the generosity of her nature she set apart sixty of her members to form the nucleus of another Methodist society. The first class and prayer service was held in the summer of 1851 in the house of Solomon Davis, at 51 Monument street, and conducted by Samuel R. Leavitt, who still survives in a green old age to rejoice in the beauty and prosperity of this the third daughter of Portland Methodism. And Mrs. Solomon Davis still lingers with us, and lives in the very house where she lived when the first class and prayer service was held in her home. In the same year, a chapel accommodating three hundred persons was erected at the corner of St. Lawrence and

Congress streets, upon a lot which was the gift of Dr. Eliphalet Clark, whose name is in the Methodist churches of Portland and vicinity, and whose consistent life and spotless Christian character and unstinted charity have made his memory a sweet perfume in all the churches. Dedicated to divine worship in the middle of the conference year by the Rev. Dr. Webber, the new edifice was occupied till the ensuing session of the annual conference by the Rev. Eaton Shaw, who has gone to his reward.

In the spring of 1852, the Rev. William F. Farrington, who still survives in health at the advanced age of more than four score years, was appointed by the Presiding Bishop of the Maine Conference, to the pastorate of the Congress Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Such was the spirit of revival that in less than three years the edifice had to be enlarged in order to accommodate the growing congregation. They multiplied and thrived till they were compelled to build the present commodious and attractive edifice, which was appropriately dedicated in the year 1868 by the Rev. William McDonald. The society has been favored with some of the ablest preachers and most earnest Christian workers in Methodism, until it stands second in numerical strength in the city, and is surpassed by only three churches in the State. What has been done is only a prophecy of what may be done by united and consecrated effort.

The following named clergymen have been pastors of the church, and in the order indicated: 1, Eaton Shaw; 2, William F. Farrington; 3, William McDonald; 4, Charles C. Mason; 5, Andrew J. Church; 6, Benjamin Foster; 7, George Webber; 8, Howard B. Abbot; 9, Samuel Roy; 10, Ezekiel Martin; 11, Abel Pottle; 12, W. H. H. Pillsbury; 13, John C. Perry; 14, C. B. Pitblado; 15, Charles W. Bradlee; 16, William M. Sterling; 17, Ammi S. Ladd; 18, George D. Lindsay; 19, Enos T. Adams; 20, Ezra Tinker. Total membership of the church, three hundred and ten. Total membership of the Sunday-school, three hundred and twenty-one. Valuation of church property, $30,000.

PEAKS ISLAND, METHODIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. B. LAPHAM.

Up to 1832 preaching services had been held on Peaks Island in a hall that was originally arranged for dancing, in the house now occupied by Mrs. Luther Sterling. In 1832 the first school-house was built on Peaks Island. For eighteen years it served as the only meeting-house. In 1850 it was sold and moved away. A new school-house was built by the city, and, like the old one, served for meetings. It was dedicated in due form, and Rev. Benjamin Freeman preached the dedicatory sermon.

In 1860 the name "Peaks Island" appears the first time in our Conference Manual. Rev. W. N. Richardson was the appointed pastor here. November 15th of that year a Methodist Episcopal church was duly organized. The present church edifice was built the following winter and spring, and dedicated July 25, 1861. Rev. C. C. Cone, Presiding Elder of Portland District, preached the dedicatory sermon. Rev. C. W. Blackman was appointed here in 1862, and remained two years. Rev. Joseph Hawkes followed him in 1864, and in 1865 Rev. B. Freeman was the stationed preacher. He remained three years. In 1868 Rev. Asbury C. Trafton was the pastor, and remained for three years. In 1871 Rev. James H. Trask became the pastor, and remained two years. Rev. John C. Perry followed him in 1873. During his pastorate the parsonage was built. Subsequently the following pastors have been appointed, viz.: Rev. Hezekiah Chase, 1876–78; Rev. True P. Adams, 1879–81; Rev. Charles S. Parsons, 1882–84; Rev. J. B. Lapham, 1885–86. For fifty years there have been but two class leaders, viz.: John Sterling and Robert F. Skillings. A bell was purchased by the Society of Willing Workers, assisted by subscriptions, and hung in the church tower April 16, 1886.

VAUGHAN STREET, INDEPENDENT METHODIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. D. W. LELACHEUR.

The history of this church covers a short space of time. It is full of interest to us and to many in this city. This church was organized May 18, 1883. It has now a membership of one hundred and eleven;

at its organization it had forty-seven. The parish was organized under the statutes of Maine in October, 1882, by Ira S. Locke, Esq., of this city. The Sabbath-school of this church at the present time numbers upward of two hundred, with an average attendance of one hundred and sixty. The membership of the parish is one hundred and sixty-seven. The congregation, which on the first Sabbath was fifty-six, averages at the present time nearly four hundred. The mottoes of the parish are: "All men are born free and equal," and that "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." The church is absolutely free, being supported by weekly contributions. The parish owns the property on the corner of Vaughan and West streets. It is valued at $12,000, and free from debt.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. ALBION K. P. SMALL.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

In leading his ancient people how often God held before them the facts of experience. Review furnishes valuable lessons. "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours." Though the history of this church, already printed, need not be re-written, yet on the Centennial anniversary of the city we may well make some record of the way which the Lord our God hath led us. Fifteen years after the organization of the little seaport town, when it contained but three or four thousand inhabitants, this church had its birth. Though all the citizens had been obliged to be supporters of the legal parishes, a few who could obtain no real spiritual help from the preaching of the parish ministers, had been accustomed to attend meeting at Cape Elizabeth, where Mr. Clark, a Congregational minister and a truly devout man, faithfully preached the gospel of grace and spiritual life, giving to them much Christian assistance, until his early death, when they could find no such spiritual guide. They then met privately for devotion and the study of the Bible, gradually learning the facts about conversion, and the Gospel Church, composed of

believers, united together on profession of their faith in the observance of the Gospel ordinances,—a spiritual body, entirely distinct from the State, and were surprised on finding that they had received from the Scriptures the views of the Baptist denomination, of which they had known but little.

After much deliberation and prayer, a council was convened, of which Elder Thomas Green, of North Yarmouth, was moderator, and Elder Elisha Williams, of Brunswick, was clerk, by which ten disciples, only three of whom were males, on July 24, 1801, were recognized as the First Baptist Church. Their place of meeting was first a private house, then a school-room on Union street, then the third-story of a brick store on Middle street, then, in the third year of the history of the church, its own first small meeting-house—a mere chapel, costing about $600—on Federal street; then, seven years later, its more spacious house erected on the same lot, which house, after nearly forty years, was changed into the one which was lost in the conflagration of 1866; just three years from which time, meetings having been held in the High school building, in the vestry of the Chestnut Street Church, and in the Allen Mission chapel, the new house was completed on Congress street, at an expense of more than $60,000, the organ, carpeting and furniture being furnished by the remarkable efforts of the ladies of the society.

The man, whose name for several reasons seems to stand first in the history of this church, was Benjamin Titcomb, who during the year previous to the organization of the church, had become a member of the Baptist church in North Yarmouth, and had been ordained as an evangelist, at whose private house this church was organized, from whom was purchased the meeting-house lot on Federal street, and who became the first pastor, filling the office for three successful years. He was then a pastor in Brunswick for thirty-two years, remaining in that town, greatly honored till his death, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Rev. Josiah Converse was ordained in 1807. His successor was Rev. Caleb Blood, during whose able ministry it was found necessary to build the larger house, at the dedication of which on July 11, 1811, he preached a sermon which was printed and is still preserved. In the fourth year of his useful service here, Mr. Blood suddenly died, in the sixtieth year of his age. In 1816 the youthful Thomas B.

Ripley commenced his interesting pastorate of nearly twelve years, during which the number of members came to be two hundred and forty. He was afterward pastor in Bangor, Providence, R. I., and Nashville, Tenn.; then returned, spending the evening of his life chiefly as a missionary among the poor, and a member of the church of which he was ordained pastor before he was twenty-one years old. He died in the eighty-first year of his age and the sixty-first of his ministry, remembered as the venerable "Father Ripley."

In 1828, Rev. Ebenezer Thrasher was ordained and commenced his interesting but brief and only pastorate, which was closed by sickness. After which he became editor, secretary and director of important societies, acquiring considerable property, which he continued to use with large Christian benevolence till his recent death. In 1830, the devoted but delicate Rev. George Leonard entered upon his ministry here. Scarcely six months had elapsed when he closed an evening service with the words, "Prepare to meet thy God," which were the last public words of his brief but glorious work. Following him was the much esteemed Rev. John S. Maginnis, coming during the year when the growing town became a city. After a pastorate of five years Mr. Maginnis was also compelled to seek a milder climate. He became Professor of Biblical Theology at Hamilton, and afterward at Rochester, N. Y., where he died in the forty-eighth year of his age. In accordance with his advice fifty-four members were cordially dismissed to become constituent members of the Free Street Church. His successor was Rev. James T. Champlin, who after a little more than three years, was induced to go to his great work in Waterville, where as Professor of Greek and as President, in a service of thirty-two years, he reared for himself an enduring monument. From 1842, for nearly seven years Rev. Luther F. Beecher was pastor. Then for three years Rev. Jacob R. Scott, who resigned (being appointed by the American Baptist Missionary Union as a missionary to France), but died in this country in the forty-seventh year of his age.

In 1854 commenced the pastorate of Rev. Wm. H. Shailer, D. D., who was of more value than this record can tell during the terrible years of war, and conflagration, and rebuilding; who at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church preached a memorial sermon which is in print; and during twenty-three years gave to Portland the service

of a faithful preacher, model pastor, accurate editor, valuable director of city secular education, much honored citizen, and friend

Rev. Thomas D. Anderson heroically followed as pastor for five years, until he accepted a flattering call from a prominent church in Baltimore, and he was succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. A. K. P. Small.

The deacons have been Thomas Beck, Edward Carlton, Benjamin Ilsley, Alfred Richardson, Byron Greenough, John Pearson, Nathaniel Ellsworth, Mark Walton, Judah Chandler, J. W. Colcord, Benjamin Pratt, Jonathan K. Morse, J. H. Coffin, J. B. Mathews, J. H. Hanson, Robert L. Morse, John Dryden and Loren Beals.

Seventeen who have been members of this church have become ministers; six are foreign missionaries. Twenty-five from the society went into the army, more than half of whom to die.

In 1817 a Sunday-school was established, supposed to be the first in the city, if not in the State. It has been blessed with a continuous line of faithful superintendents and teachers, giving uplifting influence to many hundreds.

The records show that this church very early took a decided position in the temperance cause, which it has constantly maintained.

Twenty years ago this evening, at the close of the National holiday, the stealthy fire-fiend burst from all control, in a rage that beggars all description, making this church and society the center of its blazing track of desolation, when of all that pertained to the sanctuary only a Bible and two hymn books escaped; the dwellings of pastor, church and society, all vanishing in flying cinders. How utterly cast down, but not destroyed. In three years, in a new house, the pastor in a memorial sermon said: "We desire with gratitude to place it upon record, that ye may tell it to the generation following, that 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us, our trust in Him as we look forward is unshaken.'" Who in the darkest hour may not take the lesson of faith and hope? Then from the example of ten feeble pioneers, amid such discouragment, the lesson of increased obligation when the enrolled membership is about four hundred.

We have spoken of this church. Where is the church that was organized eighty-five years ago? The last of that number, Mrs. Eleanor Beck, passed from earth just forty years ago. Not one of that number, not a child or grandchild, only a single one of their

names is represented among us today. Thus the church dies and lives, and will live beyond all death.

FREE STREET, BAPTIST.

BY THE PASTOR REV. A. T. DUNN.

"Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise."—Isaiah lx, 18.

These words describe the Prophet's vision of the Gospel Church. This truth is seen in every Christian church, which fulfils its mission. The written history of Free Street Church extends over just one-half the period of our city's history. More or less for some years the matter was being agitated among the Baptists of the city as to the advisability of organizing another church to do work in the western part of the city. Matters, however, took definite form on December 21, 1835, when the Federal Street Church, (now the First Baptist) adopted by unanimous vote a resolution cordially approving the movements of certain members of that church in purchasing a building with the view of organizing a second Baptist church. Several individuals had previously united in the purchase of the Portland Theatre, with the design of making it a house of religious worship.

January 11, 1836, the Free Street Baptist Society was organized, and on July 18, 1836, fifty-five of the members of the Federal Street church were, at their own request, dismissed to form the Free Street Baptist Church. Articles of faith and the church covenant were adopted July 25, 1836. August 11th a council was held, and it was voted to recognize the new church as one regularly organized, and at that time were held services of recognition of the church, and the church building was dedicated. Nov. 8th the church extended a call to Rev. Thomas O. Lincoln, of Kennebunk, to become the pastor, which was accepted. This pastorate extended over a period of four years and nine months, and was a most auspicious beginning. Two hundred were baptized and received into the fellowship of the church.

Rev. Lewis Colby was called to the pastorate in February, 1842, and remained a faithful leader for two years and four months.

Rev. J. S. Eaton entered upon his work as pastor August 18, 1844,

and by reason of ill health was obliged to withdraw after ten years of earnest and successful service. Mr. Eaton continued his residence in Portland until his death, September 27, 1856.

January 25, 1855, Rev. George W. Bosworth, D. D., became the pastor. For ten years and seven months he served the church most faithfully, and made his influence felt for good throughout the city and the State. His successor was Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D. D., who entered the service November 12, 1865, and remained until July 7, 1867.

March 8, 1868, Rev. A. K. P. Small, D. D., commenced the work of pastor, and continued in it for more than six years. It was a fruitful pastorate, and gives evidence of devotion and zeal. The strength of his influence in the city, as well as his interest here, is seen in the fact that he today serves as the honored pastor of our mother church

January 31, 1875, Rev. James McWhinnie, D. D., was recognized as pastor, and retained in the office for nine years and nine months. This pastorate was blessed in the increased strength of the church, and in the salvation of souls. More than one hundred and ninety persons were baptized and added to the church. Faithful service was rewarded. November 1, 1885, the present pastor commenced his work.

During these fifty years there have been four years and two months when no pastor has been in service, but good organization has prevented great loss. The following persons have filled the office of deacon: Byron Greenough, John Pearson, Lewis J. Sturtevant, Alpheus Shaw, Henry B. Hart, Alfred Haskell, Joseph L. Kelley, Charles Staples, Jesse Redlon, N. D. Curtis, and the present board, John C. Phenix, Charles A. B. Morse, and Thomas Lynch. The church has ever been interested in the work of missions, both Home and Foreign, and has shown that interest by contributions of both money and men. Seven or more of her sons are now at work for the Master, as ministers of the Word, and others have been thus employed.

The Sunday-school has ever been an important factor in the aggressive forces, and good results are apparent. The church has always maintained the feature of a family church, and it is not infrequent that three generations are found sitting side by side, and in

the same pew occupied by an earlier generation. Persistent, faithful work has been done, and gradual, steady advance has been made. Very few years have passed when none have been added, and there have been very few occasions, when large numbers have been received. The additions have been made quietly and gradually. Eleven hundred and eighty-nine persons, including the present membership, have been connected with the church, and six hundred and sixty-five of them have been baptized. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

FIRST FREE BAPTIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. M. LOWDEN.

"But the King commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house," 1 Kings ii, 17.

At the conclusion of the sermon the pastor read the following statistics, showing the origin and progress of the church:

In 1780, Rev. Benjamin Randall organized the First Free Baptist Church, in New Durham, New Hampshire. Mr. Randall soon visited Maine, and during the next ten years sixteen churches were established in Cumberland and other counties, though we have no record that any attempt was made to plant a church of this order in Portland for many years.

Rev. Elias Smith, a young Baptist minister of marked ability and rare eloquence, having been disowned by his own denomination for the views he entertained and preached concerning Calvinism, made a proposition to unite with the Free Baptists. From Mr. Smith's peculiar notions of church organization and government, or some other cause, this proposition was declined, though the relations between himself and Free Baptists continued pleasant and fraternal. In the meantime Mr. Smith continued to preach and organize churches with the simple, distinctive name, "Christian." About 1810, a Christian church was organized by him in Portland.

For many years Rev. Samuel Rand, who is still remembered by many of our older people as an able and devoted minister, served as pastor and built up a strong society. Free Baptists as they removed to the city, found in this church a congenial home.

Some years after the decease of Mr. Rand the society began to decline, and in 1843 it was decided to disorganize and dispose of their church property on the corner of Casco and Cumberland streets.

The late Joseph Symonds and others, as agents of the Free Baptist Home Mission Society, purchased the property for a nominal sum, and a church of this order was at once formed. Many of the members of the old church became members of the new, it being with them more a change of name than otherwise.

In 1858 a severe trial came upon the church, which resulted finally in breaking it up. A new church, however, was soon formed, and in the spring of 1862, Rev. D. M. Graham, D. D., of New York, was settled as pastor. With a membership sifted down to less than fifty, and embarrassed with a heavy parish debt, he succeeded, during a pastorate of five years, in building up a good society. Revs. O. T. Moulton, A. A. Smith, and Chas. S. Perkins followed Dr. Graham, and their several pastorates were successful. Seven years ago Rev. J. M. Lowden of Halifax, N. S., was settled as pastor, and he still continues his pastoral relations with marked success. He has seen a former church debt removed, and the Plymouth Church on Congress street purchased, where the Free Baptist Society now worships.

The congregation has steadily increased since removal, and the church has now a membership of about three hundred and fifty, with a large and flourishing Sunday-school in charge of L. M. Webb, Esq. It has also among its auxiliaries a Social and Literary Guild, and a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, both of which are doing excellent work. An auxiliary to the Free Baptist Woman's Mission in doing good service in the cause of missions. It has under its care for the same object a society of young misses called the Active Aids; also a large and enthusiastic Children's Band. A most efficient help in the social and financial interests of the church is the Ladies' Aid Society.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. HENRY BLANCHARD, D. D.

The pastor, Rev. Henry Blanchard, made some brief introductory remarks, in which he referred to the sacredness of the day—Sunday and July 4th. He then dwelt upon the condition of the religious

world in 1786. Universalism was even then held by a large number of Christian believers, but it was not until April 18, 1821, that the First Universalist Society of Portland was organized.

The speaker referred to the early advocates of the faith, and extolled their courage, their earnestness, their wisdom, their power. Chief among them were Hosea Ballou, Russell Streeter, first pastor of the society, Edward Turner, Thomas Whittemore and Sebastian Streeter.

The first services were held in the "town-house," and there is a vote on record that "the parish committee appoint two persons to carry around the box on Sunday, and that they be authorized to alter the windows of the town-house by permission of the selectmen."

According to the admirable paper prepared some time ago, at the request of the pastor, by Philip F. Turner, Esq., clerk of the parish, to whom the speaker felt himself greatly indebted, the list of pastors is as follows: Rev. Russell Streeter, August 11, 1821, to April 18, 1827; Rev. John Bisbee, June 20, 1828, to about two years later, when the pastorate was ended by death; Rev. W. J. Reese, 1829 to 1831; Rev. Menzies Rayner, 1831 to 1836; Rev. D. D. Smith, 1836 to 1840; Rev. C. C. Burr, 1840—about one year; Rev. L. L. Sadler, 1842 to 1847; Rev. Russell Streeter, 1847 to 1853; Rev. C. R. Moor, 1853 to 1860; Rev. E. C. Bolles, 1860 to 1869; Rev. W. E. Gibbs, 1869 to 1881; Rev. Henry Blanchard, 1882. Of the first two pastors Hon. Israel Washburn, jr., was accustomed to say that the first was a St. Paul, and the second a St. John.

At a meeting of the parish, April 23d, it was voted to purchase a lot of land on the corner of Back street (now Congress) and Pearl. The price paid was $700. Portland had then 8,600 inhabitants. A church was erected on this lot, and dedicated Aug. 16, 1821. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1866.

The Sunday-school was established under the ministry of the second pastor, Rev. John Bisbee. Under the ministry of the third pastor the Widows' Wood Society was formed, and on so broad a basis that today representatives from all the churches are on its board of management.

The Samaritan Association was organized in 1828, and is a noble monument of the philanthropy of Mrs. Bisbee, wife of the second and saintly pastor, John Bisbee.

The third pastor, Rev. Mr. Reese, for whom a monument was erected in the Eastern Cemetery, died in Buffalo, ministering to the cholera sufferers.

In 1831 financial troubles came, and in the trying years from 1831 to 1837—the great years of disaster—the society suffered severely. For a while the church was closed, but meetings were held in the houses of the parishioners. It was re-opened in the year 1840.

During these years excitement concerning slavery was intense throughout the country. The following vote will show something of the prevailing feeling: It was recorded at the meeting of the parish June 20, 1844, voted, "That our confidence in each and every member of the business committee of this parish is full and undiminished by any act of their's since their election.

"That it is the sense of this meeting that we regret the action of any individual of this parish in taking the key from the sexton and depriving the abolition society of the use of the house on the evening of the 10th inst."

Mr. Charles Fobes is the only living member of the parish committee thus complimented. The pastor referred in eulogistic words to the character and service of this honored member of the parish, so long a constant attendant at the church, but now confined at home by illness.

Under the efficient ministry of Rev. L. L. Sadler, Rev. Russell Streeter, in his second pastorate, Rev. C. R. Moor, Rev. E. C. Bolles, the church continued to prosper. In the pastorate of Mr., now Dr., Bolles, the need of a larger church was felt, and the present noble edifice was built. The dedication took place Feb. 15, 1865.

Rev. W. E. Gibbs, now of Buffalo, remained pastor for the long period of twelve years — a kind friend, a faithful pastor. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. Henry Blanchard. Both he and his immediate predecessor are graduates of Tufts College in the class of 1859. The two deacons, Charles S. Fobes and M. B. Coolidge, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. F. W. Hamilton, are also graduates of Tufts, and there are three other graduates who are members of the parish.

The whole number of names of families on the pastor's list is about three hundred and thirty. The Sunday-school has nearly four hundred members. Mr. Blanchard, after giving these statistics,

spoke at length of the great change which had come in the religious opinions of the community between the years 1821 and 1886. At the former date, Universalists were unpopular. Now they are respected. The whole world is coming to their faith. He then spoke of the services rendered the church and the faith by Hon. Israel Washburn, jr., whose tablet has been placed upon the wall of the church. He spoke also of the minister, and the noble men and women to whom memorial windows or mural pictures had been given. He then referred in loving words, to the recent great loss suffered by the society, in the death of William T. Small, the secretary of the parish committee, the efficient planner and executor of church methods, the devoted, noble co-worker with the pastor. In conclusion, Mr. Blanchard expressed his great gratitude for the present great prosperity of the church. He rejoiced that bigotry is dead—that holders of different beliefs are willing to hear the declarations of Universalist opinions. He rejoiced in the unity which had come through work for philanthrophic ends. The ministers of the city are united in working for the righteousness of God under the leadership of Christ. Workers for temperance, for the Indian, for the fallen, for the boys of the street, are all coming together, and deed is seen to be more important than creed. The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew receives a new reading. A present heaven is prayed for and worked for. He would have his church fill the century from 1886 to 1986, with the fragrance of noble characters, and with the works of Christian self-sacrifice. He would have the church be truly "All Souls Church"—a church dedicated to the glory of God, and the service of man, under the leadership of Jesus Christ, the Lord and Master and Saviour of men. So shall we serve our beloved city; so shall we help our noble commonwealth and our beloved country. May those who shall follow us and celebrate the end of another century, in 1986, rejoice in the heritage which they shall receive from us. For God and Church, for home and native land, let us work with will that our city and our country, a hundred years from now, may be great and prosperous, and holy, through co-working with God and fellowship with Christ. And let all the people cry "Amen!"

SECOND UNIVERSALIST.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. MARION CROSLEY.

A movement was begun in April, 1860, to establish a second Universalist church in the City of Portland, and on the twelfth of May following a temporary organization was effected by the appointment of a chairman, clerk and a committee, to which was assigned the duty of securing a hall, and arranging for public services. Meetings were held in the first place in Union hall, and the Rev. Zenas Thompson was the first pastor. In June of the same year, the congregation through an arrangement of the committee moved into Mechanics Hall, and the services were conducted there for a time. Rev. Mr. Thompson served the society one year. He was followed by Harry Hersey, of Tufts College, and Rev. F. A. Hodsdon was sent to resume leadership. But on the account of the progress of the war, the halls generally were in use for recruiting purposes, and for the quartering of soldiers, so that the young movement was disturbed for want of a place to hold services. This difficulty together with other discouragements led to a suspension of effort in 1864. This was the end of the first movement to build up a second Universalist church in the city.

A second attempt was made in the winter of 1865. This was when the First Universalist Parish moved from the old church, corner of Congress and Pearl streets, to their new church on Congress square. A few individuals friendly to the cause, seized the opportunity, purchased the Pearl street church, and commenced services anew under the pastorate of Rev. B. M. Atwood, now D. D., and continued until the great fire, which left the church in ruins, and made desolate the homes of many of those connected with the parish. After the fire and upon due deliberation it was decided not to rebuild, but to sell out and dissolve. A few friends, however, still believing that there was sufficient material for two Universalist churches in the city, made a purchase of the land, after which the Pearl street society was dissolved.

A third movement was then inaugurated. A frame building was secured from the Methodists on Munjoy Hill, and moved to present site of Kavanagh school, the lot at that time belonging to the city. The Pearl street lot being deemed to narrow for a full sized modern

church, was sold for $5,000, and after much delay, discussion and canvass the Thomas lot, corner of Congress and India streets, was secured, the majority of those concerned agreeing that was the most desirable location then to be had. This purchase was effected in the spring of 1869, and the work on the building was in a reasonable time begun. The corner-stone was laid August third, of the same year, with appropriate ceremonies, and in accordance with Masonic honors and usages. After many a severe struggle, numerous disappointments and reverses, with any amount of discouragements, the structure was so far completed, as to justify a dedication, which ceremonies took place in the autumn of 1871. Previous to this time, Rev. George W. Bicknell had received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the struggling society. He was installed into the pastoral office, at the same time that the church was set apart to the service of the one God and Father of all, There was a large debt to begin with, too large for the ability of the friends to carry. Although extra efforts were put forth by parish, pastor and Ladies' Aid, the debt would increase, and the usefulness of the parish continued to be greatly impaired. The parish was unfortunate in assuming a burden it could not carry or throw off. After a pastorate of seven years, Rev. Mr. Bicknell accepted a call to Philadelphia, and accordingly resigned his charge in Portland.

The Rev. C. A. Hayden, then of Gardiner, came to the vacant pastorate, and began work, but the debt had become so large, that the parish and its friends were not able to meet current expenses, and pay the interest as it piled up around them. This state of things continued until February, 1881, when the creditors felt obliged to close the doors of the church, and offered the property for sale. The parish was not inclined to bid for its re-purchase. So a few individuals, six in number, still full of faith in the project of establishing a second Universalist society, embarked in the enterprise of getting the property into their own hands, that it might not be diverted from the cause for which it had been set apart. The lamented Ex-Governor Washburn encouraged these gentlemen in their efforts, and furnished substantial aid. In October, 1881, the church was secured by these private parties, and soon thereafter, what had been known as the India Street Parish was dissolved, and thus endeth the third chapter of the scenes enacted to secure a second Universalist society in our city.

A fourth effort was made in connection with a new organization, named the parish of the Church of the Messiah. This new society was completed according to the forms of law, October 11, 1881, and began its career with an enthusiasm that promised success from the very start. Under the existing order of things, the debt has steadily grown less. It was at first $10,000; it is at this date reduced to $4,100, with increasing facilties for its speedy extinction.

The Rev. C. A. Hayden was continued as pastor for some two years under the new organization, in connection with the Deering parish. He was followed by the Rev. R. S. Kellerman, who on account of ill health, served the society for only a few months. The present pastorate was begun October 1, 1884, less than two years ago. The outlook at the present time is encouraging, and all the friends are full of hope. There are something more than one hundred and fifty families claiming connection with the parish. There is a church membership of ninety-three, and a Sabbath-school with nearly three hundred enrolled, with an average attendance of over two hundred.

The ladies of this parish have the credit of doing a vast amount of hard work, and of producing marvelous financial results. It is the banner parish of the State among the Protestant churches, so far as known, in the amount of money it realizes from the work that is done. The way is now made clear, it is fully demonstrated, that two large and well to do Universalist churches can exist in the beautiful, thriving and cultured City of Portland. And it is also made apparent in the midst of this centennial celebration, as we stand in the light of these last years of the nineteenth century, that the truths of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and the immortality and final blessedness of all souls are more prevalent in the earth, than ever before.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CATHOLIC.

BY THE BISHOP, RIGHT REV. JAMES AUG. HEALY.

"Let us now praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the church declare their praise."—Ecclesiasticus xliv.

While our fellow-citizens are occupied in commemorating the events of a hundred years ago in this locality, it may serve a useful

purpose for us also to recall with gratitude and praise what things God has done for His Church and for us, its children, within the same period. Previous to the year 1776, there were Catholics in Maine, but not in Portland. At Norridgewock, at the junction of the Kennebec and Sandy rivers, stands a monument. It commemorates the Rev. Sebastian Rasle, of the Order of Jesuits. On that beautiful spot stood a village of Catholic Indians. Father Rasle, after thirty years of a devoted apostulate, was there murdered with many of the Indians, and his scalp and twenty-six Indian scalps were carried in triumph through the streets of Boston. It is needless to explain the reason.

From the year 1724, the Indians, driven to the Penobscot, were visited at intervals by priests from Quebec. There were a few Acadians along the St. John's River, but at that time their territory belonged to New Brunswick. It was not until 1822 that we find any number of Catholics in Portland. In that year forty-three Catholics of this town requested the Bishop of Boston to send them a priest, at least for a visit. All the Catholics of New England, and they were few in number, were at that time governed by the Rt. Rev. John Cheverus, then Bishop of Boston, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. There were then only four priests in all New England, and one of them in Maine, the Rev. Denis Ryan, at Whitefield. Bishop Cheverus visited Portland in 1822 and 1823. Father Ryan came from time to time, as also did the Rev. Father M'Namee from Boston. The second Bishop of Boston, the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, appointed as the first pastor of Portland and Eastport the Rev. Charles Ffrench, a priest of the Order of Preachers, a child of the Warden of Galway, in Ireland. He, with his brother (neither over twelve years of age), had been driven out of their father's house by his own hand for having attended a midnight mass on Christmas, contrary to the Protestant father's wishes. One brother died the Catholic Bishop of Galway; the other, Charles, was the first pastor of Portland. Even now the aged residents of Portland delight to tell of the genial and gentle manners which made Father Ffrench a universal favorite, in spite of the prejudices of those days.

In commencing his labors here, there was little to encourage a priest. In Portland no church; not two hundred Catholics in 1827;

and from Portland to Eastport, one church in Whitefield, another in Damariscotta, with small congregations, and the two chapels for the Indians—at Oldtown, on the Penobscot, and at Pleasant Point, on the Passamaquoddy Bay. Eastport, as well as Portland, owes its first church to the exertions of Father Ffrench. The first mass in Portland was celebrated on Fore street, in the house of Nicholas Shea. The house stood between Exchange and Plum streets. When Bishop Fenwick came, in 1827, mass was celebrated in the *Museum* on Market square, a hall now used as a band room. The Catholics of Portland, in 1829, were not wealthy nor numerous, but "there were giants in those days"—giants of courage and generosity. A room, a hall of temporary occupation, became a burden. "We must have a church," was the cry. Few and poor as they were, only one hundred and fifty, and surrounded by a people hostile to their religion, this was their common thought and desire—a church.

In those days it was difficult, almost dangerous, to show a kind face or fair dealing to Catholics. All honor and gratitude then to the memory of Mr. John Fox of Portland, who was just enough and brave enough to despise a feeling and conduct so unworthy of Americans, and to sell to the Catholics the land on which St. Dominic's church now stands, and to enhance the sale by a handsome donation. Commenced in 1829, the little church, though unfinished, was occupied for service in 1830. In November of that year Bishop Fenwick again visited Portland, and, in the unfinished church, administered confirmation. But at last, on August 11, 1833, a day of triumph, the church was dedicated to God, under the invocation of St. Dominic, the saintly founder of the order to which Father Ffrench belonged. The ceremony was not grand nor imposing. Besides the Bishop and Father Ffrench, there were present only two other clergymen, Fathers Wiley and M'Namee. The Catholics, when they commenced their church, were only one hundred and fifty in number, and on the day of the dedication there were barely three hundred all told.

The day of dedication was August 11th, a day of sad memory to the gentle, learned, and zealous Bishop Fenwick. One year afterwards, and on that same day, a ruthless mob burned the Ursuline convent, established by him in Charlestown, the frightened nuns and their pupils fleeing for their lives in the night. It was a dark night

a dark page in history, which we would willingly forget, more especially on a day like this. On that same day also, Aug. 11, 1846, the illustrious prelate, who never seemed able to forget that cruel wrong, yielded up his long-suffering soul to God.

The church once occupied, the regular ministrations of religion began, and from that time you, brethren of the laity, have also a history and an example not to be forgotten. While Father Ffrench was oscillating in his missionary labors between the two extremities of the diocese, the Catholics of Portland were often without mass or instruction on the Sabbath. Was the day spent, as it is now spent by many, in idleness and all its attendant consequences? Far from it. A printer, John Crease by name, a man of earnest yet humble faith, inaugurated the practice of public prayers and appropriate religious reading to supply for the absence of the priest and the want of mass. His example and words, led to the faith and to a co-operation in this work, a young man of Acton, Maine, Joshua B. Young. The latter in years after was made not only a priest, but the first Bishop of Erie, Pennsylvania, yet he never forgot nor neglected the man who had been his guiding angel to the faith. In his old age John Crease found a home with his early convert. "Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided."—2 Kings i, 23.

Father Ffrench continued in charge of Portland until 1839. He was succeeded by several younger priests, such as the Rev. Patrick Flood in 1839, Rev. Patrick O'Beirne in 1841, Rev. James Powers in 1844, Rev. James Maguire in 1846, and John O'Donnell in 1850. After the death of Father Maguire, which occurred in 1850, Portland was visited by several priests, such as the Rev. James O'Reilly, from Whitefield, and the Rev. Ambrose Manahan and Rev. John M'Cabe of Boston.

In 1848 the church had been lengthened by thirty feet. A sanctuary of wood was subsequently added. St. Dominic's, under the Rev. John O'Donnell, continued to be the only church in Portland until the appointment and arrival of the first bishop. At that time Rev. Eugene Muller succeeded Father O'Donnell as pastor, and under his administration the church, venerable for its associations, was remodelled, galleries were built within and the tower and spire added without.

But now came a new era for Portland. On March 25, 1855, after

several attempts at obtaining a bishop, the Rev. David William Bacon, for many years a distinguished priest of the Diocese of New York, but resident as pastor in Brooklyn, was consecrated as the first Bishop of Portland. The diocese comprised Maine and New Hampshire. Owing to various difficulties he was not able to come to Portland until the month of May. On the 31st of that month he was formally introduced and enthroned by the illustrious John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, to whose diocese Maine and New Hampshire had hitherto belonged. Gratefully do we recall the fact that Judge Preble, who in 1833 had entertained Bishop Fenwick and the clergy at the dedication of the church of St. Dominic, again opened his hospitable doors to the two bishops and clergy in 1855. Peace to his memory! Henceforward our history in Portland is an open page to the present generation. The new bishop soon infused a new life into the clergy and people.

In 1850 the number of Catholics was only one thousand five hundred. In 1861 there were only three thousand, so that in 1855 there could not have been more than two thousand, and yet the Bishop in 1856 began the acquisition of the present cathedral property; built the cathedral chapel on the present location of the same; in 1864 he introduced the Sisters of Notre Dame from Montreal for the education of girls; on December 8, 1865, he opened the parochial school at St. Dominic's, and on May 31, 1866, eleven years after his installation, he laid the corner-stone of this cathedral. All seemed to promise a happy increase, welcomed by the best wishes of our fellow-citizens, when, on the memorable July 4, 1866, came that fearful conflagration, which Portland has reason to remember and deplore. Of the cathedral property nothing was left. In a few hours, the chapel, the episcopal residence, the Sisters' house and academy, with nearly all they contained, had been consumed.

It was a day of sorrow for thousands in Portland; a day of calamity so crushing to Catholic interests that a man of less courage and energy than the first Bishop of Portland would have sunk under the blow. But he knew no fear, and never lost hope. "I can do all things in Him who strengthens me."—Phil. iv, 13. Assembling his people, first in a shed on the Grand Trunk wharf, then in a shed built where the Kavanagh school stands, he at once set to work to rebuild the cathedral chapel, and such was his energy that at

Christmas of the same year the chapel was dedicated, and the new residence, together with St. Aloysius' school, on Congress street, were ready for occupation before the winter's snow was gone. The Sisters returned, and the schools were opened in 1867, and in April, 1868, work was resumed on the cathedral.

The Bishop himself was foremost in soliciting help for his cathedral, both within and without the diocese, and in Sept. 8, 1870, the Catholics of Portland witnessed the grand church ceremony of the dedication of their cathedral, under the title of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. Eight prelates and seventy-five priests were present. The Rev. Isaac T. Hecker of New York, to whom the Catholics of America owe so much, was the preacher. Their fellow-citizens of Portland heartily sympathized with the joy and pride of the Catholics, and all again promised a long rest to the weary Bishop, his clergy and his people, when on the very night after the dedication, while the attendant visitors were congratulating the Bishop on the event of the day, a fearful wind prostrated the lofty spire of the cathedral. Fortunately no lives were lost.

The blow was a cruel one to the jubilant prelate; but again he proved himself equal to the emergency, and with renewed energy he set to work to repair the disaster. The ruins were rapidly cleared away, and very soon the loftiest spire of the city crowned the finest church in the State of Maine.

St. Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum on Free street was the next enterprise of the unwearied Bishop; no, not unwearied, but still never allowing himself a rest. His health was already broken. For years he had been a martyr to cruel and almost constant suffering amounting to agony; and yet, besides his physician, not even his most intimate friends were allowed to know that he was suffering. Under these circumstances he undertook his last journey to Rome in June, 1874, in company with his life-long friend, the late illustrious Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York. He was not able to reach Rome. On landing at Brest, in France, he entered a hospital. When the Cardinal returned from Rome, the dying Bishop had himself carried on board the same vessel. He was spared to reach New York. A votive altar in the grand cathedral of that city was erected by his Eminence in gratitude for that blessing. In a few hours

after his arrival, on the 5th of November, 1874, the zealous Bishop, worn out with labors, yet ever trustful in the God who had sustained him, passed to his reward. "Truly a prince and a great man (died) that day in Israel." 2 Kings iii, 38. He had created a Diocese; he had overcome difficulties, many and in appearance insuperable; and in death he had left to his successor the grateful task of preserving what was perfected and of finishing what had been so well begun.

Of the subsequent history in Portland but little need be said. On June 2, 1875, after twenty-one years of pastoral labor in Boston, I was consecrated the second Bishop of Portland, and charged with continuing the good work begun by Bishop Bacon. My labor has been principally one of organization. It has pleased the providence of God to give an unexpected success to my efforts. The new Diocese of Manchester, embracing all New Hampshire, has been cut off from Maine. In Portland has been erected the Kavanagh school, called after a benefactress and family of whom Maine is proud, and to whom Portland should be grateful. The Convent School and Hospital for Aged Women has been established at Deering; the greater number of our orphans for health's sake have been placed at Whitefield; the new presbytery at St. Dominic's procured; Calvary Cemetery increased, regularized, beautified; the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul established for the care of the poor, and one-half of Little Diamond Island secured for the future wants of our orphans. And now on this memorable day so interesting to our country when we commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our beautiful city, Catholics have also their particular history, and especial reasons for gratitude to God and affection for their fellow-citizens.

In 1822 we were 43 in number; in 1833, 300; in 1861, 3,000; in 1866 were 6,000, and today we are about 9,000. A marvellous and reliable increase! Look back twenty years and contrast the blackened ruins of that day with what you see around you now. Remember the trials and sacrifices of your predecessors in the faith; remember the kind feeling, the generous help, the cordial sympathy of our fellow-citizens, and let us be grateful to God and to them. Let us endeavor to further the common weal of our State and city by the practice of Christian virtues and by patriotic devotion. While our cathedral and its surroundings are a just cause of congratulation to

ourselves and to our city, let our fellow-citizens bear in mind that in our schools we have one thousand children, whose education costs the city nothing. We have likewise our Orphan Asylum and Home for Aged Women, the ministry to the poor by the Sisters of Mercy and the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Forget not what you represent; not simply this community of Catholics and its history of little over half a century; but the Church of old, the Church which made Christians of the Abenaki before Portland was founded; the Church which came again to these shores with Columbus, whereupon she had planted the cross ages before by the hands of her children of the North. We are not of yesterday here or elsewhere. As Catholics we have a prior claim to be here as citizens. We ask but our just and equal rights as declared and secured by the Catholic colony of Maryland, the pioneers of liberty of conscience in America. This glory belongs to them alone. We have praised our fathers in the faith, in their generation. Let us remember their unflinching faith and earnest zeal, when the name of Catholic was like a badge of ignominy in our town. And now when a brighter day has dawned and a more generous feeling prevails toward that old, old faith delivered to the fathers and preserved by the children, let it be our main effort to keep and transmit it in our turn; to show ourselves good citizens "living soberly, justly, piously," (Titus ii, 12), "providing, as the apostle tells us, good things not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of all men."—Rom. xii, 17.

THE PORTLAND SOCIETY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. HOWARD C. DUNHAM.

"Ask now of the days that are past."—Deuteronomy, iv, 32.

Our beloved city is in the act of celebrating its hundredth birthday. It is now just a century since this neck of land, jutting into the waters of Casco Bay, on which stands this beautiful Forest City, was for administrative purposes detached from the old town of Falmouth, and incorporated under the name of Portland. One hundred years in the life of an active, progressive community covers a vast amount of local history. In this respect, our city is no

exception, and as a prominent, and not unimportant feature of the celebration now in progress. It is proposed to gather into a permanent and available form many of the loose historic threads running through Portland's life, during the by-gone century.

Accordingly, in response to the invitation extended by the centennial committee, "to the pastors of the city, to prepare in the form of an historical discourse, to be delivered in their churches, on Sunday morning, July 4th, a sketch of their several societies," I have endeavored to arrange in a simple and concise form, the more important events in the history of the "Portland Society of the New Jerusalem." The whole history of this society, as in fact, of all the religious bodies in the city, except two, is comprised in the period under review.

The doctrine of the New Church appear to have been first introduced into Maine at Bath in the year 1805, by the Rev. Dr. Jenks, the distinguished author of the once popular Comprehensive Commentary, who, in that year, came from the neighborhood of Boston, as the pastor of a Congregational society.

In 1812, Mr. John Savels, a paper manufacturer, and a full receiver of the new doctrine, came to Gardiner from Dorchester, Massachussetts. In the early part of the winter of 1825, the heavenly doctrine first began to be disseminated in Portland. About that time, Dr. Timothy Little, of this place, a man of rare intelligence and an able and leading physician and surgeon, became interested in the doctrine of the New Church.

The first one whom Dr. Little succeeded in interesting, was Dr. Albus Rea, a brother physician.

Dr. Rea, who had an extensive practice, and who was gifted with more than ordinary conversational ability, was in turn, most active in spreading a knowledge of the doctrine. Among those who received their first favorable impressions of the new doctrine from him were his mother, Mrs. Sarah Rea, of Windham, one of the original members of this society, Mr. Andrews, of Bridgton, and our well-known brother, Oliver Gerrish, still hale and hearty, and retaining his faculties in wonderful vigor, though now well advanced on his ninety-first year.

In the summer of 1826, at the suggestion of Dr. Little, these four men, Dr. Little, Dr. Rea, Mr. Oliver Gerrish and Mr. John L.

Megquire began to meet on Sabbath evenings, at each others houses to read and converse about the new doctrine. Mr. Megquire being unmarried, and so having no house, the meetings were held in rotation, at the houses of the other three. They however did not long meet alone. Others soon attended. Four young men, Abner Lowell. William Senter, J. Champney were apprentices with Mr. Gerrish, and Leonard Whitney. They embraced the doctrine, and attended the conversational meetings. These meetings continued to be more fully attended, and there was a gradual accession of numbers, until it was thought expedient to hold public meetings. Among those who had become interested, we find the names of Marcian Seavey, Benjamin C. Fernald, Arthur M. Small, Joshua Emery and his son, our highly esteemed citizen Daniel F. Emery. New Church books in those days were scarce, and very costly, and the efforts of that little company to obtain them, form a not uninteresting episode in the history of the church. Those early receivers also met with great opposition from the surrounding community, but they were strong and earnest men, not to be deterred in what they had undertaken, from a heartfelt and rational conviction of duty. They bravely pushed on regardless of obstacles. Until 1829, they went on Sunday mornings to the various churches, with which they had been connected, but having determined to hold Sunday services of their own, they secured the vestry of the Chestnut Street Church, which then fronted on Cumberland street, where the double brick house now stands between Chestnut and Myrtle streets. When we remember the odium that attended the new doctrine, this kindly action of a Methodist society in permitting the use of their building by that little band of New Church worshipers will seem specially deserving of grateful recognition. The first public New Church service in Portland was accordingly held in the Cumberland street vestry, of the Chestnut Street Methodist Society on a Sabbath morning in June, 1829. Dr. Little conducted the service and read a discourse. Our esteemed friend and brother, ex-mayor Senter, acted as usher or sexton, assisted possibly by the late Mr. Abner Lowell, a name to be affectionately cherished by this society. Of that Cumberland street congregation apart from Mr. Senter, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrish and Mr. Daniel F. Emery are probably the only surviving members. For two years the

services were continued by an informal arrangement. By common consent Dr. Little was the leader, and he occasionally preached sermons of his own. The society was permanently organized August 21, 1831. Rev. Thomas Worcester, of Boston officiated, and was attended by four of the leading members of his society. At its institution, the Portland society numbered thirteen members, twelve of whom were then baptized. It may be well to here give the names of the original members. They are Timothy Little and Elizabeth his wife, Oliver and Sarah Gerrish, Samuel and Pamela Coleman, Albus Rea, Ebenezer Mason, William Hunnewell, Sarah Rea, of Windham, and Misses Mary G. Walker, Lydia Sawyer and Martha Freeman. This was the year before Portland exchanged its town government for that of a city. The population was about twelve thousand.

Between the years 1831 and 1837 the society was occasionally visited by ministers of the New Church, among wbom were Rev. Messrs. Samuel and Henry A. Worcester, and the Rev. Warren Goddard. In the year 1833 the Rev. Henry A. Worcester alternated between Portland, Bath and Gardiner, preaching several Sundays in succession at each place. The society continued to worship in the Cumberland street vestry till the summer of 1836, when, being unable to use that longer, permission was granted them to hold services in the United States court-room, which was then on the corner of Congress and Myrtle streets. In August of that year the parish was incorporated under the laws of the State with the name of "The First New Jerusalem Society of Portland," and soon after land was purchased on Congress street, nearly opposite Locust street, on which to build a house of worship. An edifice was erected in the spring of 1837, and was dedicated on the 26th of August at the second meeting of the Maine Association, the Rev. Thomas Worcester, of Boston, preaching the dedicatory sermon. Soon after, the Rev. Joseph Pettee, who recently officiated at the installation of your pastor, preached six Sabbaths. In November, 1837, the Rev. Henry Akin Worcester, cousin of Rev. Thomas Worcester, of Boston, a graduate of Yale, was engaged to preach for the society. He was afterward invited to become pastor, but did not accept, although he continued in the service of the society till his early removal to the Jerusalem above, on the 24th of May, 1841.

In 1843 the Rev. James Scott was engaged, and he remained until 1845, when failing health compelled him to relinquish preaching. Rev. Joshua O. Cobburn succeeded him for a year, and the following year Rev. T. D. Sturtivant was minister. In 1847 the society was without a pastor. Dr. Little was again the leader, and occasionally Rev. Mr. Dike of Bath officiated for them. In 1849 the society was deprived of the earthly services of its most worthy founder and leader, Dr. Timothy Little. He passed from earth on the 27th of November, at the age of seventy-three years. He was the son of Paul Little, a silversmith of some celebrity, who, before the Revolutionary war, had his shop on the corner of Middle and King (now India) streets. He was educated at Exeter Academy, and probably had Daniel Webster as one of his school-fellows. Afterwards he studied for the orthodox ministry with Rev. Mr. Stone of Windham. He was led to relinquish the pursuit of theology for that of medicine. He studied first with Dr. Hubbard of South Berwick, then at Cambridge and Boston, and finally at Dartmouth College. For several years he practiced at New Gloucester, and became somewhat noted for his ability, insomuch that young men were desirous to study with him. Finally he came to Portland, and was not long in taking rank among the leading physicians and surgeons in this metropolis of the State. He was a plain, unassuming man, of few words except when some use was to be performed by what he said. But he possessed a strength and depth of character, an originality of mind as well as a clearness and keenness of insight which marked him among his fellows as a really great and noble man.

In 1850 attention was directed to Mr. Wm. B. Hayden of New York. Mr. Hayden was invited to Portland to lecture, which he did with great acceptance. Having determined to enter the ministry, he was invited to become pastor of the society, which he accepted, and was ordained at the convention in Boston in June, 1851, being presented on behalf of the Portland Society by Messrs. Oliver Gerrish and Henry H. Hay.

In June, 1854, the general convention of the New Church in America met with the Portland Society in Lancaster Hall, as the church was not sufficiently large. In 1864 Mr. Hayden resigned to accept a call to Cincinnati, but he returned to Portland the following year, and was soon at work for his former parish. The society were

favored in his absence with the services of the late Rev. Thomas Peckham Rodman.

Rev. Mr. Hayden was hardly back when an event occurred of appalling magnitude. By that terrible fire which took place twenty years ago to-night, not only was the church with all its contents burned, but every family of the society, save six, were suddenly deprived of house, home and all their possessions. But the church and its work went on. Religious services were held in private parlors, and afterward in the Park Street Church, which was most kindly loaned Sunday afternoons to the society.

In April, 1867, the corner-stone was laid of the church in which we are now assembled. Anticipating the need of a larger church and in a different quarter of the city, this fine building spot was purchased and presented to the society by the young people.

For several months previous to coming into the new church the services were held in the Mechanics' library room. This commodious edifice was dedicated Wednesday afternoon, April 22, 1868, the Rev. Mr. Hayden preaching the dedicatory sermon. In 1876 Rev. Mr. Hayden resigned.

In the autumn of 1877 Mr. Julian K. Smyth was invited to the pastorate of this society. He accepted, and spent here five years of hard and useful work. Mr. Smyth was followed by the Rev. Thomas A. King of Baltimore, who remained here two years. The present pastor, the Rev. Howard C. Dunham, came in November, 1885, and was installed on the 2d of May of the present year.

Let me in closing express the fervent hope that a hundred years hence when Portland celebrates the second centennial of her history the New Church will not be represented by a single, struggling organization, but that there will be a general and loving recognition of that glorious city, which the apostle saw in spirit, descending from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, New Jerusalem, the city of the soul, the bride and wife of the Lamb.

SECOND ADVENT.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. W. H. MITCHELL.

We will call your attention to the origin of this people in this city. Prior to the year 1839 no such sect as Second Adventists was known

in the City of Portland. All of Second Adventism then was found in the then existing religious denominations. About this time William Miller, a plain farmer of So. Hampton, N. Y., came to Portland and began a course of lectures on the second coming of Christ, in the Casco Street Church. These lectures were given between the 11th and 23d of March, 1840. In 1842 Mr. Miller gave another course of lectures. This church was then first composed of members from different churches. For a time two meetings of this body were supported, one on Congress street and the other where we now meet (at Union Hall), when it was deemed that the two should unite in one. The church members number one hundred and eighteen, and there is an interesting Sunday-school. Five religious meetings are held weekly; two preaching services are held on each Sunday, and a Friday evening prayer-meeting is held. The pastors of the church have been Brethren L. F. Stockman, I. R. Gates, L. Osler, O. R. Fassett, N. Harvey, B. B. Morgan, R. R. York, E. A. Stockman, Frank Burr, and the present one, W. H. Mitchell.

HEBREW, CONGREGATIONAL.

BY THE PRESIDENT, BARNARD AARONSON.

I beg to thank the committee on Sunday services, for extending an invitation to our church, to participate in an historical discourse pertaining to the rise and progress of religion during the past century in the City of Portland. As president of the "Hebrew Congregation." "Sharith Israel" as a devout follower of the faith, and a citizen of our city for the past twenty years, I hope the observations I here note, may be of some value in records of the future, and awaken some interest in the present amongst those who have not watched closely the movements of "Judaism" in their midst. A quarter of a century ago, there was no representative of the Jewish Church in your city. In 1866 or 1867, several families pitched their tents here, and who by frugal habits, honest efforts and application to their various vocations, soon succeeded in accumulating some earthly treasures, until today they number amongst them various merchants and professionals, who are rated financially, as well as some of our most important citizens.

The form of religion is Orthodox, and yet thoroughly liberal in thought and action. As a class, the Portland "Sons of Israel" compares more than favorably with the Hebrew of other cities. He willingly obeys the laws as prescribed by our city fathers, is anxious to promote the welfare of the city in his way, humble though it may be. I feel that he may be called a law abiding citizen, in all that phrase implies. Our synagogue at present, while not elaborate, is impressive, and on Saturday morning, our Sabbath, service is conducted by a competent rabbi, and the Word of God is uttered and re-echoed by willing and earnest mouths.

Our various holidays and fast-days are celebrated with all the care and spiritual feeling that characterizes our cosmopolitan cities, with its crowded synagogues and inspired divines. We number some sixty families, and over the major portion being of the middle or poorer class, yet content with their lot, and always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to the old or infirm, the struggling or the unfortunate.

I may also say, we have purchased (some ten years ago) a tract of land in Cape Elizabeth, to be used for a burial plot; it is kept in good condition, so that when the time arrives to be called to Him, the surviving ones can properly and feelingly place their loved ones in their final home, near at hand. I hope I have given utterance to no fulsome praise. I have endeavored to note facts, as I have observed and fully believe. I know I can safely say in behalf of my co-religionists, that our city fathers have in the past fully merited the good will and affectionate esteem in which they are held by us.

We sincerely hope nothing will occur in the future to mar the harmonious feeling now existing between the denominations; we are all "branches of one tree." May the next "centennial celebration" show as much marked progress as the present has over the past, and may our children be proud of the efforts of their fathers and say: "In the past we live."

FIRST EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

BY THE PASTOR, GEORGE A. T. RYGH.

"Then went King David in and sat before the Lord and he said, who am I O Lord God? and what is my house that thou hast brought me hitherto?—II Samuel, vii, 18.

In 1874, the Rev. O. Jund, then of New York City, visited Portland, and organized the First Evangelical Lutheran Church. A call was issued to Rev. N. Ellestad, who accepted and began his pastoral work in September of the same year. The congregation assembled for religious services in Mechanics hall, and later in Scandinavian hall.

Two lots on Elm street were purchased, and church building completed in 1877. Rev Ellestad labored assiduously for the gathering in of the Scandinavians, and his pastorate was signally blessed. In the spring of 1880 he resigned. His successor was the Rev. K. G. Faegre, who entered upon his duties in September, 1880. During his pastorate, 1883, the church was formally dedicated to the service of the Divine God. He labored with zeal until July, 1884, when he was compelled, on account of ill-health, to resign.

September 21, 1884, the present pastor was installed. The congregation has had its share of difficulties to meet, one of which has been a heavy debt, this, however, is now considerably reduced. There is now a voting membership of one hundred and ten. The congregation is composed principally of Danes, Norwegians, emigrants from German-Schlesvig, Holstein, and Swedes. Divine services are conducted alternately in the Norwegian and English languages.

GOSPEL MISSION.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL F. PEARSON.

There was no centennial sermon at this Mission July 4th. Rev. Mr. Pearson having closed his connection with the same on May 9th. At his request, the editor published some statistics of the work of the Mission, taken from an address delivered by Mr. Pearson on Sunday May 9, 1886. The Mission was established in May, 1878, and has continued prosperous up to the present time.

During the past year, 1885-86, 1,353 visits have been made upon the sick, dying, destitute and neglected; one thousand and one hundred names added to the pledge. Connected with the Mission are a sewing-circle, Sunday-school and a children's temperance meeting. Receipts for the year, paid, $2,269. Payments, $2,267.45.

During the eight years Mr. Pearson has been connected with the Mission, he has conducted 5,408 services, preached 3,744 sermons, and as a result 3,200 souls have been forward to the altar for prayers, over 9,000 names have been added to the pledge, over 300,000 persons have attended the services, many who never attend any other place of worship. More than 8,000 pounds of provisions have been distributed, 2,200 pieces of wearing apparel provided, and about $2,100 paid through the Mission for charity. Mr. Pearson has conducted 107 funeral services, and united 91 couples in the bonds of matrimony; baptized by immersion 186 converts. The value of this work to the city cannot be estimated by dollars and cents, for the Mission doors have been open every evening of the year, thus offering to the weary, downcast, sin-sick soul an opportunity to spend the time surrounded by the best influences.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. R. CROSSER.

The need of a Presbyterian church in this city has been for several years very sensibly felt by Presbyterians from Scotland, North of Ireland and the Dominion of Canada. This need became imperative to them, as they saw their kinsmen rapidly drifting into indifference about religion. But how to gather in these wandering "sheep of the house of Israel" was the question that remained unanswered until Rev. A. K. Baird, Superintendent of Missions in New England, visited them to consider the advisability of having a church of their fathers planted in Portland. As a result of this visit and meetings that were held then, and at subsequent times, a paper was drawn up signed by sixty-eight persons, petitioning the Boston Presbytery to organize a Presbyterian church in Portland, Maine. After due deliberation the Presbytery sent a commission consisting of Rev.

C. C. Wallace, D. D., Rev. V. A. Lewis, and Elder Gilchrist, with power, if the way be clear to organize a church. The commissioners after visiting Portland deemed it wise to grant the request of the petitioners, and on May 3, 1885, they and the congregation assembled in the Library hall of the Mechanics building, and organized the First Presbyterian Church in Portland, Maine, with twenty-seven members. Three of this number, Messrs. Kenneth McDonald, Allen McKinnon and Donald Green were elected ruling elders. The parish on the seventeenth of May secured the services of Rev. John R. Crosser, of Union Theological Seminary, New York City, as stated supply, and in that capacity he has served them since.

Since the organization of the church, it has not only labored for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in this city, but has contributed to the boards of the Presbyterian church. It has maintained a steady growth until its present membership is ninety-two.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT CITY HALL.

The Committee on Sunday Services prepared the following programme for the afternoon services of July 4th:

1786 PORTLAND'S 1886

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

SUNDAY JULY 4th, 1886,

AT CITY HALL.

AFTERNOON SERVICE, 2.30 O'CLOCK.

Addresses by Rev. Elijah Kellogg and Rev. Wm. H. Fenn, D. D.

MUSIC BY STATE STREET AND FIRST PARISH CHURCH CHOIRS.
HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR, *Conductor.*

GEORGE C. BURGESS, ESQ., PRESIDING.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

INTRODUCTION.
HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

CHURCH PSALMODY DURING THE CENTURY.
GEORGE C. BURGESS, ESQ.

CORONATION.

[Composed by Oliver Holden, Mass., about the year 1786.]

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every, tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

(*Sung by the Congregation.*)

INVOCATION.

REV. FRANK T. BAYLEY.

EASTER ANTHEM.

[By William Billings, 1770.]

The Lord is risen indeed, Hallelujah.
Now is Christ risen from the dead,
And become the first fruits of them that slept.
And did he rise. Hear, O ye nations.
Hear it, O ye dead.
He rose, He burst the bars of death,
And triumphed o'er the grave.
Then I rose, then first humanity triumphant past the crystal ports of light!
And seized eternal youth. Man all immortal, hail, Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man.
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

(*Sung by Double Choir.*)

Mrs. Nettie Fellows, Mrs. Warren P. Chase, Mrs. Jennie K. Morrison, Miss Etta Rice, Messrs. Samuel Thurston, Will Stockbridge, John B. Coyle and John L. Shaw. Mr. Hermann Kotzschmar, *Director and Organist.*

SHERBURNE.

[Tune by Daniel Read, born in Rehoboth, Mass., 1757.]

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

(*Sung by Choir.*)

SCRIPTURE READING—90TH PSALM.

REV. HENRY BLANCHARD.

MAJESTY.

[Tune by William Billings, born in Boston, Mass., 1746.]

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

(*Sung by Choir.*)

MOUNT VERNON.

[Composed on the death of Gen. Washington — 1799 — by Jenks.]

What solemn sound the air invades?
From heav'n the awful mandate flies.
Where shall our country turn her eye?
Our Friend, Protector, Strength and Trust,
Lies low and mouldering in the dust.
(*Sung by Choir.*)

PRAYER.

REV. A. K. P. SMALL, D. D.

RESPONSE — CHANT.

[By Lowell Mason, born in Mansfield, Mass., 1792.]

Thy will be done.
In devious way the hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done.
If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine —
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done.
Though shrouded o'er our path with gloom,
One comfort, one is ours, to breathe while we adore,
Thy will be done.

ADDRESS — Religious Worship Early in the Century.

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

ANTHEM — JEHOVAH'S PRAISE.

[By John E. Gould, 1846.]

Jehovah's praise in high immortal strains
Resound ye heavens thro' all your blissful plains.
His glorious power O radiant sun display
Far as thy vital beams diffuse the day.

Thou silver moon arrayed in softer light,
Recount his wonders to the listening night.
Let all thy glittering train attendant wait,
And every star his Maker's name repeat.

Ye glorious angels, tune the raptured lay,
Through the fair mansions of eternal day.
His praise let all their shining ranks proclaim,
And teach the distant worlds your Maker's name.
Bright with the splendor of his dazzling rays,
Exalted realms of joy reflect his praise.

TALLIS EVENING HYMN SERVICE.

[By George F. Root, born in Sheffield, Mass., 1820.]

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress, my God, in Him will I trust.

He will cover thee with his feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.

PEABODY.

[By H. K. Oliver, born in Beverly, Mass., 1800.]

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers — I am His.
My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

[By George F. Root, born in Sheffield, Mass., 1820.]

We are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day,
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day!
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

REFRAIN — We are waiting, etc.

REFRAIN.

We are waiting for the morning,
When the beauteous day is dawning;
We are waiting for the morning,
For the golden spires of day;
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near,
Zion, shout, the Lord is here.

ADDRESS — RELIGIOUS WORSHIP LATER IN THE CENTURY.

REV. WILLIAM H. FENN, D. D.

DIVINE LOVE.

[Chorus by John Knowles Paine (of Harvard College), born in Portland, 1839.]

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us, with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

SENTENCE.

[By Edward Howe, jr. (Organist New York City.) Born in Portland, 1820.]

The Lord is in his holy temple, The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, before him.

Let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him, let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.

ANTHEM — Benedic Anima Mea.

[By G. W. Chadwick, born at Lowell, 1854.]

Praise the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me praise his holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul;
And forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sin;
And healeth all thine infirmities.

Who saveth thy life from destruction;
And crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength;
Ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord all ye his hosts;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord;
All ye works of his, in all places of his dominion.

Praise thou the Lord;
Praise thou the Lord — O my soul.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son;
And to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be;
World without end, Amen, Amen.

BENEDICTION.

REV. THOMAS HILL, D. D.

A portion of the hall had been reserved for strangers and invited guests, to which admittance was given by tickets.

The City Hall was thronged long before two o'clock, and at the time for beginning the programme it was difficult to find standing room. The exercises were of an extremely interesting character, and the audience remained for two hours and twenty minutes until their conclusion. City Clerk Burgess presided gracefully. His paper on "Church Psalmody During the Century," was a finished production. Much to the amusement of his listeners, an old pitch pipe, the property of the First Church in Worcester, Mass., was used to sound the key note for "Coronation," and the hymn was "lined out"

by Mr. Burgess and sung by the audience. As each new hymn was sung interesting facts in the life of the composer were given.

The address of Rev. Elijah Kellogg was listened to with peculiar interest, because he spoke from personal recollection. His quaint style was as pleasing as ever, and his anecdotes very enjoyable. At times he was fairly eloquent, especially when referring to the evils of liquor and slavery.

The address of Dr. Fenn was an elegant essay, and occupied thirty minutes in its delivery. The singing by the double quartette was excellent, and several of the numbers were applauded. The members of the City Government and invited guests assembled in the Mayor's room, and promptly at 2.30 o'clock, with Alderman Marks as marshal, proceeded to the hall and occupied the seats on the platform. Besides members of the City Government, the following gentlemen had seats on the stage:

Rev. John W. Chickering, Mass.
Rev. Henry S. Burrage.
Rev. Albion K. P. Small.
Rev. Frank T. Bayley.
Rev. Abiel H. Wright.
Rev. Francis Southworth.
Rev. Ezra Tinker.
Rev. Howard C. Dunham.
Rev. Henry Blanchard.
Rev. Israel Levine.
Woodbury S. Dana.
William D. Little.
Mark P. Emery.
John M. Gould.
Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C.
Hon. John Lynch, Washington, D. C.
Prof. Edward S. Morse, Salem.
Hon. Wm. W. Thomas.
Hon. William Senter.
Hon. M. F. King.
Henry H. Burgess.
Rev. John M. Lowden.
Brown Thurston.
Rev. J. G. Wilson.
Rev. Sidney K. Perkins.
Rev. J. B. Lapham.
Rev. Thomas Hill.
Rev. Samuel F. Pearson.
Rev. J. C. Holliway.
Samuel R. Leavitt.
Edward A. Noyes.
Daniel F. Appleton, New York.
Joseph Brooks, Kennebunk.
Hon. Henry L. Gregg, Hudson, N. Y.
Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Cambridge.
John H. McDonough, Boston.
Rev. John T. G. Nichols, Saco.
Hon. Isaac H. Jack, St. John, N. B.
Hon. R. M. Richardson.
Hon. John W. Deering.
Rev. Henry P. Winter.
Rev. Charles J. Clark.
Solomon T. Corser, and others.

His Honor, the Mayor, then rose and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

We are gathered here today to inaugurate the celebration of the centennial anniversary of Portland. Following the faith and custom of our fathers, it is especially fitting that our exercises should begin upon this sacred day. First of all, should we assemble reverently, as a people in devout recognition and praise of Him, who has graciously guided us through all the changing vicissitudes of the past hundred years, into our present condition of moral welfare and prosperity. Imbued with this feeling, let us gratefully dedicate our re-union of joy, as a monument of love to the all-wise Giver, who has crowned our past with mercy and loving kindness, and vouchsafed our future in the eternal promises of His word.

George C. Burgess, Esq., read his paper on "Church Psalmody During the Century." He said:

ADDRESS OF GEORGE C. BURGESS, ESQ.

No history of religious worship in Portland would be complete without an account of church psalmody, which forms so important a part of the worship in our churches. Before, and at the time when Portland, as a part of Falmouth, was first settled in 1723, the cultivation of music was neglected, and the congregations throughout New England were rarely able to sing more than five tunes. Although at first, music was sedulously cultivated in New England, and even taught in the college, yet in their new homes, where all kinds of care for mere existence visited them, and troubles, religious and political followed in rapid succession, the colonists found little time to keep up their scant knowledge of church music, and children grew up without knowing how to sing the simplest tune by note. The few melodies sung became corrupted until no two individuals sang alike. Every melody was changed to suit the taste of the singer, until their psalms were uttered in a medley of confused and disorderly noises.

A writer of that time says of their singing, that it sounded like "five hundred tunes roared out at the same time," and so little

attention was paid to the time in which a tune was sung, that the singers were often one or two words apart, producing noises hideous beyond description, and so drawling, that the same writer says: "I myself have paused twice in one note to take breath." The psalms were sung in regular order, without regard to the subject of the sermon, and, long or short, sung at one standing, so that the longest, say of one hundred and thirty lines, took a full half hour in the singing. (Mr. Burgess showed how the tune was set, using a pitch pipe one hundred years old.) Notwithstanding this, they were sung with the greatest devotion, and every hat was removed, and people stood with bared head whenever a psalm tune was sung, although not a word of the psalm itself was heard.

About this time (1723), however, a reformation began, and famous divines, like John Cotton, Thomas Symes, Thomas Prince, John and Samuel Danforth, Cotton Mather and others, began a warfare for the "regular way" of singing by note, instead of the "usual way." They met with the fiercest opposition, for the decline in music had been so gradual that the very confusion and discord was grateful to their ears, and a melody sung in time and tune was really offensive.

Patriotism helped what a correct musical taste had begun, and at the beginning of the Revolution, English tunes, like English tea, were thrown overboard, and native music then beginning to be performed, was received with great ardor. Choirs were formed (the singing having before been congregational), singing schools were organized, and instrumental music, heretofore considered to be a device of popery, began to be practiced, (the first organ was brought into this country in 1713, but so great was the opposition to it that it remained seven months unpacked), and at the beginning of the century whose close we celebrate today, chaos had ceased to reign and music had begun to assume its proper place as an expression of religious thought.

How great the contrast to the condition of musical art on the other side of the Atlantic! While on this side, preachers were deliberating whether it were lawful or no to sing psalms, or, if lawful, whether tunes should be sung in time and tune, on that side, Handel and Bach had begun to fashion their immortal strains; Haydn had written his first symphony, and Mozart was astonishing the European musical world.

One curious custom long survived the occasion of its origin, and held its place after the reform in singing was firmly established. This was the custom of "lining out," or the reading of the psalm or hymn by the clerk, line by line, for the congregation to sing. Having its beginning when few could read and books were scarce, it was maintained with vigorous tenacity for years, because many of the congregation considered it a religious duty.

Among those who aided in bringing about the reformation in music, was Oliver Holden, a carpenter and joiner by trade, a resident in Charlestown, Mass., where he died in 1834. He wrote psalm tunes, anthems and odes, and published several music books which met with great favor. Ritter says of some of his more pretentious pieces, that he was doubtless a better joiner of pine boards than of fuguing themes; however that may be, his grand tune, "Coronation," is sung wherever a congregation is gathered to praise the Lord. We invite this congregation to join with the choir in singing "Coronation," while the clerk "lines out" the hymn.

The congregation arose and Coronation was sung, Mr. Burgess repeating a line and the audience, under the lead of the choir, singing it. At its conclusion prayer was offered by Rev. Frank T. Bayley.

CORONATION.

[Composed by Oliver Holden, Mass., about the year 1786.]

All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

(*Sung by the Congregation.*)

Mr. Burgess then said:

To William Billings is due the honor of leading in the great musical reformation. He was born in Boston in 1746, and died there in 1800. He was a tanner by trade, of an unprepossessing personal appearance, eccentric, smart, active, patriotic, and withal, a musical enthusiast. His opportunities for a musical education were very few, but he made the most of these, and favored by the

fact that his first compositions being purely American, appeared just before the Revolution, and that although he was deficient in harmony, he had a taste in melody that caught the popular ear, and so his tunes were sung wherever the New England troops were quartered, and became the folk-songs of that time, he was a great power in forming the growing taste for better music. The choir will sing "The Easter Anthem," by William Billings.

The choir then sung the anthem.

EASTER ANTHEM.

[By William Billings, 1770.]

The Lord is risen indeed, Hallelujah.
Now is Christ risen from the dead,
And become the first fruits of them that slept.
And did he rise. Hear, O ye nations.
Hear it, O ye dead.
He rose, He burst the bars of death,
And triumphed o'er the grave.
Then I rose. Then first humanity triumphant past the crystal ports of light.
And seized eternal youth. Man all immortal, hail, Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man.
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

(*Sung by Double Choir.*)

Mrs. Nettie Fellows, Mrs. Warren P. Chase, Mrs. Jennie K. Morrison, Miss Etta Rice, Messrs. Samuel Thurston, Will Stockbridge, John B. Coyle and John L. Shaw. Mr. Hermann Kotzschmar, *Director and Organist.*

Mr. Burgess followed, saying: "Daniel Reed, born at Rehoboth, Mass., in 1757, like Billings and Holden, was a mechanic, a comb manufacturer at Hartford, Conn., being a composer and teacher of music while he worked at his trade. If the dates given by his biographer are correct, he must have published his first musical book at the early age of fourteen years. His principal compositions are simple psalm tunes and fugues suiting the fashion of the day. As in the case of his predecessors and contemporaries, he was an

awkward harmonist. The well-known tune 'Sherburne' was his composition."

SHERBURNE.

[Tune by Daniel Read, 1771.]

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

(*Sung by Choir.*)

The 90th psalm was read by Rev. Henry Blanchard; at the conclusion of the reading another song, composed by Billings, entitled "Majesty," was sung.

MAJESTY.

[Tune by William Billings.]

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to sustain;
And he as Sovereign Lord and King
Forevermore shall reign.
On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

(*Sung by Choir.*)

Mr. Burgess then said: "Stephen Jenks, whose name is found attached to many hymn tunes of the earlier period, was born at Ellington, Conn., in 1772, and devoted his life to music. His publications beginning with 'New England Harmony,' in 1800, were very many and in their day popular. He died in Ohio, in 1856. His style of harmony characteristic of the time, is well exemplified in the selection made for today."

The choir sung the tune referred to.

MOUNT VERNON.

[Composed on the death of Gen. Washington—1799—by Stephen Jenks.]

What solemn sound the air invades?
From heav'n the awful mandate flies.
Where shall our country turn her eye?
Our Friend, Protector, Strength and Trust,
Lies low and mouldering in the dust.
(*Sung by Choir.*)

Mr. Burgess continued, speaking as follows:

At the middle of our century, so great a reaction against the Billings school had set in, and so great was the opposition that in some of the collections all American tunes were excluded.

The Bridgewater collection, so called, endorsed by the Handel and Haydn Association, was made up entirely of tunes and anthems, taken from English publications. In some localities the feeling run so high as almost to exclude music from the churches altogether.

Among the last representative psalm-tune writers and teachers was Lowell Mason, born at Mansfield, Mass., in 1772, and who stands a central figure of musical cultivation from 1826 to 1850. His style of composition, smooth, flowing and highly religious, was largely influenced by his study of European composers. To him, more than to any one, is due the introduction of music as a branch of common school education. He published a large number of collections of juvenile music as well as of church and sacred music.

Rev. A. K. P. Small, D. D., offered prayer, and the choir then sung:

RESPONSE—CHANT.

[By Lowell Mason, born in Mansfield, Mass., 1792.]

Thy will be done.
In devious way the hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done.
If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done.
Though shrouded o'er our path with gloom,
One comfort, one is ours, to breathe while we adore,
Thy will be done.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg was introduced, and delivered a brief and eloquent address on "Religious Worship Early in the Century." He said:

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG'S ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—

Having been requested to offer some remarks in respect to the conduct of religious worship early in the century, I would say that early impressions are the most enduring, and religious impressions the most so of all others, resulting from the fact that they are not so much impressions as the development of innate tendencies kept alive and nourished by the intercourse that all men to a greater or less extent hold with their Creator. There are none that so resent interference or are with such difficulty eradicated. Though by no means one of the good boys who die young and with little inclination to acquire knowledge from books or by dint of study, there were two subjects that always possessed for me a peculiar interest and attraction—one the employment by which men obtained their bread, and the other the discussion of religious doctrines, though utterly averse to any personal application of them. I recollect that when I had twenty-five cents given me by my father to go to Sukey Baker's tavern to see an elephant (a rare sight in those days) sitting as demure as a mouse in my father's study the greater part of an afternoon listening to a discussion between him and a Hopkinsonian minister upon disinterested benevolence, and which was brought at last to an abrupt termination in consequence of the use by the Hopkinsonian of the following illustration: "Suppose, Brother Kellogg, I was walking over a bridge with two ladies, to one of whom I was tenderly attached and engaged to be married, the other an indifferent person. My particular friend is, I am aware, a person of ordinary abilities, but the other lady is possessed of great mental powers, thoroughly disciplined and both of them in a state of grace. The bridge breaks through and we fall into the stream. I can save but one of them, and in that case it would be my duty to save the more gifted person even if I had to leave my personal friend to perish, because she is able and qualified to do more for the glory of God." My father ended the discussion by rising and declaring that

a man who could cherish, much more propagate, such abominable sentiments was not fit to preach the gospel nor even to live in Christian society. The discussions and ways of ministers, their preaching and modes of conducting worship at that period are as vivid in my recollection today as then, and I propose to turn it to account in complying with your request.

Religious worship at that time, though modified, still retained much of the ancient spirit and somewhat of the form. My father and the ministers of his age formed the connecting link between the old and the new. Many of the old ministers, who were settled for life, and wore the old ministerial wigs, cocked hats, small clothes and bands, were still preaching, and frequently exchanged with my father — Father Lancaster of Scarborough, Mr. Tilton and Mr. Eaton of Harpswell. Father Lancaster would sometimes fall asleep in the pulpit while the choir were singing the hymn before the sermon, for he was well stricken with years. Ministers of a later date wore a queue and powdered their hair. My father in younger life wore his hair long, and it curled down his neck and was powdered. He also retained the bands for a neck dress. I can just recollect when he exchanged breeches for loose pants. The old people, who were opposed to the innovation, called them sailor trousers, and said they did not become a servant of God; were got up to conceal spindle shanks, and the deacons at the First Parish retained them, and some others. The sermons and prayers were somewhat curtailed, even by the old ministers, but were still of sufficient length. The hour-glass was no longer seen on the pulpit, but was still used in families, schools, and by the toll-keeper at Vaughan's bridge. The deacons in the First Parish still sat before the pulpit, but the practice of deaconing the hymns was given up. Intentions of marriage were no longer cried in church with the addition that if any person could show cause why they should not be carried into effect, to make it known, or else forever to hold their peace; but publishments were posted in the porch of the meeting-house for all to read. Much importance was attached to singing and was always performed by a full choir, as loud noise was by our forefathers deemed essential in public worship. At first there was no instrument except the bass viol. The chorister, conscious of the dignity of his office, would rise with a solemn air, run up the scale,

beating time with his hand, and lift the tune. My father, who had been drum major in the Continental army, and was extremely fond of instrumental music, introduced the cornet and the clarinet, in addition to the bass viol, into the Second Parish choir. He likewise persuaded Mr. Edward Howe, of Groton, Mass., to come and set up business in Portland on account of his musical talent, and assisted him all he could, and he led the choir of the Second Parish for many years, keeping up with the progress of the times. Difficulties in church choirs were as prevalent then as now. At one time the first hymn was read, but there was no response from the choir. My father who was a good singer immediately read the hymn, "Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God," etc., led off himself, the church and congregation joined in. When the next hymn was read the choir concluded to sing.

There was no fire in the meeting-houses. The women carried foot stoves that contained an iron dish filled with hot coals. The sexton was bound by written contract to keep a good rock maple wood fire on the Sabbath in order that the people might have good coals to fill their foot stoves in the morning and replenish them between meetings. Children suffered the most from cold feet and would often cry with cold. I used to run my legs to the knees into mother's muff and get my feet on her foot stove and long for services to be done. My father used to say that when he could hear people all over the house striking their feet together to quicken the circulation he felt it was time to stop preaching, and indeed seldom preached more than forty minutes and often less. But of the old ministers who exchanged with him, many of the later ones, had a method of dividing their sermons that to a boy with cold feet was extremely tantalizing. They would have six, eight and often ten heads of discourse after which came the improvement, the most excruciating of all. After a long time occupied in the application of what had preceded the minister would say lastly. Then all the younger portion of the audience would prick up their ears and handle their mittens in expectation of the close, but after this would come finally, and on the heels of finally, to conclude, and after conclude, in short. There was no Sabbath-school; religious instruction was in former days given to the children by means of the Westminster catechism,

that was taught to children by their parents, and at stated times in the year the ministers were accustomed to assemble all the children of the parish and catechise them. Parents who were not religious equally with others taught their children the catechism that they might be able to answer the questions of the ministers and appear as well as their companions. This method of instruction had fallen in a measure into disuse, and though Sabbath-schools had been substituted to take its place they were not cherished as at present, nor were they conducted as at present. No pains were taken to render them attractive. Some parents held on to both upon the principle that there never could be too much of a good thing. They had little hold upon the hearts of the ministers or the church and were generally taught outside. The first Sabbath-school I attended was held in a school-house that stood on the northeastern side of State street on a vacant lot. The late Mr. Cahoon was my teacher. The New Testament was the text book. Children committed hymns but took no part in singing.

There was a vein of austerity running through the relations that existed between parents and children. They were neither fondled nor pampered, but taught self-denial, to obey their parents and reverence old age. In many families the children ate at a side table, as they were not supposed to be fitted by age or development to associate with their elders.

In the province of labor there was no special adaptation of the implements of labor to the physical strength of children, nor in matters of education any adaptation of studies or methods of teaching to their mental wants as at present, but children and youths used to a large extent the tools and books of their elders or waited till they grew up to them Thus, in matters of religion, immediate effect was not expected, either in relation to children or adults. It was not expected that a person would be converted till he was married and settled in life.

The question will naturally arise in the minds of many, what was the result of such a mode and spirit of worship as to the promotion of vital godliness and the conversion of souls. I reply, there was but little fruit. The preaching was mostly argumentative and controversial, or political—the conic sections of godliness. Ministers

seemed to feel that their responsibility ended when they had faithfully preached the truth and kept back nothing, and church members, when they attended the ordinances and kept the faith.

The first great change for the better in this state of affairs was caused by the embargo which crushed for a season and well nigh exterminated the business interests of Portland. It taught those who had become giddy with more than twenty years of unexampled prosperity to reflection. In proportion, as their prospects in this life were blighted, they directed their attention to the attainment of more durable riches. The ministers of the gospel, of all denominations, took advantage of the changed condition of thought and there was a great revival of religious interest throughout New England. Edward Payson, who was then in the prime of life and colleague with my father, exerted himself to an extent that consigned him to an early grave and there was during his ministry a constant revival. Instead of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge, absolute free-will, etc., people began to hear of Christ and Him crucified and the still small voice of the spirit and the danger of delay. The eyes of men, stirred to a new life, were now opened to perceive the great obstacles to the progress of religion and morality.

The drinking customs of the day that had now reached a fearful extent, and African slavery and the discussions, caused a shaking of many dry bones seldom equaled, for conscience, self-interest and the law of God were pitted against each other. The main shaft that carried the wheels of business in Portland was the lumber trade, which consisted in transporting lumber to the West Indies, bartering it for molasses, a large portion of which was made into rum that went all over the country. There was new rum for poor people, and West India rum for those in better circumstances. I have seen my mother, as often as Parson Lancaster exchanged with my father, mix Holland gin and loaf sugar and warm it for him before he went into the pulpit and after he came out. I once went with my father to a funeral in Beaver (now Brown) street, and liquor in a decanter was set on the coffin and glasses. At 11 o'clock the bell rang, the masons came down from the ladders, the joiners dropped their tools, and all partook of rum, salt fish and crackers. This great obstacle, in a measure taken out of the way, led to the development of a spirit of Christian enterprise that I leave to abler hands to describe.

At the close of Mr. Kellogg's address, Mr. Burgess said:

John Edgar Gould was born in Bangor, Me., April 15, 1820. He was an excellent musician, pianist, organist and teacher; a composer of hymn tunes, anthems, chants, &c. He was a decidedly religious character, and he devoted his talents to the promotion of Christian devotion and worship. His collections, "Modern Harp" and "Songs of Gladness," show his devotional spirit. He died in Algiers, Africa, Feb. 13, 1875, whither he had gone for his health.

The following anthem was then sung by the choir:

ANTHEM — JEHOVAH'S PRAISE.

[By John E. Gould, 1846.]

Jehovah's praise in high immortal strains
Resound ye heavens thro' all your blissful plains.
His glorious power O radiant sun display
Far as thy vital beams diffuse the day.

Thou silver moon arrayed in softer light,
Recount his wonders to the listening night.
Let all thy glittering train attendant wait,
And every star his Maker's name repeat.

Ye glorious angels, tune the raptured lay,
Through the fair mansions of eternal day.
His praise let all their shining ranks proclaim,
And teach the distant worlds your Maker's name.
Bright with the splendor of his dazzling rays,
Exalted realms of joy reflect his praise.

Mr. Burgess then referred to another composer, as follows:

George F. Root, born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1820, has been for many years a composer of hymn tunes, anthems, cantatas, etc. His works have met the popular taste, and his collections, both of sacred and secular music, are widely known. His style shows the growing influence of foreign composers.

TALLIS EVENING HYMN SERVICE.

[By George F. Root, born in Sheffield, Mass., 1820.]

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and my Fortress, my God, in Him will I trust.

He will cover thee with his feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.

When the singing of the above hymn was concluded Mr. Burgess said:

Henry K. Oliver, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1800, and who has recently died, was an ardent lover of music for its own sake. He was an active member and promoter of musical societies from his boyhood to the end of a long life. He says of himself: "Not a musician by education, I have acquired my limited knowledge of the art by personal study, reading and practice, unaided by professional instruction. An earnest lover of sacred music, I have made that department a specialty, and hope that my small contributions may aid in the praise service of God, both at church and at home."

PEABODY.

[By H. K. Oliver, born in Beverly, Mass., 1800.)

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers — I am His.
My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

After this selection was sung, the beautiful hymn by George F. Root, entitled "The Beauteous Day," was given with much expression by the choir:

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

[By George F. Root, born in Sheffield, Mass., 1820.]

We are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day,
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day!
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

REFRAIN — We are waiting, etc.

REFRAIN.

We are waiting for the morning,
When the beauteous day is dawning;
We are waiting for the morning,
For the golden spires of day;
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near,
Zion, shout, the Lord is here.

Rev. William H. Fenn, D.D., then delivered an address on "Religious Worship Later in the Century." He said:

MR. FENN'S ADDRESS.

(1.) The first change which we note as characterizing this the latter part of the century, is from a simple to a more æsthetic worship. If one of those who fell asleep a hundred years ago in Portland could now revisit the scene of his labors, I am sure it would be difficult for him to find himself or his way through the new city. What with the natural decay of the old buildings, the vast wreck wrought by the late fire, and the construction of new dwellings, old associations would be rudely shocked, the sense of locality be at its wit's ends. Where is this and that old landmark? he would inquire with mournful mien. But if memory and imagination would be puzzled to adjust themselves to the grosser features of the change, how much more to the great public institutions, banks, insurance offices, the increased population, school-houses, stores, the busy streets, the scale on which things are done, the rush and hurry of modern life, the outlandish vehicles, the odd dresses. If the day, however, happened to be Sunday, he would be even more surprised by the difference with which holy time was spent and the afternoons beguiled. Instead of the bare meeting-house he would find the people gathering within the walls of a structure mediæval in its type and associations. The interior, no longer in bold and glaring white, is softened with mellow tones. The windows "richly dight, casting a dim, religious light." The high old pulpit with its holy spiral stairs is laid low, reduced to an open stand on a platform. Instead of the divine attraction which gathered the officers and people close about it, is a feverish anxiety to recede from it,—a grace operating quite strong enough, though it operates inversely as the square of the distance. There is no longer the same sort of solemnity upon the face of the congregation, nor the same uniformity of posture in prayer or in praise. They no longer fiddle and sing the hymns of a selection. In the room of the pitch-pipe or bass viol, is that noble congregation of giant reeds, whose pedal is the very voice of many waters. Would he believe his ears when he heard the Lord's Prayer repeated in concert, the responsive reading of the Psalms and other liturgical exercises long

under the ban? And then, on other days, how would he be amazed at the departures from venerable usage in matters pertaining to the religious life? Instead of the annual Fast, how would he abominate the wicked Sunday or rather holiday which we have made of it. How would his vitals creep within him at the widespread observance of Easter, the animated church-yard of memorial flowers, and the wild chatter of caged canaries, or the universal enjoyment of Christmas, when all the world becomes a child again. With all these changes in the customs of religious life and worship you will yet find many permanent elements of old time principle.

(2.) Another notable change is from a dogmatic apprehension of Christianity to one which looks at it more as life. Supreme veneration in our age is paid to fact; specially fact as against dogma. The creeds as such are being simplified and on the basis of the Apostles' creed. You will observe in modern preaching the receding of God the Father, or rather of the abstract God in favor of the concrete God-man. This will explain another remarkable matter, how Christianity has changed from being a religion of the future into a this world-religion. Fifty years ago, the house of God was transfigured with sermons on Heaven, graphic and ravishing, now it would seem as if the heavens had gone far off and become astronomical. Observe the peculiar want of responsiveness on the part of the ordinary hearer to matters of the future life. He listens, but he will not kindle.

Stand by the bedside of the invalid or dying Christian. He does not waver concerning salvation here and now, he is consistent, conscientious, lest he murmur and fail of patience, but faith that is ardent, faith that bounds up and soars after Christ, how rare!

Certainly this predominating estimate put upon fact, underlies the Christian spirit of the time too, as constituting it the practical age. There is plenty of pressing work to do, hence its earnest thrusting aside of a strife about words to no profit.

(3.) Another change is from a more defined to a more mystical conception of the greater facts in religion. We are not to press distinctions absolutely, but fifty years ago, the fathers were more inclined to speak of God as outside of his universe, turning the world around with his finger. Today the universe is more like a flower opening from within, and God is the life of its life. It does

not express to us the whole truth to say that the firmament shows his handiwork. God inter-penetrates the whole.

Too often our elder brethren misgave themselves for joy in things visible as though idolatry lurked in their deadly fascination, but we defy the charm by opening God at their heart.

Hermit religion is spindling and stalky like wheat grown in the shade. Degradation overtakes religion when not in close contact with every day life. It is not to be denied that this broad church tendency may be carried to extremes and lose itself in the world-spirit of which St. John speaks in his Epistles. But to us the indwelling spirit consecrates and sanctifies the whole of human life, its customs, laws, its battles, business. The close relation which the theology of today finds between God and human life, it discovers also between God and the human soul. Our ancestors were wont to define sharply the natural from the supernatural. They were mostly old school in their theology. Human righteousness was filthy rags. Regeneration an act of sovereign, naked omnipotence. We cannot affirm exactly what God does, and what man does. The deeper we go, the more mysteriously the human and the divine are blended.

(4.) Another landmark of thought which distinguishes our age from theirs is a turning from special grace to general, that is, to the movement of the spirit in all men. We do not deny the special but we antedate the beginnings of change and expect from the spirit a greater diversity of operations. We incline to be interested not in the differences, but in the resemblances, the things common to all souls.

(5.) Still further and every way worthy of note is the tendency toward an inclusive christianity, rather than the exclusive, a disposition towards comprehension. This out of a charitable and catholic zeal. The point of view of the individual is giving way before the corporate sense of humanity. The self-conscious and introspective habit has touched its decline. Magnifying crises of feeling in connection with conversion, it has unchurched the children and driven them into more churchly communions. There is a something besides conscious experience, which precedes and conditions it,—the antecedent grace of God,—without which we are insulated from the life divine in church and history. To this tendency contributes mightily the instinct of Christian brotherhood, and in co-operative

ways. It seems the epoch of falling middle walls in economies, state and church. All this is greatly magnified by the overwhelming world consciousness which is now upon us. There seems to be some all-pervading moral ether which permeates the society of moral beings and transmits through it innumerable waves of good or evil influence, and this not only from continent to continent, but from heaven to earth, giving to religion a universal scope, making of redemption a world movement, in many of its features as pervasive and irresistible as God himself.

As Dr. Fenn concluded, Mr. Burgess rose to say a few words about a composer who was born in Portland, John K. Payne. He said:

John K. Payne is too well known to you, both in his person and in his works for me to characterize them. He is, *facile princeps*, most easily the leader among American composers. His grand oratorio St. Peter, first produced in this hall by the Haydn Association, deserves rank with the works of the great tone masters. As the professor of music at Harvard University, he is exerting a far reaching influence for the best music everywhere.

The choir then sung the following:

DIVINE LOVE.

[Chorus by John Knowles Paine (of Harvard College), born in Portland, 1839.]

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us, with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away our power of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,—
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Mr. Burgess then said, referring to the next composer:

Edward Howe, jr. (whose father many of you remember, and who was induced to come to Portland to become a member of Rev. Mr. Kellogg's church choir), is a composer whose chaste and correct style well represents the high standing which American church music has attained at the present day.

SENTENCE.

[By Edward Howe, jr. (Organist New York City.) Born in Portland, 1820.]

The Lord is in his holy temple, The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, before him.

Let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him, let all the earth, let all the earth keep silence, keep silence before him.

Mr. Burgess spoke of the last composer on the programme, thus:

Geo. W. Chadwick was born at Lowell, Mass., Nov. 13, 1854, and received his musical education at Leipzig and Munich, being the first American pupil of Rheinberger. His works, consisting of quartettes, overtures, anthems, symphonies, &c., are full of genuine feeling, expressed in the highest style of art, and show the great progress and upward tendency of present musical thought.

The tune was the following:

ANTHEM — Benedic Anima Mea.

[By G. W. Chadwick, born at Lowell, 1854.]

Praise the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me praise his holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul;
And forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sin;
And healeth all thine infirmities.

Who saveth thy life from destruction;
And crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength;
Ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord all ye his hosts;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord;
All ye works of his, in all places of his dominion.

Praise thou the Lord;
Praise thou the Lord — O my soul.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son;
And to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be;
World without end, Amen, Amen.

Mr. Burgess concluded:

Not without many drawbacks, and subject to limitations incident to its environment, musical art has made a steady and gratifying progress during the century. Each decade shows by its records an astonishing activity eminently satisfactory, promising, in the not remote future, a result worthy of a great and powerful nation.

The benediction was pronounced and the audience dismissed by Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The Committee on Sunday Services had arranged the following programme for the evening service:

1786 PORTLAND'S 1886

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 4th, 1886,

AT CITY HALL.

7.30 O'CLOCK.

SERVICE OF SONG BY THE CENTENNIAL CHORUS,

W. L. FITCH, CONDUCTOR.

ADDRESSES BY HON. NEAL DOW, WILLIAM E. GOULD, ESQ., REV. ASA DALTON, D. D., REV. J. T. G. NICHOLS.

WM. M. MARKS, ESQ., *Presiding.*

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM M. MARKS, ESQ.

GLORIA.

CENTENNIAL CHORUS—W. L. FITCH, CONDUCTOR.

SCRIPTURE READING.

REV. CHARLES J. CLARK, D. D.

DUKE STREET.

(By Chorus and Congregation.)

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wint'ry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

PRAYER.

REV. A. H. WRIGHT.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

[By Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D.]

(By the Chorus.)

God, from eternity changeless is being,
Guiding all changes by Thy sovereign will,
Boundless in power, and in wisdom unerring,
Ages of hist'ry Thy counsels fulfil.

Tempest and earthquake, our labors o'erturning,
Ever, Thy servants, obey Thy command;
Nations and kingdoms in vain would resist Thee;
Thou art Almighty, and none can withstand.

Thanks for the light in our darkness still shining;
Thanks for the word which came down from above;
Thanks that Thy spirit within us bears witness
We are Thy children, and heirs of Thy love.

Thou wert the merciful God of our fathers,
Still on their sons let Thy blessing descend;
Age after age, may their praise and thanksgiving
Rise in full harmony, world without end.

ADDRESS — TEMPERANCE IN PORTLAND DURING THE CENTURY.

HON. NEAL DOW.

HEAR THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

(*By the Chorus.*)

Hear the Temp'rance call,
Freemen one and all!
Hear your country's earnest cry;
See your native land,
Lift its beck'ning hand,
Sons of Freedom come ye nigh.

CHORUS.

Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er;
Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er.

Leave the shop and farm,
Leave your bright hearths warm;
To the polls! the land to save;
Let your leaders be
True and noble, free,
Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave.

Hail, our Fatherland!
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true,
In the temp'rance cause,
Ne'er to faint or pause!
This our purpose is, and vow.

ADDRESS — THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

REV. ASA DALTON, D. D.

JUDGMENT DAY IS ROLLING AROUND.

Judgment, Judgment,
Judgment day is rolling around;
Judgment, Judgment,
O how I long to go.
I've a good old mother in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
I've a good old mother in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.

CHORUS.

Judgment, Judgment,
Judgment day is rolling around;
Judgment, Judgment,
O how I long to go.

There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

There's a big camp-meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
There's a big camp-meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

STEAL AWAY.

(*By the Chorus.*)

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

CHORUS.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending, poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,—
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

My Lord calls me — He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

Tombstones are bursting — poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

ADDRESS — BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS OF PORTLAND.

WILLIAM E. GOULD, ESQ.

CHARITY.

(*By the Chorus.*)

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "Blessed Three,"
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n-born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping, ever, failing, never,
Tho' deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy Heav'nly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "Blessed Three."
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n born art thou, Charity.

ADDRESS — PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

REV. J. T. G. NICHOLS.

TO THEE, O COUNTRY.

(*By the Chorus.*)

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing,
Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay our burden down;
Thou art the only friend
Who feels their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray,
To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

AMERICA.

(Chorus and Congregation.)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

BENEDICTION.

REV. CHARLES H. DANIELS.

An immense audience attended the services. The City Hall was crowded with the representatives of the best of Portland people, and her returning sons and daughters.

At a few minutes before half-past seven, the Centennial Chorus entered from the ante-rooms where they had assembled, and took places upon the platform. The speakers, a number of Portland clergymen, invited guests and others, also occupied the front seats upon the platform. The services then proceeded according to the programme, beginning with the address of William M. Marks, Esq., who spoke as follows:

MR. MARKS' ADDRESS.

Our Centennial Celebration will continue this evening, commencing with a service of song; then a review of the great moral reforms which are a part of the history of our city. Temperance reforms in our midst, presented by its world-wide champion,—our own honored citizen; the anti-slavery cause—which arose, did its work, and is

finished; our philanthropic organizations,—for which we have an enviable reputation. As these pass in review before us I know we shall feel that the work in which our fathers, and their fathers before them have had a part, is one from which we may get a like inspiration, for everything that is for the benefit and blessing of our common humanity; thanking God that he gives unto us the privilege of living in this nineteenth century of the world's history.

The gloria, by the Centennial Chorus, was then finely rendered under the leadership of William L. Fitch, conductor.

Rev. Charles J. Clark, pastor of the Pine Street Methodist church, read the thirty-third psalm, after which the choir and congregation united in singing Duke Street. The familiar stanzas received a magnificent rendering from the great number of singers. The hymn follows:

DUKE STREET.

(*By Chorus and Congregation.*)

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wint'ry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Abiel H. Wright of the St. Lawrence Street church. At the conclusion of Mr. Wright's invocation, the choir sung Dr. Hill's beautiful hymn composed for the occasion, as follows:

ORIGINAL HYMN.

[By Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D.]

(*By the Chorus.*)

God, from eternity changeless in being,
Guiding all changes by Thy sovereign will,
Boundless in power, and in wisdom unerring,
Ages of hist'ry Thy counsels fulfil.

Tempest and earthquake, our labors o'erturning,
Ever, Thy servants, obey Thy command;
Nations and kingdoms in vain would resist Thee;
Thou art Almighty, and none can withstand.

Thanks for the light in our darkness still shining;
Thanks for the word which came down from above;
Thanks that Thy spirit within us bears witness
We are Thy children, and heirs of Thy love.

Thou wert the merciful God of our fathers,
Still on their sons let Thy blessing descend;
Age after age, may their praise and thanksgiving
Rise in full harmony, world without end.

Mr. Marks introduced in a few appropriate words, Hon. Neal Dow, who spoke as follows upon Temperance in Portland during the Century:

HON. NEAL DOW'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:

The committee of arrangements have requested me to give as much of the History of the Temperance Cause in Portland as can be condensed into a few minutes, which I gladly undertake to do.

An entire generation has grown up in this city and in Maine which knows nothing whatever of the condition of the State and of the people in the good old time. We are now without a distillery or a brewery in the State, while there were many of them in the old time. In none of our cities can be seen any sign painted over or by the side of shop doors, and notice of liquors to be sold within. In the old time every grocery shop made a profuse display of the names of all sorts of liquors kept within for the accommodation of the public. At the end of the counter in every grocery was arranged a

department for drinking; a pail of water, a sugar bowl, a teaspoon suspended to the ceiling by a string, while black bottles containing the drinks were standing on shelves within easy reach of the shop-keeper. Now, in all the State, there is nothing of this.

In every grocer's shop in the old time were "standing casks," larger or smaller, according to the amount of capital invested in the trade. Those casks were often handsomely painted, and labeled in gilt letters with the names of their contents: Rum, Gin, Brandy, Wines, Cordials, in great variety. In order to attract attention, puncheons and casks of rum, gin, brandy and other liquors, were arranged upon the sidewalk before the shop, as an indication of the extensive business carried on there. Tubs containing rum punch were sometimes placed in full view of passers-by, either upon the sidewalk near the door or just within, to attract customers. The shop-boy was often seen just within the door, with a box of lemons, a squeezer, and a tub, preparing punch for a thirsty crowd. A great many of our people do not know what this punch was. It was made up of rum that it might be strong, water to make it weak, lemons to make it sour and sugar to make it sweet. It was a special favorite with those who were in their apprenticeship at the drinking business, for drinking was in those days a great business, absorbing the entire value of all the property of the State, in every period of less than twenty years. I do not express any opinion about the old rum times, whether they were better or worse than our times; I am only to record the facts as they were, and as they are.

But there are some very intelligent people who think the good old rum time was far better than our time, when drink is under the ban, and must be hidden away from sight, and as far as possible from the smell, lest its presence should be betrayed to the senses of officials whose duty it is to lay ruthless hands upon it, and carry it off to limbo, where the lovers of it were locked up in the good old time.

Elections and militia-musters called out all our people in those good old days. The entire population was upon the streets in those days, and everywhere were seen shanties, where gingerbread, molasses candy, rum and punch were sold in great quantities for the refreshment of the crowd. My earliest experience in the temperance cause was on one of these muster days. With many other

small boys, I was on the crowded sidewalk in Market square, when a drunken man fell upon me, holding me to the ground in great horror, until standers-by lifted the drunkard off me.

The muster field was upon the "Hill," a large part of the ground of the present Eastern Cemetary being included in it. Here were innumerable booths for the sale of refreshments, the ever present rum and punch constituting by far the most important part of the stock in trade. Those drinks were free to all who had money—young and old, men and women, boys and girls—and very jolly times were the outcome of it, but such as we should now consider scenes of shocking degredation and debauchery. There were always fights in those days—many of them. There were bullies who were regarded as heroes, and whose fame as great fighters was spread over the country as far as Pooduck and Saccarappa, some of whom are remembered to this day by men who were boys in those good old times, which some of our good people deplore, as gone, never to return.

There were no troublesome and offensive policemen in those days to interfere with personal liberty—the right of every man to enjoy himself in his own way. Our sidewalks and little spots of grass, towards the close of the election and muster days, were occupied by patriots, sitting or lying upon the ground, exhausted by their labors of the day in upholding the honor of the country. Many small boys were often seen, with unsteady steps, striving to make their way home, while others were lying by the roadside, being quite exhausted by their early apprenticeship to the great business of that time.

Immense quantities of molasses were imported into Portland in those days, and were converted into rum at our distilleries, of which there were seven, often running night and day, because their products were in great demand among all classes of our people, not only upon public days but every day. All our working people had "eleven o'clock" and "four o'clock" in those days; that is, they "knocked off work" at those hours to take some "support," which consisted in a stiff drink of rum. Every household had rum or other liquor as an important part of family supplies, and they were offered to every caller at coming and again at going. The parson and the doctor were expected to drink, a refusal to do so was regarded as an impoliteness.

In those days great quantities of West India rum were imported, all for consumption by our own people. These came by the cargo, often large cargoes, making a great display upon our wharves. In our time not a puncheon of rum is imported. The result was that Maine was very poor in those times, when rum was said to be food and drink, and pretty good lodging. Some nice people believe those days were better than ours, and the politics of the country today turns largely upon the question of their revival.

A story, illustrating the manners and customs of the times, is told of Parson Kellogg, who came to Portland a young man as colleague with Dr. Payson. As the custom was in those days, in company with Deacon Jewett and Deacon Blank, he made the round of calls among the people. Everywhere they were expected to "take something." By and by the Parson said: "Brother Jewett, Brother Blank, this will never do; we shall be all drunkards together. I will not drink any more." "Nor I," said Deacon Jewett. "Ha! ha!" laughed Deacon Blank, "if you're afraid, that's wise. I'm not afraid," and he became a drunkard. I am not to say here that these good old times were not the best times. I am only to record the facts. There are some very nice people among us who do not like our times, when "the good creatures of God" are hidden away out of sight, and when a free born American citizen cannot have a bloated, fiery face and a watery eye, without attracting special attention and having his credit at the bank badly shaken. In those good old times it was not regarded as a discredit to be full and hearty on social occasions, and at all other times as well, showing the effects of it in a bleared eye and unsteady step.

I was sometimes at public dinners in those good old times, and know what the habits of the people were. My education in the matter of drink was utterly neglected from my childhood. So I was always regarded as an outsider on such occasions, but there was always some one who wished to sit beside me, because he could have my bottle of wine in addition to his own. I have seen gentlemen seized with a spasm of patriotism on such occasions leap upon the table, dance a rig-a-doon, make glasses and decanters rattle, and shout a toast to the star-spangled banner. I have seen in those good old times a long line of gentlemen stand with one foot on their chairs and the other upon the table, shouting discordantly a drinking song.

That was a proper thing to do in those jolly old times, now, alas, in Maine, passed away, perhaps forever, to the great regret of some very nice people, who do not like the puritanic stiffness and frigidity of our times. We now have great public dinners, and other dinners not so great or so public, without intoxicating drinks. Any lovers of the good old times present are under the humiliating necessity of leaving the table occasionally and going out "to see a friend," instead of having the friend present, and an honored guest. I express no opinion as to which is the better way. My business here is simply to record the facts.

Some time since I was stopped in the street by a friend, one of our most prominent and respected citizens. He had been formerly in trade on a great scale. He said: "More than two-thirds of our sales were of rum; this went far into the country, spreading out like the rays of a fan in leaving town, and its course was as distinctly marked as the path of a fire through a forest. Now," said he, "no rum goes into that region, and the condition of the country and people is wonderfully changed for the better." In those old times two-thirds of the farms were mortgaged to the country-traders in settlement of their store bills, a large part of which was for rum. Now, these mortgages are very few, if any, because in all that country the liquor traffic is practically unknown. I express no opinion as to which is the better way.

The ear marks of the habits and customs of the old times were dilapidated houses and farm buildings, neglected and shabby farm buildings, shabby school-houses and meeting-houses, and a general air of idleness, laziness, shiftlessness and povery. Almost every town and village in the State would illustrate the truth of this description. Look at Saccarappa, for an example, as it was in the old rum times, as I well remember it to have been, when two quarts of rum per man was said to be a daily ration; when the wages of labor were spent in that way; a miserable, shabby, poverty-stricken town. Look at it now—one of the prettiest, most industrious, most thrifty and most prosperous towns in this or any other State. In the old time, every shop a rum shop; now, there is no rum shop there. I merely state facts, and do not express any opinion as to which is the better condition of that famous town.

Special work in the temperance cause began in Maine about 1825, when many meetings were held in different parts of the State, the purpose of which was to call the attention of the people to the inevitable evils coming from the use of alcoholic liquors. A society was formed in Portland, of which Dr. Payson was president. It was called the Sixty-Nine Society by all jolly fellows, because sixty-nine was the number of its members. It was in no way agressive or offensive in its work; but it aroused strong hostility among the devotees of "personal liberty." An attempt was made to burn Dr. Payson's church, and subsequently the lecture-room of the church, a detached building, was burned. At that time the liquor traffic had not been attacked by temperance advocates, whose work was confined solely to the attempt to emancipate the people from the drink habit and to overthrow the drinking customs of society. About that time the Rev. Dr. Edwards, one of New England's great divines, became secretary of the American Temperance Union, and devoted himself exclusively to temperance work among the churches of New England.

In course of his labors he came to Portland, and to a great audience in the Stone church delivered a powerful and effective address upon the "Immorality of the Liquor Traffic." At that time liquors were sold freely, wholesale and retail, in Maine, as in other States in the Union, and many of the best and most respectable members of the community were engaged in that lucrative trade. I was present at that meeting and well remember the deep impression Dr. Edwards' lecture made upon his hearers. A curious anecdote connected with that meeting I heard several years afterwards from a member of a great trading house in Portland, a large part of whose business was the selling of liquor on a large scale, wholesale and retail. There were three members of the firm, all of them church members. My friend, with his wife, was among the hearers of Dr. Edwards. On returning home he said to his wife:

"What do you think about our giving up the sale of liquors?"

"I wish you would do so. I have long desired it."

"But to do so will ruin our entire business."

"Never mind that. I would rather go out at day's work washing than you should continue to sell liquor."

"Very well. My mind is made up. I'll quit it."

On the Monday morning he called his partners into the counting-room and told them this story, and what his resolve was. His partners said they were also at Dr. Edwards' lecture, and had the same talk with their wives on their way home from the meeting, and had come to the same conclusion to sell no more liquor. My friend continued:

"We fully expected that our entire business would be ruined, because our business was with country traders, all of whom sold liquors, and we expected to be abandoned by our customers. But we were disappointed in this, and we never could see that we had lost a dollar by abandoning the liquor trade. We found our losses were greatly reduced, because we found out that they had originated almost entirely in the liquor part of our trade."

At that time conscientious men began to abandon the sale of liquors, which was then monopolized by others.

In 1851, after a long agitation of the question of the relation of the liquor traffic to the general good, the Maine Law was enacted by a Democratic Legislature, signed by a Democratic speaker of the House and a Democratic president of the Senate, and a Democratic governor, upon whose approval it took effect, being the second of June of that year. The effect of the law was wonderful; I do not say here whether for good or evil, but only state the facts. Immediately the open sale of liquors ceased throughout the State; and today more than three-fourths of our territory, containing more than three-fourths of our population, is practically free from it, while it lingers on a comparatively small scale in our larger towns and cities, as the result, and only as the result, of some defects in the law, which we hope to persuade the political bosses to consent to have corrected, if we can make it for their personal interest to do so. I think it safe to say that not one-twentieth as much liquor is now sold in Maine as would be sold without prohibition. The consequence is that the wages of labor are now saved and devoted to other purposes than the purchase of drink, and are laid by in our savings banks, and are invested in better houses, better farm buildings, better fences, in better school-houses, better church buildings, better public buildings, better ways of living, in multiplied and enlarged industries, and in prosperous, thrifty, happy homes.

I am not invited here to express my opinion as to the policy of prohibition, whether it is wiser and better than the policy of the old rum time. I am only to state the facts, among which is this, that some of our intelligent people think the old system, with its results, better than the new, and would like to go back to it, with rum shops in every street, and on every corner, in every village and little country town, and at every cross-road in the State, as the fact was in the old time. This question of prohibition is by no means settled yet. There are many people in this and other States who have not made up their minds whether grog-shops are better for a community than the absence of them. So that this great question is now the leading one, the most important one in the politics of the nation and every State in the Union. This question is disturbing the calculations of professional politicians, as the anti-slavery question did thirty years ago, and now, as then, many intelligent people cannot make up their minds what is wisest and best to do about it. So they do nothing but float with the current, waiting for Providence to point out the way, which will surely happen some day, and then the hopes and ambitions of many patriots will certainly be disappointed.

This great question, like that of slavery, can never be settled finally, except in accordance with the right and with the will of God. I express no opinion here as to the side on which God and right will be found, though I have most decided convictions on that subject. I am content to wait God's time for the conclusive, irrevocable determination of this question, one way or the other, in the meantime evading no responsibility, and shirking no duty in relation to it, and working with all my heart for such a result as in my judgment will be in accordance with the Divine will, the prosperity of the country, and the happiness of the people.

General Dow's remarks were frequently interrupted by laughter and applause. At their conclusion, the chorus sang "Hear the Temperance Call," which follows:

HEAR THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

(*By the Chorus.*)

Hear the Temp'rance call,
Freemen one and all!
Hear your country's earnest cry;
See your native land,
Lift its beck'ning hand,
Sons of Freedom come ye nigh.

CHORUS.

Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er;
Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er.

Leave the shop and farm,
Leave your bright hearths warm;
To the polls! the land to save;
Let your leaders be
True and noble, free,
Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave.

Hail, our Fatherland!
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true,
In the temp'rance cause,
Ne'er to faint or pause!
This our purpose is, and vow.

Rev. Asa Dalton, D. D., was the next speaker. He spoke as follows, and was warmly applauded:

REV. DR. DALTON'S ADDRESS.

In outlining the history of the Temperance Cause in Portland, General Dow could truly say *Magna pars fui*, but I have no such advantage in describing the rise and success of the Anti-slavery Movement. There were many parties, however, to this cause, friendly and unfriendly, each and all of whom are entitled to a candid hearing, an impartial restatement of their several positions, their aims and motives. In the opinion of the speaker, anything less than this would be one sided, and essentially unjust to them. Nevertheless, the dividing line must be drawn somewhere, and we will draw it between those who were for, and those who were against the movement, and each party and division of party shall be allowed to speak for itself, according to the latest and most approved method of writing the history both of persons and parties.

The Anti-slavery party was one in its hostility to slavery and determined opposition to its extension and perpetuity, but it divided, first, upon the question of immediate, unconditional emancipation, and secondly, as to the expediency of political action. The immediate, unconditional emancipationists had for their leaders, Garrison and Phillips who were the necessary logical outcome and antipodes

of Calhoun and Toombs in the South. That is to say, when the foremost men of the South declared slavery to be the natural and normal condition of the negro, and that his state of servitude was to be regarded as perpetual as a law of nature, it was inevitable that corresponding men should arise in the North, no less fierce in their denunciation of slavery as "the sum of all villainies" and therefore to be by all means summarily suppressed. Thomas Jefferson said he trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just, and there is no doubt that Jefferson's words accurately represented the opinions of the best men in the South in his time, who keenly felt the incongruity, not to say antagonism, of negro slavery to the Declaration of Independence which asserted unequivocally that all men are born free and equal; i.e. that they are by nature entitled to liberty and are all equal in the eyes of the law. And they were right. How then arose even here such fierce opposition? Nothing is easier than the explanation. The rights of men are now theoretically recognized in the United States. But the growth of this idea has been slow, and the translation of the idea into fact, most difficult and effected at the price of blood here, as in all the world. The primitive races were nearly always at war, and either killed their captives or reduced them to slavery or serfdom. Thus slavery became a part of every ancient polity. Even modern Europe was so conquered and subdued. Not till the French Revolution, did the condition of serfdom cease in France, and begin to disappear from the rest of the continent. England was far in advance of other nations, but only today, have the people there recovered their natural right to rule.

It is not then surprising, in view of man's injustice to those of his own race, that a race so different from the white, should be regarded as inferior and by nature destined to serve the superior. Hence the unpopular decisions of Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court, and Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina, that "the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect," and that slavery being the normal state of the negro, "all means found necessary to keep in servitude are justifiable." These justices did but give utterance to the facts of the case as they found them.

Now if the rule has been that the weak and ignorant white man has no rights which his superior white brother is bound to respect,

the conclusion becomes even easier in respect to the black man. The Greeks and Romans did not respect the rights of their white captives; nor did the feudal lords in Europe down to a hundred years ago. But white slavery ruined Rome, and negro slavery would have ruined us, if perpetuated much longer.

The founders of states are usually great men, and to be reverenced as our benefactors. So are the leading legislators and administrators of civil government. But still higher, morally at least, rank those reformers, similar to the Hebrew seers, who are quick to discern, and bold to denounce, at all hazards, those corruptions which are ever creeping in, and which will prove fatal to any state and every political constitution, unless speedily expelled. Of nothing can this be predicated with more certainty than of slavery. Calhoun was blind to the fact, but Wendall Phillips was keenly alive to it and sacrificed all that men hold most dear to his convictions. So did Garrison and other leaders, not to speak of the rank and file who followed them. The Portland Fessendens, father and son, were men of the same noble nature, and cast in the same mould, but differed from these radical abolitionists in that they believed in political action. And they, too, acted on their convictions as did General James Appleton and others of our citizens at that time. Still others assented to Garrison's extreme view and conscientiously followed him. Such, as I understand, were those Friends who in this, as in every reform, will be found at the front. Nathan and John Winslow, Emma and Harriet Dow, Miriam and Ruth Hussey, Maria and Phebe Cobb. To these must be added Rev. Messrs. Willey and Lincoln, Charles A. Stackpole, Mrs. Elias and Miss Charlotte Thomas, and perhaps before all others, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dennett, since they were active beyond these, their contemporaries. It was by their invitation and generally at their expense, in whole or in part, that Garrison, Phillips, Theodore Parker, George Thompson, Stephen S. Foster and others repeatedly addressed the people of Portland in the old City Hall, Exchange Hall, the "Christian" meeting-house on Temple street, and the old Friend's meeting-house, corner of Pearl and Federal. A meeting of this kind in this last named place, was the occasion of a riot which was suppressed chiefly by an engine company of which Neal Dow was foreman. These good men and women were true heroes, and did yeoman's

service. Though vilified then, their work is now lauded and their memories are revered, nevertheless they had "the defects of their qualities." No less to be honored, are those who differed from them on the two points of gradual emancipation and political action. Without these, those would probably have affected but little toward the great end, emancipation. This required not only these two classes, both of whom resorted chiefly to argument, but the admirable genius of Mrs. Stowe to touch the consenting hearts of our countrymen, and finally the assault on the flag at Sumpter to fire those hearts, and fuse them, glowing with the white heat of patriotism, into one.

We may illustrate by reference to the liberty and unity of Italy. This grand event, the emancipation of Italy from the tyranny of her oppressors, French and Austrian, required the united efforts of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel, men who correspond almost exactly in genius and services to Garrison, Phillips, the Fessendens, Grant and Lincoln. We can all see and confess this of Italy because we are not blinded by our prepossessions. We should see it with equal clearness, and confess it with the same impartiality, if our feelings and judgments were not warped by our personal prejudices.

But on this occasion we are to speak not only of these anti-slavery men of different parties, but of those who stood more or less aloof from the whole movement. There is something to be said not only of them, but for them, as well.

(1) There were those who kept aloof from political considerations, either on principle or by sentiment; they sincerely believed that the Constitution was a compromise between the free and slave States, and so to be kept in good faith. Others believed, that slavery would and must disappear, and all the sooner for our not exasperating a really doomed party, viz., the slave-holder.

(2) Mercantile interests. The business outlook in this busy world is always a potent factor in influencing the actions, and even the opinions, of men. Portland and Maine were intimately connected with the South and the cotton trade, and therefore practically with slavery, by our extensive commerce with slave States. Our ships filled their harbors, and their sails whitened every sea, carrying cotton to all parts of the world.

Finally, there are the churches. Their good points and good works are abundant—too many and too great to be set forth here. But their weak point is the fact that their membership and support are purely voluntary. And these churches are so numerous that none can afford to alienate any considerable number of its friends and adherents. Therefore the introduction of the slavery question was regarded with fear and disfavor as a rule, the Friends being almost the only exception. Examples could be given at length, if necessary, to show how serious the difficulty was. In some instances, the ministers were in advance, and in others the members. Dr. Chickering touched it in his cautious manner, and lo, a meeting of offended parishioners was called the next day. On the other hand, Dr. Dwight wished to keep it out, and Gen. Fessenden finally asked for a letter of dismission to the Abyssinian church. These two instances are sufficient to show how vexed a question it was for the churches and their ministers, severely taxing the courtesy and patience of both.

As to the charge of moral cowardice sometimes brought against many of the leading pastors and politicians of that day, it was often unjust. Who can believe it of Dr. Nichols, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Pratt, or that noble old Roman, Dr. Carruthers, who still lives to be honored by all his fellow citizens, as well as by all the churches? One of the Maine senators of that period is yet with us, with his natural force but little abated. And who that has often met him, say at the meetings of the Maine Historical Society, of which he is the honored head, could be made to believe that the Hon. James W. Bradbury has not a nice sense of honor, or that as a senator from Maine, he was capable of pursuing any line of action which he did not in his heart believe best for the whole country? The simple truth is, that our venerable ex-senator, (Mr. Bradbury), and those who at that time thought and acted as he did, were of a generation which drew its inspiration from the enthusiasm which was born of the Constitution and Union. Memories of the distractions, feebleness, and perils of the colonies for fifteen years after Independence was achieved, and of their marvelous growth after the Union was formed, inspired this generation with a sentiment of reverence for the Constitution almost religious. There was a passionate desire to perpetuate the Union that had been formed with so much difficulty, and

which had averted so many dangers, as well as secured the blessings of peace and unparallelled prosperity. Hence the fear of the anti-slavery sentiment when it assumed the form of political action. Knowledge of the Southern temper assured statesmen of the Websterian school, that any direct interference with Southern institutions would be followed by secession. They were certain of this and dreaded it above all things. As a matter of fact, their judgment was correct. The anti-slavery feeling of the North steadily rose, followed by the consequences predicted by these statesmen of the old school. At so great a price was liberty proclaimed the law of the land. These men may have erred, but they were as conscientious, high-minded and fearless, as any of those from whom they differed as to the ways and means most fitted to effect the overthrow of slavery without destroying the union of the States.

Of course, there were selfish and short-sighted people of both political parties then as now, and plenty of them in Church and State. Those who hated the negro for his color, or despised him because a slave, are entitled to no consideration, no mitigation of judgment. The one redeeming feature of the war which sprang up was that it united all, or nearly all, hearts, and made the North essentially a unit, as slavery had made the South practically so. The war came, and slavery fell, as it ought anyway, but specially and directly, that it would have pulled down the temple of liberty and built itself up on its ruins.

The inception of this daring scheme which finally took the form of secession, is generally and justly attributed, to the active brain and iron will of John C. Calhoun, the idol of South Carolina, and as true a representative of its ruling class, the large slave-holders, as Charles Sumner was of the culture of Boston, or better still, our own William Pitt Fessenden, of the anti-slavery convictions and conscience of this community.

That I have fairly stated the settled purpose of the advanced party and controlling element in the South, was made clear by the wanton repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The success of this movement in Congress was a great shock to the North and aroused the fears of the most careless classes. From that time the people of the North knew, that the domineering spirit of Southern slave-holders must be checked, or the whole country would soon become a party to

the spread of slavery within the new territories, and responsible for a policy so shameful. How nearly this subject is related to the progress of anti-slavery sentiment in Portland appears from this, that our representative in Congress at the time audaciously asserted in a set speech, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise would be well received by his constituents and regarded as a measure of peace.

The negro is here, and to stay. White men brought him here, and white men made him free. Now we have the further task of fitting him for his duties as a freeman. If he is not thus fitted he will by some means be reduced to the condition of serfdom, and possibly a war of races might lead to his extinction. But let us resist both these impotent conclusions and all attempts to bring them about. Our safety, as his, is in doing equal and exact justice to all without respect to color or previous condition. If we aim only at material wealth and grandeur they will perish, our largest cities, noblest ships, and all the monuments of our greatness. But if we fashion human hearts after the model of Christ, and mould them on the principles of the Gospel, our work will be imperishable.

To adapt and apply a sentence from Jeremy Taylor we may say of the success of the anti-slavery cause what the poet-preacher says of all the conquests of Christianity. As we have seen the sun rising gradually and its rays struggling with the mists which enveloped it, till at length it made darkness so disappear, that it was lost in the joys and brightness of morning; so have we seen the cause of human liberty contending with tyranny, advancing slowly and with many apparent reverses, now nearly strangled by despots, yet fighting bravely with its oppressors, and now by praying, suffering and dying at last changing despotism into liberty, bondage into freedom, and the spirit of oppression into the genius of universal emancipation.

After Dr. Dalton's address, the chorus sang the two negro melodies following:

JUDGMENT DAY IS ROLLING AROUND.

Judgment, Judgment,
Judgment day is rolling around;
Judgment, Judgment,
O how I long to go.

CHORUS.

Judgment, Judgment,
Judgment day is rolling around;
Judgment, Judgment,
O how I long to go.

I've a good old mother in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
I've a good old mother in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.

King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

There's a big camp-meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
How I long to go there too,
There's a big camp-meeting in the heaven, my Lord,
O how I long to go.—CHO.

STEAL AWAY.

(By the Chorus.)

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending, poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,—
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

My Lord calls me—He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home,
I hain't got long to stay here.

Tombstones are bursting—poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.—CHO.

The charities of Portland were treated of by Wm. E. Gould, Esq., whose interesting account of the noble charitable work of Portland's various organizations received the closest attention of his hearers. Mr. Gould's remarks follow:

MR. W. E. GOULD'S ADDRESS.

Benevolence cannot be measured by a precious metal. Facts and figures cannot tell the story of our charities. Nor can the development of a people in kindly acts be marked with certainty by the progress made in science, art, general education, or even by an apparent morality. High attainments in one direction may reveal a lack in another. Nor can statistics of crime show that a community

is or is not humane, as all arrests for violation of law are based upon the popular will toward certain laws, and are more or less frequent as the officers are vigilant or lukewarm.

Indeed crime may go altogether unpunished and the inference may therefore be that the people are highly refined and abounding in all good traits, when, in fact, the test is partial, as it takes hold of but one idea.

There are, however, certain proofs which may be relied upon to demonstrate the benevolence of a people; they are the outgrowths of individual character; they manifest themselves as results which spring from consecrated service to another's need; they probe the very motives of character; and the virtue of an act is to be determined not by its expression, but by what is back of it.

Hence from this standpoint we study our city; we ask what has been accomplished in all these years. Our reply is to be based not upon apparent indications, but as we can answer the question — has a righteous motive prompted a generous act?

We face the benevolence of a hundred years, and we are to analyze it as well as to praise it; and in the light of what is written we can justly magnify both the act and the science behind the warm right hand.

A charity may be simply the expression of rank selfishness, or the exhibition of a donor's vanity; or the desire to be rid of importunity. We can divide our common gifts into two classes, viz.: those which are purely unselfish, and those which are defensive.

The first, the unselfish, are such as are shown in the history of our city when the warm impulses in a new community reach out toward neighbors in trouble. They are ingenuous and hearty.

The other class may be called defensive, or an organized charity which try to repel fraud, to discountenance promiscuous begging, or endeavors to make lazy people work, or which acts as a proxy for the individual conscience, or which is the scapegoat for simple indifference.

I do not mean to insinuate that all organizations through which the individual may prefer to dispense his bounties are devoid of the grace of a generous self sacrifice; but I wish to point out the two directions which our gifts may take, and both be useful, though in varied expression.

Looking at the early days of this town we notice that our fathers were kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. In 1796 the familiar names of Moody, Waite and McLellan, with others, were joined in corporate capacity by the General Court of Massachusetts as the Port Marine Society. Thirty-two thousand dollars have been paid out to worthy men who have brought to our shores the cargoes which have enriched others, while in their declining years the shadow of need was crossing their path. To many a widow and to the fatherless children, has its bounty been like an angel from God.

In 1803, another society illustrates the idea of an unselfish gift brought from a warm heart of a neighbor, to one who through misfortune has been lead into defeat and want. I refer to the Portland Benevolent Society which continues unto this day.

It is not well to speak of classes in matters of want; but is there not something peculiarly touching in the sight of an honorable man, who has himself done all that is generous and noble towards his associates, stripped by one quick blow of all his goods, or by circumstances over which he has no control, being led with a lovely family into hopeless decay and need. Most surely our fathers had this feeling of deep sympathy, for they devised wise things for their brethren; and for such as passed into trouble among themselves they gave the hand of cheer and the purse with a blessing.

Few of our citizens can remember the rigid enforcement of the Embargo Act of December 21, 1807, which, by prohibiting any American vessel from sailing to any foreign port, so seriously crippled the prosperity of this city as to bring great distress upon many of its most deserving people. In January, 1808, a town meeting was held to hear a report of a committee raised to devise a plan for the relief of the distressed poor. Four hundred dollars were raised for the purpose and the recipients were required to work on the highways. One year later the town took further action and on January 9th, 1809, opened a soup house, which until April 3d, of the same year, ministered to 27,662 persons.

The place selected was about where the present eastern corner of the "Old City Hall" now stands.

The old soup book, used in 1809, was again opened in 1817 on March first. It is not known whether this charity was from the city

or from private hands; but though there is no recorded authority on the city record, yet the soup book tells the story that for five weeks an average of about 350 people a day received rations; at any rate the town voted to buy the kettles and they were turned over to the overseers of the poor.

A third soup distribution was begun early in January, 1838, with an appropriation from the city of $800. This was continued until April second of that year.

A fourth relief of the same nature was in 1866, after our great fire. The losses of our people by the disaster of 1866 prompted a generous impulse toward other cities as they were visited by fire, flood or fever. In a period running from 1870 to 1885 we sent away more than $22,000 to the sufferers of Calais, St. John, New Orleans, Memphis, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Port Huron, Jeffersonville and Galveston.

But the cries from the battlefield in our civil war brought from our citizens the largest bounty in any one direction. Competent authority place the amount thus donated at $100,500.

Measuring the years of our city's growth we notice that various societies sprang out of what was evidently a need of the time. Many an honored mother whose friends or children have been removed, has found a comfortable resting place in the home, which is so well managed for aged women. Within a few years the fathers have had prepared for them a most comfortable abode where the fading years may be blest by constant attention. Nor have the little ones been neglected. For nearly sixty years the hearts of our kind women have cared for hundreds who but for the shelter of the Orphan Asylum would have found the earth too large for their tired feet.

Nor can we forget those sympathetic ladies who have since 1828, either as the Samaritan Society, or as the Martha Washington Society, or as the Female Provident, or the Female Charitable Society looked into darkened homes and helped the mothers and children, where perhaps a drunken father has cursed the threshold, and they have carried many garments for the aged and the young, or have taken food and carried sympathy and good cheer from homes more favored.

For seventy-six years the constant supply of the Bible has been

made possible by the yearly donations to the local society for this purpose. The mechanic has been cared for at his home when in distress; and during health he and his family have had the privileges of lectures, debates, library and schools, through the worthy association which for seventy years has been his pride.

The seaman has not been friendless when in our port; for more than one society has ministered to his necessities, and one special church is always open to him with free reading room and well selected library.

The sewing girls had for many years a helper in the Needle Woman's Friend Society. The sick who cannot employ a physician can always be aided at our dispensary.

The soldier, or his family, or his orphans, have in the various relief corps firm friends, who will never forget what should be only too willingly granted for those who stood for us in the great battles of our country.

Various churches have funds which in very quiet ways find out the needy and carry a practical Christianity to earthly needs.

The fireman has his dangers as well as his glories, and his society has disbursed nore than $10,000 since 1848. And there are scores of little springs in the desert which open up comfort to certain trades; the engineer and firemen upon our railways, the mason and the plasterer, and the longshoremen, all have their charities which are wisely dispensed.

The Provident Association is one of the most systematic of our societies, trying to sift out of the multitude of claims for help, those which are really needy; endeavoring to save money as well as to give.

Nor should I omit those worthy associations which have for their special aim, the help and restraint for young men and maidens. Reading rooms, libraries, workshops, evening schools, temporary board, all these things we glory in and love to help.

As we stand upon the Western Promenade we see one of the noblest of our charities, not wholly ours, but one that never appeals in vain to our sympathies and our gifts. And as the morning sun touches its towers, the shadows fall almost upon another retreat just removed beyond our boundaries, which daily takes to its fold a wandering child, a broken hearted mother or a helpless babe.

And what more shall I say? for the time would fail me to tell of those thousand quiet gifts which are conveyed so quickly and so quietly that the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth. Not until the future unveils the past will it ever be shown how perhaps after all the noblest gift was that seen only by that eye which never closeth.

I had hoped to submit with these remarks a tabular statement of all societies which had ever existed in this city, with the lists of their varied gifts. The records of so many were destroyed in 1866, that I am much delayed, and my attempt may be defeated. But I hope to present such a statement at some future time.

"Charity" was then sung by the Chorus Choir.

CHARITY.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "Blessed Three,"
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n-born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping, ever, failing, never,
Tho' deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy Heav'nly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "Blessed Three."
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n born art thou, Charity.

Rev. J. T. G. Nichols, of Saco, was introduced as the last speaker. He spoke upon personal reminiscences.

REV. MR. NICHOLS' ADDRESS.

The lateness of the hour forbids more than a brief recital of reminiscences which running back to my childhood, cover a space of more than sixty years. I remember Portland as a town not of forest trees, but of fruit trees, in which nearly every householder had his garden and his cow. Along High street, from Congress to Pleasant, on the eastern side, were but three dwellings (Matthew Cobb's, General Wingate's, and Robert Boyd's), the rest was garden — the garden of the latter taking in also a considerable portion of Spring street.

Down State street, from where Spring now crosses it, to Danforth, on the eastern side, were only three houses — the spaces between being fields and gardens, while north from the same point up as far as Congress, was not a single dwelling. I remember when the long row of poplar trees lining this portion of State street, was cut down, and elm trees were planted in their places. Up and down Park from Gray, almost to Congress street, midway between State and Park, was Gray's ropewalk, "long and low," with its tar-house. Park street was then Ann street. From the head of High to the end of Congress street, on the northern side towards "Deering's woods" (as Deering park was then called), was, with the exception of two or three dwellings, continuous pasture land. From State street, between Gray and Congress, west to Bramhall's Hill, was mostly bushes and bog, including two small ponds. There we skated in winter and picked berries in summer.

On Munjoy Hill was but a single dwelling of white persons. It was a frequent resort of sportsmen for curlew and plover.

The town had then no graded public schools. Master Libby's was a mixed town school, of good reputation. Master Jackson (of honored memory), taught upon the Lancasterian or monitorial system. My first visit to the school when I was about ten years of age, is impressed upon my memory by the fact that shortly after my entrance I was called to the floor to hear a class of boys recite, who were most of them more than a head taller than myself.

The Portland Academy was then taught by Mr. Bezaleel Cushman, a man whose name was a synonym for uprightness and fidelity. Mr. James Furbish taught young ladies in the same building overhead. His success as a teacher some still live to attest and praise. Besides these were the school of Master Gregg for boys, and several for young ladies, of which particular mention should be made of that of the Misses Cross, of Miss Neal, of Madam Wood, and of the Misses Martin.

There were no steam fire engines. Every householder was required by law to keep a pair of leathern buckets, a fire-bag and bed-key, and carry or send them to the fire. All persons present at a fire might be called upon to form lines, by one of which the buckets of water were passed to the fire, and by the other the empty buckets handed back. Even ladies not infrequently lent their aid.

There was no railroad in the town. One daily mail coach, with two seats for three persons each inside and one outside with the driver, and one daily accommodation stage, carrying nine inside and two outside, with occasionally an extra chaise, took all the passengers who desired to travel "West," as the journey to Boston was then called. One daily coach went east and one in the direction of the White Mountains. All these were quite as often half empty as they were full. The mail-stage for Boston left Portland at 4 A. M., arriving at 10 P. M. The accommodation took two days, spending the first night in Portsmouth.

I remember the pulling down of the steeple of the old First Parish church. It was supported by short pillars. It was supposed to have grown weak with years and to be liable to fall. Once, great was the consternation at an evening meeting when the overturning of a bench in the gallery caused someone to cry out that the church was coming down. But, as it is said, there is a period in human life when one ceases to grow old, it was eminently true of the aged church, that it had passed apparently the period of decay. Instead of yielding easily, as was imagined, to the force applied from below, it was necessary to saw off pillar after pillar of the staunch old steeple, until all but one were severed; and then only after repeated efforts was it moved from its perpendicular and brought to the ground—its wood as sound as on the day of its erection.

The ancient square pews I well remember, with narrow enclosed passage-ways to some of them, the seats facing each other, and the panels left unrepaired through which the cannon balls of Mowatt passed. The chandelier in the center of the church ceiling is still suspended from one of the balls. There were no church furnaces, but a small iron stove had just been introduced, to the joy of the younger members, whom the heat of the foot-stove seldom reached.

It was customary for families into which death had entered to have a "note-up," as it was called, which was generally after this form, viz.: "Mr. A. and wife desire the prayers of this congregation that the death of a child may be sanctified to them and their surviving children for their spiritual and everlasting good." Sometimes there were two or more notes from different members of the family for the same death, and all family connections made a religious point of being present the Sunday following the funeral.

In case one desired to join the church, notice was given from the pulpit on the Sunday preceding the communion, in the following words: "It is the desire of A. B. to become a member of this church in full communion." Notice was at the same time given that "the ordinance of the Lord's Supper would be administered the next Lord's day, and the preparatory lecture will be on Friday evening preceding." The change of this lecture from afternoon to evening had been lately made at the request of certain business men, but not without earnest remonstrance.

Marriage publications were posted in a frame with a glass case at the church doors for public inspection. Never was a vase of flowers in my early days brought to any church pulpit or communion table. Only one church in the town (the Episcopal) kept Easter or Christmas days.

But among my many interesting memories of old (i.e., young) Portland, none is more deeply impressed than its extraordinary galaxy of literary and professional men, and noble women not few. It would be invidious to particularize, even if time permitted. But I may be allowed to express my conviction that no town of its population in our country could have furnished its superior. I need not remind you what introduction the dear old city has had not only to the remotest quarters of our own land, but to every city and town, almost, I may say, in the civilized world by the honored and beloved Christian poet who has told all nations of "the beautiful city by the sea." As long as that sea shall wash its shores may its light still shine, and its fair record receive no blot; still may it prove itself a city that has foundations in Christian faith and rectitude, and its children come back from generation to generation with gratitude, pride and joy to find here "their lost youth again."

"To Thee, O Country" was sung by the choir, as follows:

TO THEE, O COUNTRY.

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing,
Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay our burden down;
Thou art the only friend
Who feels their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray,
To Him who dwells above.

O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

The Mayor read despatches from Stephen R. Niles, in London, and Hon. Francis Springer, Columbus Junction, Iowa, sending cordial greetings.[1]

The audience and choir united in singing the well-known words of —

AMERICA.

(*Chorus and Congregation.*)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Rev. C. H. Daniels pronounced the benediction, and the meeting dispersed.

[1] See Appendix.

Women's Philanthropic Associations.

In addition to the programme for Sunday services as arranged by the committee, it was deemed expedient by some of the ladies connected with the various women's charitable associations of the city to hold a union centennial service on Sunday evening, July 4th. This service was accordingly held at the M. E. church on Chestnut street, and the report of the proceedings we take from the columns of the *Daily Press* of Monday, July 5th.

"A large and representative body gathered in Chestnut Street church last evening to testify their interest in the benevolent work of the women of Portland. A large platform was filled with representatives of the various organizations. The church was handsomely decorated with bunting and a profusion of flowers. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, whose name is a synonym for philanthropy throughout the city and the State, presided. The exercises began with the singing of America by the congregation, led by Mrs. Geo. O. Gosse at the organ. Mrs. Wm. Clark read a portion of the 15th chapter of John, and offered prayer.

The historical reports appropriately opened with that of the

FEMALE CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION,

presented by Mrs. Lewis O'Brion. This society is the oldest charitable organization in the city with the exception of the Portland Benevolent Society, which is sometimes called its twin brother. It was formed in 1812, when the distress occasioned by war was extreme. Through its efforts the destitute were supplied with clothing and poor women employed to spin and weave, to knit and sew. A sewing-school was opened for girls. Mrs. Polly Hobart left the society a legacy of five hundred dollars in 1824, which necessitated its incorporation. The original constitution contains some quaint features, such as the promise to be watchful over each other in sisterly

love, not to divulge each other's infirmities, and engaging that no trifling conversation shall be indulged in. The aim of the society has ever been to help the worthy poor, especially the aged, widows and little children.

THE SAMARITAN ASSOCIATION,

reported by Mrs. Henry Blanchard, originated in the First Universalist church, and its officers have always been of the same faith. It was formed in 1828, at the suggestion of Mrs. Mercy Bisbee, wife of Rev. John Bisbee, a woman of great talent and piety. The object from the first has been to care for the physical as well as spiritual needs of the poor outside of churches. Since 1834 it has raised money through fairs in addition to its regular assessments. The amount dispensed since its organization is as follows: First thirty-nine years, $3,000; next eleven years, $4,871; next eight years, $4,731. Boxes of clothing were sent to the soldiers during the war. The association now numbers one hundred and thirty-eight members.

THE FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM

was represented by Mrs. James L. Farmer. Fifty-eight years ago a band of Christian women petitioned the Legislature of Maine for "an act to incorporate the Female Orphan Asylum of Portland." The act was passed and approved in 1828. Of the officers of the first board, Mrs. Henry Smith of this city, and Mrs. Nathaniel Dana, now of Wellesley, Mass., alone survive. The aim of the institution is to gather destitute or orphan children to be educated and cared for until other good homes are provided.

Miss Harriet S. McCobb gave a report of the

HOME FOR AGED WOMEN,

established in 1854. The secretary of the first board of officers, Mrs. Charles A. Lord, is still living. Mrs. Neal Dow and Mrs. Albus Rea, recently deceased—the last of the original twenty-five managers,—gave their untiring services for nearly thirty years. The first home, on the corner of Elm and Oxford streets, accommodated eight persons. The present commodious home on Emery street was completed and occupied in 1872. It

accommodates twenty-two inmates, and is always full, with many applications ahead. The rules require an admission fee of fifty dollars and the surrender of any property owned. No one under sixty years of age is received. Since the establishment of the home seventy-one aged women have found a shelter there. The property of the institution, exclusive of the house and lot in Evergreen Cemetery, the gift of the city, is valued at $25,000.

The account of the

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

by Mrs. Asa Dalton, President, was read by the secretary, Miss Cornelia Dow. This institution was organized in 1869, and work projected under several departments. The first of these in operation was the visiting department, whose work was an expansion of that of the old Portland Tract Society, formed fifty-nine years ago, which society was merged in the association in 1869. The association has started a loan library. It has partly sustained Rev. Mr. Wilson as missionary at large. A second distinct work of the association has been the establishment of a boarding-home for women coming to the city to engage in business—teaching sewing and the like. A substantial brick house, No. 26 Spring street, was opened in 1874. The boarders are in no sense beneficiaries, but pay their way, and the home is self-supporting. After thorough repairs it re-opens this month with promise of increasing usefulness. There are also relief and employment departments, with the germ of a bureau of industry and instruction.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY WORK.

The report of woman's missionary work in connection with the churches of Portland was prepared and read by Mrs. Wm. H. Fenn. Fifty years ago the women of one of our churches supported two children in Ceylon, one of whom, Frances Chickering, still lives, a faithful Christian woman. The women in connection with the Baptist church contributed over five hundred dollars a year to foreign missions. Good work is also done for home missions, and for the McAll mission in France. The women of the seven Congregational churches organized in 1873 for foreign missionary work, and raised about one thousand dollars a year for that field and three

hundred dollars a year for home missions. Boxes of clothing are also sent. The women of the Episcopal churches contribute about four hundred dollars a year to home missions, chiefly for the Oneida Indians and for a mission in Mexico. The Free Baptist church contributes very generously in proportion to its membership, raising two hundred and thirty-eight dollars last year for missions, most of which was sent to India. The Friends contribute one hundred dollars a year to missionary work. The Methodist women of Portland organized a W. F. M. society in 1870, to which they contributed over four hundred dollars last year. The Roman Catholic sisters of mercy do a large amount of home mission work. The Portland Unitarian Auxiliary numbers about one hundred members, and contributes one hundred and ten dollars a year to Preble Chapel, seventy dollars a year to the American Unitarian Association, and about five hundred tracts, pamphlets, books and packages to the post-office mission. The ladies of the Universalist churches have only recently organized. They have contributed sixty dollars to a small mission in Glasgow, but have been mainly engrossed in home charities.

THE INDIAN ASSOCIATION

was represented by its president, Mrs. Myra Frye. The society was organized in 1882. Allusion was made to the recent sad death of Frank Modoc, occasioned by his unwarrantable removal with his tribe to unhealthy lands.

THE RELIEF CORPS

connected with Bosworth and Thatcher Posts were reported by Mrs. F. C. Johnston. The former was organized in 1869 and has the distinction of being the first association of that kind in the country. The object of these societies is well known.

THE FEMALE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION

was reported by its secretary, Mrs. J. H. Coffin. The early records were destroyed in the fire of 1866; an old cash book which was alone preserved, commences with an entry of $1.00 from Mr. St. John Smith, December, 1855. The amount raised by regular subscriptions, from 1855 to the present time is about $9,000. But a single dollar has ever been given in money. In material, the amounts given since

the reorganization, in 1866, have been, in round numbers: 10,000 yards print, 9,000 yards cotton cloth, 2,000 yards flannel, 1,000 yards cotton flannel, 300 yards dress goods, 800 pairs boots and shoes.

Mrs. J. W. Bashford presented a report prepared by Mrs. A. W. Longfellow concerning the

TEMPORARY HOME FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The idea and the first efforts toward a temporary home were the direct outgrowth of the W. C. T. U. In 1882 it became a separate organization, being incorporated as a State institution. The management is in the hands of an executive committee of six, one of whom visits the home daily, and reports at the weekly meeting. By the gifts of friends a new house and pleasant grounds were secured at the West End, in 1884, with no indebtedness. One hundred and seventeen inmates have been received and the results in saving the fallen and finding homes for fatherless children have been most encouraging. The State recognizes and appropriates $500 annually for this institution.

The report of the

MARTHA WASHINGTON SOCIETY

prepared by its secretary, Mrs. G. W. Beals, was read by Mrs. George S. Hunt. It was formed in 1841, as a total abstinence society. Hon. Neal Dow has been a firm friend of the society from the first. Among the early officers were Mrs. Dr. Lord, Mrs. George S. Barstow, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Holden and others. Mrs. Moses Dodge, who has held the office of treasurer since 1853, celebrates her seventy-fourth birthday on this centennial occasion.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

was represented by its president, Mrs. George S. Hunt. The motto of the union, "For God and Home and Native Land," expresses its aim in a sentence. The women in the Martha Washington Society, among the Good Templars, etc., doubtless prepared the way for the W. C. T. U. The union, however, grew directly out of the Woman's Temperance Society, and was organized in 1879. The Woman's Temperance Society opened the coffee house in January, 1877,

established the Diet and Flower Missions the summer of 1877, and the Police Mission, June 18, 1877. The Diet Mission is now carried on by a separate organization, the Flower Mission has just been passed over to the Y. W. C. T. U., while the Friendly Inn and the Police Mission remain in charge of the W. C. T. U. The Police Mission is characterized by deeds, not words. The Police Matron looks after from 300 to 400 unfortunate and sinful women a year. The coffee house is now called the Friendly Inn, and is kept as a lodging house. It embraces a boys' reading and amusement room for the winter, and will open a charity kindergarten this summer.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

was reported by its secretary, Miss Florence Scales. It was organized in January, 1886. The beginning is characterized by much enthusiasm and vigorous action, especially in the Flower Mission and Kitchen Garden departments. The society is certain to have a future.

The exercises were happily interspersed with music, Mrs. Jennie King Morrison and Miss Lizzie Brown rendering solos, and Mrs. Morrison and Miss Brown a duet. Dr. Bashford pronounced the benediction."

THE SECOND DAY.

OBSERVANCES ON MONDAY, JULY 5TH.

The day opened auspiciously. A slight shower during the night had cooled the air and laid the dust. The weather was pleasant, but not oppressively warm. The boys long before daylight began their usual celebration of the anniversary of the nation's independence, by the discharge of fire-arms and crackers. At sunrise a salute of one hundred guns was fired from the Eastern Promenade.

By eight o'clock the streets presented a holiday aspect. The public buildings and many stores and private residences, which on Saturday had been finely decorated, were increased in number until bright colored flags and bunting greeted the eye in all directions. The streets were filled with an immense throng of people seeking the best places to view the great parade. The ubiquitous vender of lemonade of all colors, and candy equally varied in hue, was driving a lively trade. Men with toy balloons, and men with all sorts of notions were moving about and offering their wares. The crowd was constantly increased by fresh numbers arriving from the surrounding country and points upon the railroads. In some places walking on the sidewalks was an impossibility. People accordingly filled the roadways, and in the central part of the city moved rapidly back and forth to the ever-changing points of interest as the troops commenced to arrive and take

positions. The police in their full dress uniforms were busily engaged keeping clear those places reserved for guests and the different divisions in the parade.

PROCESSION.

The second day of the Centennial Celebration was devoted to the parade and procession. This feature of the celebration from the time spent in the preparation of its details, and the large number of the bodies and associations, who were to take part in the parade, was expected to be the attractive feature of the three days' celebration. The results fully justified this opinion; for at no previous time in the history of our city was there such a varied and magnificent display. It not only excited the wonder and admiration of the strangers, who came from abroad to take a part in and witness the celebration, but our own citizens were not prepared for such a pageant, illustrating as it did in some of its features, the growth and progress of our city during the past century. It was the longest procession that ever paraded the streets of Portland, excepting however, perhaps, the parade of the Grand Army in June, 1885, being three and a half miles in length.

"The procession, as a whole, was the most magnificent pageant ever seen in the State of Maine. It was as varied in its character as it was splendid in all its details. It represented the army, the navy, the veterans who put down the rebellion, the good old times of the past, the schools, which are the hope of the future, the civic bodies of the city, the railroads which have built up its trade, its manufactures and commerce, and its splendid fire department. The display of the trades

was a surprise, showing as it did the variety of our manufactures and the extent of our business relations. Great taste was displayed in the several exhibits, and the whole did much credit to the public spirit of our business men."

The gentlemen who were members of the various committees under whose direction and by whose labors the procession was so successfully carried out, are entitled to great thanks for their valuable services.

The procession was divided into nine divisions as follows, viz.: 1, Naval Division; 2, Military Division; 3, Historical Division; 4, Public Schools; 2, Civic Division; 6, Transportation Division; 7, Manufacturers and Trades; 8, Fire Department; 9, Street Department.

ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

The route of the procession was as follows, viz.: Beginning at City Hall, and proceeded through Congress, Washington, Cumberland, High, Deering, State, Congress, Carlton, Pine, State, Danforth, Park, Pleasant, High and Congress streets, to Lincoln Park, where the procession was reviewed and dismissed.

The order of formation was according to the following order, viz.:

HEADQUARTERS CHIEF MARSHAL,
CENTENNIAL PROCESSION,
Portland, July 3, 1886.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 3.

The column of the Centennial Procession will move in the following order.

By order of H. S. MELCHER, *Chief Marshal.*
CHARLES D. CLARK, *Adjt. General.*

Official:
MERWIN W. CLARK, *Asst. Adjt. General.*

PLATOON OF POLICE.

Chandler's Band.

Detachment of Battery M, 4th U. S. Art., as escort to Chief Marshal.

Chief Marshal, HOLMAN S. MELCHER.

Captain CHARLES D. CLARK, A. G.

Colonel HOLLIS B. HILL, Chief of Staff.

Bugler. *Colors.*

Colonel HENRY M. SPRAGUE, Chief of Ordnance.
Major ALBERT A. NICKERSON, Inspector General.
Major WILLIAM H. GREEN, Paymaster General.
Major CHARLES H. BOYD, Chief of Topographical Engineers.
Captain WHITMAN SAWYER, Quartermaster General.
Captain GEO. M. SEIDERS, Judge Advocate General.
GEORGE L. SWETT, Commissary General.
EDWARD C. JORDAN, Chief of Engineers.
LYMAN W. HANSON, Chief of Artillery.
JOHN P. THOMAS, Chief of Cavalry.
MERVIN W. CLARK, Assistant Adjutant General.
ARTHUR K. HUNT, Assistant Quartermaster General.

AIDS.

Capt. Horace H. Shaw,
Capt. Appleton H. Plaisted,
William Senter, jr.,
Jabez True,
X. John Little,
Geo. H. McKenney,
William L. Dana,
Capt. Samuel Thurston,
Caleb N. Lang,
George M. Young,
Jere. S. Douglass,
Augustus H. Prince,
Fred B. Libby,
William McLellan.

HONORARY STAFF.

Gen. HENRY G. THOMAS, Chief, and the following gentlemen mounted.

Mathew Benson,
John F. Barrett,
Dr. A. G. Pierce,
Edward S. Hall,
John W. Leathe,
Charles J. Anderson,
Charles H. Oldham,
Burt M. Woodman,
Melvin J. Hawkes,
Elias Thomas,
Harry G. Thomas,
Wilbert O. Pitcher,
F. A. Smith, jr.
James H. Barnes,
George L. Barrows,
Joseph H. Day,
E. H. Baker,
Levi M. Blake,
George Tolman,
Capt. J. P. Marquand,
Washington Libby,

T. Johnson,
Joseph H. Wolff,
Amory H. Rogers,
Frank E. Haggett,
F. L. Jones,
John A. Thompson,
J. A. King,
James S. Marrett,
Fred H. Cobb,
Benj. F. Strickland,
Fred Groves,
Daniel P. Horr,
George S. Hawkes,
Charles A. Brown,
John W. Stockwell,
Freedom Nash,
John H. Russell,
Andrew J. Rich,
Thomas H. Randall,
Milton A. Jewell,
Fred A. Kimball,
Wm. J. Knowlton,
Dr. Wm. H. True,
John H. Flannagan.

FIRST DIVISION (NAVAL).

NAVAL BRIGADE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Naval Brigade Band.

Commander E. T. Woodward, Commanding.
Lieutenant R. H. McLean, Adjutant General.
Surgeon F. M. DuBois, Surgeon.
Paymaster Theodore S. Thompson, Commissary.
Paymaster H. G. Skelding, Quartermaster.
Ensign W. S. Sims, Signal Officer.

MARINE BATTALION.

Captain J. M. T. Young, Commanding.
First Lieutenant H. G. Ellsworth, Commanding First Company.
Second Lieut. C. M. Perkins, Commanding Second Company.
Second Lieut. C. A. Doyen, Commanding Third Company.

INFANTRY BATTALION.

Lieutenant Commander W. Reisinger, Commanding.
Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, Major.
Lieutenant H. H. Hostey, Adjutant.
Past Assistant Surgeon D. N. Bertolette, Surgeon.
Lieutenant W. Kilburn, Commanding First Company.
Lieutenant R. M. Doyle, Commanding Second Company.
Ensign T. W. Kellogg, Commanding Third Company.
Lieutenant S. Seabury, Commanding Fourth Company.
Lieutenant York Noel, Commanding Fifth Company.
Naval Cadet W. W. Joynes, Commanding Sixth Company.
Ensign B. C. Dent, Commanding Seventh Company.
Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, Commanding Eighth Company.

ARTILLERY BATTALION.

Lieutenant Commander T. A. Lyons, Commanding.
Lieutenant A. P. Nazro, Major.
Ensign E. E. Capehart, Adjutant.
Past Assistant Surgeon R. Ashbridge.
Lieutenant F. E. Sawyer, Commanding Platoon.
Naval Cadet B. M. Lombard, Chief of Section.
Naval Cadet James E. Shindel, Chief of Section.
Ensign J. M. Orchard, Commanding Platoon.
Naval Cadet H. A. Bispham, Chief of Section.
Naval Cadet J. T. Bootes, Chief of Section.
Ensign Houston Eldridge, Commanding Platoon.
Naval Cadet A. Rust, Chief of Section.
Naval Cadet W. W. Gilmer, Chief of Section.
Detachment from U. S. Revenue Cutter Dallas, with gun.
Detachment from U. S. Revenue Cutter Woodbury, with gun.

SECOND DIVISION (MILITARY).

Yarmouth Brass Band.

Brig. Gen. Charles P. Mattocks, Commanding Staff.
Lieut. Col. A. W. Bradbury, Chief of Staff.
Lieut. Col. D. O'C. O'Donoghue, Inspector.
Lieut. Col. George F. McQuillan, Commissary.
Major Thomas P. Shaw, Quartermaster.
Major Charles W. Bray, Surgeon.
Lieut. Charles F. Swett, Acting Assistant General.
Lieut. Elmer E. Waterhouse, Aid.
Lieut. Charles H. McKusick, Aid.

FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

John J. Lynch, Colonel, Portland.
Edward H. Ballard, Lieutenant Colonel, Augusta.
Benjamin J. Hill, Major, Auburn.
Edwin C. Milliken, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Portland.
Charles A. Perry, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Portland.
Frank P. Scully, Major and Surgeon, Portland.
G. Hartwell Brickett, First Lieut. and Assist. Surgeon, Augusta.

NON-COMMISIONED STAFF.

Thomas J. Hogan, Sergeant Major, Portland.
D. Wilbur Heseltine, Hospital Steward, Portland.
Thomas J. Lappin, Quartermaster Sergeant, Portland.
George C. Barrows, Commissary Sergeant, Portland.
Charles W. Bean, Principal Musician, Portland.
Walter S. Abbott, Principal Musician, Norway.

PORTLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, CO. A.

Benjamin A. Norton, Captain, Portland.
George C. Barrows, First Lieutenant, Portland.
George M. Blake, Second Lieutenant, Portland.

PORTLAND MECHANIC BLUES, CO. B.

Charles W. Davis, Captain, Portland.

AUBURN LIGHT INFANTRY, CO. C.

Fred E. Bisbee, First Lieutenant, Auburn.

NORWAY LIGHT INFANTRY, CO. D.

George R. Howe, Captain, Norway.
Seward S. Stearns, First Lieutenant, Norway.
William K. Reed, Second Lieutenant, Norway.

PORTLAND MONTGOMERY GUARDS, CO. E.

John A. Gallagher, Captain, Portland.
John A. Hankard, First Lieutenant, Portland.
Edward E. Philbrook, Second Lieutenant, Portland.

CAPITAL GUARDS, AUGUSTA, CO. F.

Winfield S. Choate, Captain, Augusta.
George Doughty, First Lieutenant, Augusta.
Edwin R. Bean, Second Lieutenant, Augusta.

BIDDEFORD LIGHT INFANTRY, CO. G.

Lucius H. Kendall, Captain, Biddeford.
George W. Bryant, First Lieutenant, Biddeford.
Timothy Elliot, Second Lieutenant, Biddeford.

RICHARDS LIGHT INFANTRY, CO. H.

Edward A. Southard, Captain, Gardiner.
Alva G. Moody, First Lieutenant, Gardiner.

GRAND ARMY BATTALION.

Colonel, E. H. Harmon.
Lieutenant Colonel, E. L. Prindle.
Major, Edward E. Philbrook.

BOSWORTH POST, PORTLAND.

Fred A. Motley, Commander.
George F. French, Senior Vice Commander.
Richard D. Berry, Junior Vice Commander.
William S. Dunn, Quartermaster.
George H. Bailey, Surgeon.
Edwin C. Milliken, Adjutant.

SHEPLEY CAMP, SONS OF VETERANS, PORTLAND.

William A. Perry, Captain.

THATCHER POST, PORTLAND.

John D. Williams, Commander.
Edward L. Prindle, Senior Vice Commander.
William H. H. Pettengill, Junior Vice Commander.
William H. True, Surgeon.
Charles W. Hadlock, Quartermaster.
Daniel W. Scribner, Adjutant.

UNATTACHED COMPANIES.

Yarmouth Rifles, Captain F. B. Merrill.
Bath Light Infantry, Captain Harry C. Stetson.
Portland Cadets, Captain H. C. Eastman.

THIRD DIVISION (HISTORICAL).

Buxton Band.

George Doane Rand, Marshal.
Aids, J. Winchester Dana, Captain George E. Brown.
Guidon, Howard Corning.

FIRST CAR—INDIAN CAMP.

Two men in costumes of 100 years ago.

SECOND CAR—THE COMING OF CLEEVE AND TUCKER.

Two men in costumes of ninety years ago.

THIRD CAR—THE FIRST HOUSE.

Two men in costumes of eighty years ago.

FOURTH CAR—BLOCKHOUSE, 1689.

Two men in costume of seventy years ago.

FIFTH CAR—THE HEBDOMADAL TRIBE, GEORGE D. WEEKS, CHIEF.

Two men in costume of sixty years ago.

SIXTH CAR—INTERVIEW WITH MOWATT.

Two men in costume of fifty years ago.

SEVENTH CAR—TOWN MEETING.

Two men in costume of forty years ago.

EIGHTH CAR—AN EARLY COURT.

Two men in costume of thirty years ago.

NINTH CAR—GOING TO CHURCH IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Two men in costume of twenty years ago.

TENTH CAR—EXPRESS COACH TO BOSTON.

Two men in costume of ten years ago.

Heralds.

ELEVENTH ALLEGORICAL CAR—PORTLAND.

FOURTH DIVISION (SCHOOLS).

Albro E. Chase, Marshal.

Aids, Nathan Clifford, Fred C. Tolman, William F. S. Brown, Arthur B. Fernald.

Colors.

Juvenile Band of Brunswick.

High School—60 Pupils.

Marshal, David Welch.

Aids, John W. Connellan, George G. Gatley, Edward B. Mathews, Edwin M. Latham.

Shailer School—80 Pupils.

Marshal, LeRoy S. Moody.

Aids, Lewis P. Huston, George Neal, Clarence H. Sparrow.

Primary No. 1, Monument Street—32 Pupils.

Marshal, Clarence Brooks.

Aids, John Gulliver, Fred Oliver.

North School—250 Pupils.

Marshals, Grammar Department, William Hawkins, Thomas Desmond, Ernest Turner, William Farrington. Primary Department, Joseph Anderson, John Murphy, Walter Davis, Willie Davis, James Connellan, Edward McDonough.

Center Street—112 Pupils.

Marshals, Michael Dooley, Mark Lang, Thomas Closson, Patrick Wallace.

Aids, Joseph Curran, William Casley, Patrick Delaney, John Barrett, William McAlmon, Thomas Conley, John Conley, Edward Cady.

Peaks Island—20 Pupils.

Marshal, George Lapham.

West School—50 Pupils.

Marshals, Henry W. Varney, Chas. C. Garland, Ernest Haskell.

Legault's Band of Portland.

Butler School—130 Pupils.

Marshals, Frank C. Allen, Leon Riggs, Richard D. Small, Stephen T. Rogers, Fred P. Noyes.

Aids, Edwin A. Merritt, Frank L. Wiggin, Daniel O'Donoghue, Charles E. Strong, John K. Symonds, Harry C. Josselyn, Winifred D. Denison, Edwin C. Nesmith, Maurice C. Rich, Frelon C. Bolster.

Primary No. 9, Vaughan Street—35 Pupils.

Marshal, Arthur Chamberlain.

Aids, Bertie Edson, Percy Burrowes.

Primary No. 8, Brackett Street—125 Pupils.

Marshals, Wm. H. Clifford, jr., George W. Hersey.

Primary No. 6, Park Street—39 Pupils.

Marshal, Robert Weiss.

Aids, Charles Brown, Prince Davis.

Primary No. 5, Spring Street—52 Pupils.

Marshals, Paul Goold, Jakie Hume.

Aids, Edmund Sawyer, John Hayes, Weston Eaton.

Butler School Drum Corps.

Cumberland Street School—80 Pupils.

Marshals, Fred H. Sanborn, Percy W. Swett, Chas. M. Leighton. Aids, Harry Colburn, Arthur Leach, Charles May, Robert Dunbar, Almon Rich, Charles Baker.

Primary No. 2, Chestnut Street—55 Pupils.

Marshal, William G. Clark.

Aids, James C. Smith, Thomas E. Bibber.

Primary School No. 4, Casco Street—80 Pupils.

Marshals, Albert F. Smith, Wm. J. Plummer, Bertram E. Brett. Aids, Charles M. Carney, Edward E. Meserve, Fred H. King, Albert E. Jordan, Percy Clark, Eugene C. Smith.

Primary School No. 7, School Street—44 Pupils.

Marshal, John Sheehan.

Aids, George P. King, Gustave Welchman.

School Committee in carriages.

Seventeen barges and wagonettes conveying the misses of the Grammar Schools.

Six cars representing allegorical subjects.

FIFTH DIVISION (CIVIC).

Institute Band.

Major Frank L. Mosely, Marshal.

Aids, Charles F. Tobie, Lewis J. Carney.

Colors.

Canton Ridgely, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant—Captain H. C. Colesworthy, commanding, Lieutenant W. E. Plummer.

Canton Ridgely, No. 5, Patriarchs Militant—Lieut. Freeman T. Merrill, commanding, Ensign Fred E. Haskell.

Portland Fife and Drum Corps.

Damon Division Uniform Rank No. 1, K. of P., of Lewiston—John Sabine, commanding.

Portland Fraternity Cadets.

Portland Wheel Club—Captain Harry Higgins.

Carriages.

Portland Yacht Club, Patriarchs Militant,
Knights of Pythias, Board of Trade,
Young Men's Christian Association.
Irish American Relief Association.
Grattan Literary Association.
Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association.
Sons of Temperance.
Maine Genealogical Society.

SIXTH DIVISION (TRANSPORTATION).

Colors.

Merryman's Band.

Walter Tolman, Marshal.

Aids, Frank D. Rogers, William Allen, jr., John Evans, Dana H. Miles.

Carriage containing representatives of the Maine Central Railroad.

Carriage drawn by six horses — Maine Central Railroad.

Carriage containing representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Two teams drawn by four horses each—Grand Trunk Railway.

Twelve coaches drawn by six horses each—C. R. Milliken, Glen House.

Carriage containing representatives of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad.

Three teams drawn respectively by two, four and six horses—Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad.

Six teams, four two and one horse teams—American Express Company.

One team—Canadian Express Company.

Three teams—Prince's Express.

Two teams—International Express Company.

SEVENTH DIVISION (MANUFACTURES AND TRADES).

Bridgton Band.

Herald with Banner.
George M. Moore, Marshal.
Fred D. Ellis, Chief of Staff.

Aids, Austin D. Sulivan, Martin A. Dillingham, Isaac C. Atkinson, Peter H. Bradley, Charles A. Plummer, William P. Goss, Albert L. Merry, Joseph H. Lamson, George W. Sylvester, Willard C. Ware, William H. Stevens, Albert S. Rines, Charles A. Cushing, Wm. H. H. Saunders, Thomas P. R. Cartland, Thomas H. McDonnell.

Glover's Band of Auburn.

Maine Commercial Travellers Association.

Portland Company.

Quinn & Company.

Portland Stone Ware Company.

Atwood Lead Company.

G. M. Stanwood & Company.

Diamond Wrench Company.

Star Match Company.

Forest City Sugar Refinery.

Webb & Cushing.

Boot and Shoe Manufacturers.

Shaw, Goding & Co.
Lord, Haskell & Co.
A. F. Cox & Co.
C. J. Walker & Co.
B. B. Farnsworth.
John P. Thomas.

Bridgton Band.

Miscellaneous Firms.

True Bros.
Cook, Everett & Pennell.
Chas McLaughlin & Co.
Cousens & Tomlinson,
Conant, Patrick & Co.
Fletcher & Co.
Washburn & Skillings.
S. A. & J. H. True.
Stevens & Co.
Perley, Russell & Co.
Dana & Co.
A. H. Sawyer.
Twitchell, Champlin & Co.
Swift & Co.
J. W. Perkins & Co.
H. H. Hay & Son.
W. & C. R. Milliken.
Shaw, Son & Hawkes.
H. S. Melcher & Co.
F. A. Smith & Co.
Howes, Hilton & Harris.
S. W. Thaxter & Co.
J. B. Donnell.
I. S. Bean.
A. T. Hall.
F. D. Lunt & Co.
John L. Best.
A. E. Stevens & Co.

C. E. Jose & Co.
Cumberland Bone Co.
L. C. Cummings & Co.
F. O. Bodge.
John Conley & Co.
Berlin Mills Co.
S. W. Larrabee.
Rumery, Birnie & Co.
Gilbert M. Soule.
Samuel Rounds.
Clark Bros.
George Rounds.
Frank Gould.
C. H. Pike.
McCue & Walsh.
C. W. York.
Parker & Nagle.
Plummer Bros.
O. C. Evans.
Jas. T. Knight.
Walter Corey & Co.
T. P. Beals.
T. H. McDonnell & Co.
Portland Carpet Beating Co.
J. F. Merrill.
Boston & Portland Clothing Co.
A. H. Coe.
Wm. P. Goss.
A. Little & Co.
Millett & Little.
Megquier & Jones.
E. B. Robinson.
New England Organ Co.
Algernon Stubbs.
Portland Advertiser.
Portland Globe.
Zenas Thompson, jr.
C. G. Robinson.
A. A. Mitchell.
C. W. Belknap & Co.
Daniel T. Kelley.
Kendall & Whitney.
W. L. Blake & Co.
W. H. Simonton & Son.
Legrow Bros.
S. M. Smart.
Randall & McAllister.
J. Larochelle.
D. S. Warren.
J. L. Watson.
Randall Johnson.
William Haggett.
Isaac Littlejohn.
R. H. White.
W. E. Carter.
A. N. Hawes.
K. McDonald.
Durgin & Crocker.
Tenney & Dunham.
T. F. Foss & Sons.
R. T. Davis & Co.
W. H. Winslow & Co.
John N. Lord.
B. A. Atkinson & Co.
A. L. Merry.
R. F. Somers & Co.
Chinese Laundry.
Eastman Bros. & Bancroft.
C. E. Bean.
Owen, Moore & Co.
Samuel Thurston.
J. L. Brackett & Co.
J. H. Lamson.
Evening Express.
Horse and Carriage Mart.
G. W. Jones.

W. H. Dunham.
Goudy & Kent.
W. H. Whittier.
Thomas Carey.
P. H. Bradley.
West & Calderwood.
George Hudson.

Cavalcade of Grocers.
Provision Dealers.

EIGHTH DIVISION (FIRE DEPARTMENT).

Cataract Engine, No. 1 (1802).
Atlantic Engine, No. 2 (the first engine built here).
Peaks Island Engine, No. 1.

Norway Band.

Board of Engineers.
Officers and Members of the Department.
Machigonne Engine and Hose, No. 1.
Portland Engine and Hose, No. 2.
Cumberland Engine and Hose, No. 3.
Falmouth Engine and Hose, No. 4.
Casco Engine and Hose, No. 5.

NINTH DIVISION (STREET DEPARTMENT).

George S. Staples, Marshal.

Colors.

Ox train of 1786 for road building.
Modern street sweepers.
Road roller of 1836 — fifty years ago.
Steam Road Roller of 1886.

Accounts of the Procession as published in the Portland Daily Press and Portland Daily Argus of Tuesday, July 6th:

"It was about half-past nine o'clock when the naval brigade from the North Atlantic Squadron landed and moved, in a long column of marines, blue-jackets and artillery, up Exchange street to Chestnut street, where they formed in line to await the starting of the procession. By this time there were signs of preparation on every

street in the central part of the city. The historical tableaux were lumbering out from behind business blocks and taking in their occupants—men in cocked hats, knee breeches and remarkable wigs, women in great bonnets and antiquated gowns, girls in white robes, and boys in every fashion of garb. Mounted officers dashed hither and thither in the dense crowds that lined the whole length of Congress street, from the corner of Washington to the cross streets far up town.

About ten o'clock the school children marched into position at Lincoln Park, and formed in a line which extended the whole length of the Park on Congress street. They stood arrayed in their best clothes and whitest collars for full half an hour waiting for the van of the procession. The commercial travelers, in white stove-pipes and linen dusters, crowded on to the grand stand behind the school boys, and joined the urchins in cheering the naval brigade, the Governor, the venerable fathers of the city, and other people or objects of interest when the procession was starting. The Hebdomadal Indians, with great fluttering of feathers and scalp locks, moved to their positions just before the procession was ready to start. They were much admired by the line of school boys, and the drummers answered their war whoops with cheers. No barter was attempted, however.

At ten o'clock the streets were closed to teams, when the booming of cannon announced the formation of the procession, and carriages were hurried into side streets.

As the hour for the line to move approached, steps of the houses and buildings were taken possession of by the crowd. The boys were equal to the occasion, and every fence and post had its occupants. While waiting for the parade to appear on the different streets there was plenty to attract the attention of the people. In Lincoln Park the great balloon was slowly assuming shape as the gas flowed into it, and on every hand there was something of interest.

At the instant the signal guns were fired (10.30 o'clock) the van of the procession started down Congress street, picking up the various detachments as it moved. Nearly every cross street added its contingent to the line, and after the naval brigade had been marching in the van for an hour and a half the rear of the line had not started. It was not until the bells of the city were ringing for noon, and the

war-ships in the harbor were firing the noon salute, that the fire companies began moving from their place of formation on Federal street to take their places in the rear of the long line. Behind the fire department was the street department, and it was past noon when the steam road machine began to rumble along, the last and by no means the least remarkable object in the long caravan. By this time the van had passed from Congress street to Washington, and thence into Cumberland, and had been on the march for over an hour and a half.

At a few minutes after half-past twelve o'clock, while the last division was swinging into line down on India street, the people in Lincoln Park heard the music of the leading band as the head of the column reached the City Hall, having nearly completed the march. Immediately after the members of the staff of the chief marshal dashed up to the Congress street entrance to the Park, escorting the Governor and his staff, the naval and military officers, and other guests who had ridden in barouches in the procession. The occupants of the carriages alighted and ascended the steps to the long reviewing stand which had been built behind the iron railings of the Park. Governor Robie and his staff occupied seats about midway between the entrance and Franklin street. Next came the officers from the squadron and the military officers, with members of the City Government and distinguished guests, who occupied seats upon both sides of the entrance. As the procession passed the stand the numbers upon it received accessions as the gentlemen who had ridden in other parts of the procession came forward to see the passing of what came behind them in the long line. The first arrivals had scarcely taken their seats before the head of the procession reached the Park, and then for an hour and a half the long line moved on by the stand, each division being greeted with great applause by the spectators, and their salutations being returned by the gentlemen upon the stand.

First came the detached platoon of the policemen, looking finely in their handsome uniforms and marching with precision. Chandler's Band, discoursing the best of martial music, preceded the detachment of Battery M, Fourth United States Artillery, which acted as escort to the chief marshal. The regulars marched with the precision of veterans, and, with the sunlight shining on their arms and

accoutrements, presented a fine appearance. Major Holman S. Melcher and his staff, dressed in their neat uniforms, consisting of dark coats, top boots, gauntlet gloves and soft felt hats, then moved by the stand and wheeled into line on the opposite side of the street. After them came the honorary staff of fifty horsemen under the command of General Henry G. Thomas.

FIRST DIVISION.

The naval brigade of the North Atlantic squadron composed of the officers, seamen and marines of the flagship Tennessee, the Swatara, the Galena and Yantic certainly was one of the prettiest and most attractive features of the parade. The naval men, with their weather-beaten faces, bronzed by tropical climates and stormy winds, appeared as a fine body of soldiers and the manner in which those tars paraded, the way they carried themselves, keeping step with the sounds of the marches furnished by the famous brass band of the flagship Tennessee, certainly put many a landsman to shame, and the praises and commendations bestowed upon such a fine and handsome body of officers and men, were certainly not misplaced, but well deserving.

In front of the brigade marched Commander E. T. Woodward, U. S. Navy, the commander of the forces, dressed in a well-fitting dress-coat, bound with gold laced stripes and wearing a service cap of blue naval cloth, and as well as everybody in the brigade, supplied with a pair of snow-white, well-fitting duck leggins. After their commander, followed in line abreast the personal staff of Captain Woodward, composed of Lieut. R. H. McLean, the handsome Adjutant General, Surgeon F. M. Dubois, Paymaster T. S. Thompson, Commissary, Paymaster H. G. Skelding, Quartermaster and Ensign W. S. Sims, signal officer.

A tall, handsome drum major, Mr. James Liebe, U. S. M. C., of flagship Tennessee, headed the excellent brass band of the flagship which, dressed in their full dress uniform with helmets, marched in a manner which could not for a moment betray to the observer that those musicians travelled on the deep blue sea in our naval vessels.

The marches played by the band were fine ones, and the music furnished was delivered in an excellent manner.

The marine battalion under command of the gallant Captain J. M.

T. Young, the fleet marine officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, was welcomed with cheers and the noble soldiers certainly did honor to their flag, and maintained also on this occasion their well earned reputation. The marine battalion was composed of three companies, which were in charge of the following named officers of the United States Marine Corps: First Lieutenant H. G. Ellsworth, commanded the first company; Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, the second; and Lieutenant C. F. Dogen, the third.

After the marine battalion, came the second battalion of the Naval Brigade, Lieutenant Commander W. W. Reisinger, U. S. Navy. A short, stout and very fascinating officer headed the battalion of infantry of blue jackets; his staff was composed of the following named officers who came next to their hero commander: Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, as handsome an officer as ever bore his country's colors; Lieutenant H. H. Hosley; Adjutant and Passed Assistant Surgeon, D. N. Bertolette. This battalion consisted of eight companies.

In the center of the battalion the color-guard of the Tennessee was noticed, bearing the beautiful silk battalion flags and the National ensign borne by Corporal Julian Delaney, U. S. Navy.

The Infantry men carried rifles and all were furnished with canteens.

The third and last battalion of this portion of the procession was the Artillery.

To see a parade of men-of-war's-men certainly is a rare sight, but to see a battalion of Naval Artillery a still rarer one, and great interest was aroused when the ships' guns in the form of artillery field pieces were dragged along. The guns consisted of four three-inch breech loading howitzers, boat guns, and two of the wholesale death-dealing machines, the Gatling guns, guns which fire at the rate of from 1100 to 1300 shots per minute.

This battalion was commanded by Lieutenant-Commander T. A. Lyons, U. S. Navy, the executive officer of the U. S. Steamer Galena. To the left of the Colonel was Lieut. A. P. Nazro, of the Tennessee, an excellent officer and a handsome soldier, the Major of the artillery; Ensign E. E. Carpsehart, Adjutant, and P. A. Surgeon Richard Ashbridge, were the other officers on the Colonel's staff.

The first platoon of artillery was under the charge of Lieut. F. E.

Sawyer, and the field pieces of this section were commanded by Cadet R. M. Lombard and Cadet James E. Shindel. Cadet Shindel is the officer who had charge of the rescuing party of sailors, which so gallantly saved the property from the burning schooner, Lizzie Baker, in this harbor the week previous. Ensign J. M. Orchard commanded the second platoon. The following named officers were in charge of pieces: Cadet H. A. Bispham, Cadet J. T. Bootes, Cadet Arnistead Rust and Cadet W. W. Gilmer.

We feel confident, and everyone to whom we have spoken on this subject acknowledge and say with us, that it is an impossibility to bestow too high praise, too much honor upon the naval brigade; the sailors, marines and their officers certainly deserve the highest credit, and we cannot help but thanking and expressing our highest gratitude to Capt. Robert Boyd, the chief of staff of the North Atlantic Station, this handsome son of Portland, the noble sailor, for presenting to the city so magnificent and noble a sight as we saw in the naval brigade which participated in the parade.

A detachment of officers and sailors from the revenue cutter Woodbury, in port, followed the naval brigade, and appeared as a fine, though small body of men. A muzzle-loading gun, placed on a wagon handsomely decorated with a U. S. revenue flag and pennants, and drawn by four horses, with a jolly tar for driver, followed.

SECOND DIVISION.

The military division, headed by the Yarmouth band, followed the blue jackets. The First Regiment of the Maine Militia is a well drilled and good looking body of men, and never marched better than on yesterday when with full ranks and moving in excellent order the companies swept by the grand stand, following General Charles P. Mattocks, marshal of the division, and his staff, and Col. John J. Lynch, commanding, and staff. The troops, just from the annual muster, had the bearing of veterans and they won the praise of all who saw them.

The soldiers of today were followed by the soldiers of twenty-four years ago, forming the Grand Army battalion under command of Col. E. H. Harmon. The members of Bosworth Post, Commander Motley, and Thatcher Post, Commander Williams, wore the Grand Army regalia and turned out with full ranks. A color guard from

Bosworth Post had charge of the battered battle flag of the 13th Maine, which was torn and worn in the campaigns of the rebellion. The tattered flag of the First Maine Battery was also carried. With them were carried the staffs of a number of captured Confederate flags, the flags themselves being kept in Washington. The Boxer gun on a decorated floor was drawn after the Grand Army Posts.

Shepley Camp, Sons of Veterans, Captain Wm. H. Perry, were in the battalion and did themselves credit.

The unattached companies came next. There were four of them, the Portland Cadets, Captain Eastman; the Yarmouth Rifles, Captain Merrill; the Bath Light Infantry, Captain Stetson, and the Fraternity Primary Cadets who, forty-five strong, in the gray uniforms showed themselves worthy of marching with the other companies, and that is saying a good deal for them. About 500 men were in the ranks in this division. Carriages containing the following were escorted by the military:

Gov. Frederick Robie, Mayor Charles J. Chapman, Hon. Wm. D. Pennell, Lewiston, President of the Senate; Gen. Samuel J. Gallagher, Augusta.

Col. Augustus C. Hamlin, Bangor; Col. F. M. Guptill, Saco; Col. Samuel N. Campbell, Cherryfield; Col. Charles C. Burrill, Ellsworth.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Bangor; Col. Albert B. Nealley, Lewiston; Col. William B. King, Calais; Col. Frank D. Pullen, Bangor.

Col. Wm. A. R. Boothby, Waterville; Col. Wm. F. Boardman, Calais; Col. Enoch C. Farrington, Portland; Col. Frank C. Knight, Rockland.

Col. George E. Dole, Bangor; Col. Ruel T. McLellan, Portland; Col. J. Frank Hayden, Bath.

Governor's Council—Hon. Silas C. Hatch, Bangor; Hon. A. R. Bixby, Skowhegan; Hon. Joseph A. Locke, Portland; Hon. Andrew R. G. Smith, Whitefield.

Captain Robert Boyd, Fleet Surgeon Jackson McElwell, of the U. S. flagship Tennessee.

Commander Chester, Chief Engineer White, of the U. S. S. Galena; Chief Engineer Andrade, Lieut. Sharrer, of the U. S. S. Swatara.

Commander Green, Fleet Surgeon Kidder, Flag Lieutenant Abbott, Surgeon McGregor, of the U. S. S. Yantic.

Hon. Joseph R. Bodwell, Hallowell; George F. Emery, Portland; Col. Henry S. Osgood, Portland.

Collector Samuel J. Anderson, Surveyor Bion Bradbury, Appraiser E. R. Pierce, Postmaster J. S. Palmer.

Maj. J. A. Smith, U. S. A.; Capt. Frank Barr, Lieut. Rogers, Engineer Barrows, of the Revenue Cutter Dallas.

Lieut. Quinnon, First Engineer Remick, Second Engineer Waterman, of the Revenue Cutter Woodbury.

Rev. John W. Chickering, D. D., Massachusetts; Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Harpswell; Hon. S. F. Parcher, Mayor of Biddeford; Hon. L. M. Haskell, Mayor of Auburn.

Gen. Horatio C. King, New York; D. Fuller Appleton, New York; Hon. Isaac A. Jack, St. John, N. B.; Hon. Henry L. Gregg, Mayor of Hudson, New York.

Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C.; Hon. John Lynch, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry Carter, Haverhill; Rev. J. P. T. Ingraham, St. Louis.

Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Major Charles W. Stevens, Boston; Dana Estes, Boston; John H. McDonough, Boston.

Prof. Henry L. Chapman, Bowdoin College; Leander Stevens, Boston; George H. Shirley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. D. Gowan, Mayor of Lewiston.

William D. Little, Portland; John T. Walton, Portland; William G. Kimball, Bridgton; Joseph Brooks, Kennebunk. (See Appendix).

Thomas G. Caldwell, Boston; George A. Hanson, Lynn; E. C. Carrigan, of the State Board of Education, Massachusetts; H. E. Fickett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cyrus K. Babb, Boston.

Rev. J. T. Nichols, Saco; Samuel Longfellow, Cambridge; Chas. P. Ilsley, Cambridge; N. Goodwin, Watertown, Mass.

Edward L. Greuby, Wm. S. Philbrook, Capt. S. Mitchell, Col. B. B. Miller, all of Boston.

George W. Merrill, Bangor; G. H. Soule, Stockton, Cal.; C. F. Ring, T. J. Long.

Rev. Horatio Ilsley, South Freeport, Me.; Harry W. Lord, of the East Boston Press.

Charles A. Tilton, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Cape Elizabeth; G. W. Leighton, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Westbrook.

Aldermen George W. Beale, Horace H. Ricker, Thomas McMahon, William M. Marks, Herbert G. Briggs.

Councilmen John P. Hobbs, Richard K. Gatley, Henry P. Dewey, George Trefethen, Michael C. McCann, Daniel S. Murphy, Joseph A. McGowan, Patrick J. O'Neil, Richard H. Parker, Henry P. Cox, John Williamson, George H. Abbott, Edward W. Kent, Ansell G. Dewey, John C. Roberts.

Assessors John W. York, Stephen Marsh, William O. Fox.

THIRD DIVISION.

Historical Tableaux[1] composed the third division. Probably this division was awaited with as much interest as any part of the procession. The tableaux were eleven in number, ending with a grand allegorical car representing Portland. They were all mounted on what are called floats; and each but one, which was drawn by oxen, was drawn by four splendid horses. As they passed through the streets, with their streamers and banners of many colors floating in the breeze, with their proudly caparisoned steeds, and amid the cheers and applause of the spectators, they formed a grand pageant.

Tableau No. 1, The Natives, was drawn by four horses, with red housings, on which Indian tomahawks were embroidered. The scene on the float represented an Indian wigwam in the midst of the forest. The sides of the wigwam were adorned with Indian symbols. Here and there were erected the tripods from which depended the kettles containing the food which the squaws were preparing for the meals of the warriors. Indians were also grouped about, engaged in their various occupations. The ground of this float was covered with turf, skins secured in the chase were scattered about, scalps were suspended from a pole, showing that the braves of the tribe were at home. The scene was intensely life-like and gave a good idea of the primitive Portland, or Casco, as it was then known in 1633. This float was under the especial care of Mr. Charles G. Haines.

Tableau No. 2, The Approach, represented the approach of Cleeve and Tucker, our first settlers, to Portland. On a large float, drawn by four horses, with housings decorated with pine trees, was erected a boat of the shape then in vogue, sixteen feet in length, and

[1] See appendix for illustrations of these Tableaux.

rigged with a lateen sail. In this boat were Cleeve and Tucker, Cleeve's wife and daughter, and Tucker's wife, all attired in the costume of the period. The forward part of the boat was decked over with canvas, and here was stored the furniture of the new settlers who were making a landing on the shores of Maine. The boat, on a decorated base, was surrounded by water. This tableau was under the direction of Mr. Fred A. Tompson, of Fassett & Tompson, architects.

Tableau No. 3, Cleeve and Tucker Building the First House.—Our new settlers having arrived, are in this tableau presumed to be at work erecting their residence. This float had a decorated base, and bore the date, 1633. It represented Cleeve and Tucker in the costume of the seventeenth century, hard at work constructing their log cabin. Around stretched the primeval forest. Stumps of trees were scattered here and there, while lying near at hand were the guns and other implements of the chase ready to be used either as against the approaches of the hostile Indians or as a protection from the wild animals who prowled under cover of the woods. The housings of the horses were embroidered with an Indian head. This tableau was under the charge of Mr. J. Calvin Stevens.

Tableau No. 4, The First Block-house, represented an old fashioned block-house hemmed about by the forest. Here, sheltered by the giant trunks of the trees, the Indians lay in ambush, while ever and anon the report of a gun would be heard as a shot was fired at the occupants of the block-house. In response, the settlers in the fort took advantage of every movement of the redskins to put in a leaden messenger whenever the opportunity offered. The float was drawn by four horses, on whose housings were represented block-houses. This float was under the charge of Mr. George D. Rand.

Tableau No. 5, Munjoy's House.—Following the block-house was Munjoy's house, a well-built pioneer's cabin. A sturdy settler, with his brave wife, defended the doors of their home against the savage attacks of the Hebdomadal Indians, who swarmed about the place. For a while the savages were unsuccessful; but finally a painted heathen went down the chimney just as house and settlers rolled away. The advantage was with the Indians.

Tableau No. 6, The Mowatt Conference, represented the scene on the sloop-of-war Canceau, the flagship of Mowatt's fleet, when Dr. Coffin, Gen. Preble, and Robert Pagan — a committee from this town — visited Capt. Mowatt to ask him not to bombard the town. In answer to their remonstrance, Mowatt said that "if the inhabitants would, in the morning, by *eight o'clock*, deliver up four pieces of cannon, with their arms in general, and ammunition, in that case he would do no harm to the town until he had despatched an express to Admiral Graves, in command of the station, to obtain leave to save the town." The sloop-of-war Canceau, as represented on the float, was a fine model of a sloop-of-war, twenty-five feet over all. She was painted black, with white ports, and showed that she carried sixteen guns. Her yards and topmasts had been lowered, so as to clear away for action, and eight guns could be seen on deck amidships. The English flag was hoisted at the peak, and the craft was manned by English tars. On the quarter-deck were Captain Mowatt, and Lieut. Hogg, his chief officer, in full uniform, and Dr. Coffin, Gen. Preble, and Robert Pagan, representing the citizens, in appropriate garb. The float was drawn by four fine horses, with black housings, embroidered with anchors. This beautiful tableau was designed from the model in the Historical Society's collection, by Mr. Arthur M. Sawyer, who had charge of the float.

Tableau No. 7, The Town Meeting, represented the scene after the return of the committee from the interview with Mowatt on the Canceau, on October 18, 1775. The float presented a shingle roof building drawn by four horses whose housings were embroidered with the Pine Tree Flag. The float bore the date of the meeting. Within these walls were gathered the representative men of the town at that time, such as Parson Smith, General Preble, Robert Pagan and others. As the float passed along the streets the different representatives of the citizens rose and addressed the meeting on the subject before them and it was voted under no consideration to comply with Capt. Mowatt's demands. This tableau was under the charge of City Engineer Goodwin, and the men, in dress and general features well corresponded to the dignified bearing of the citizens of that stirring period.

Tableau No. 8, Justice, represented the Court of that day in

session. The front of the float displayed criminals undergoing the peculiar punishments of the time. There was a prisoner tied to the whipping post and undergoing the lashes that would perhaps still do good if the same penalty was in vogue today. Another criminal was doing penance in the stocks. At the rear of the float was a shingled roofed building representing the court-room where the justice and lawyers in their gowns and wigs, with solemn and measured language, tried the cases brought before them. The housings of the horses were embroidered with Justice's scales. This float was under the charge of Mr. S. M. Watson.

Tableau No. 9, Ye way we went to Meeting in ye Olden Tyme, was represented by a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and all the figures were dressed in the long-waisted coats and knee breeches, the short skirted dresses, capes and bonnets, broad buckled shoes and long yarn stockings of the Revolutionary times. This wagon was under the direction of Mr. George E. Brown, and the characters were seated in old-fashioned chairs.

Tableau No. 10, The Old Oaken Bucket, represented the old fashioned well of 1786. The well itself was formed of rough hewn logs, which had become moss-grown by time. There was the long old-fashioned well sweep, and the bucket, moss-covered, that raised to the curb was brimful of the sparkling element drawn from its cool depths. The well was attended by a group of girls, and the float was under the charge of Mr. Augustine D. Smith.

Tableau No. 11, Carrying the Mail, represented an old-fashioned stage-coach filled without and inside with passengers in the old-time costume. Six fine horses drew the mail. The driver, the guards who blew their post-horns, were all mounted and armed to resist the advances of highwaymen, The luggage on the rack was covered with canvas on which was painted the old stopping places, Saco, Biddeford, Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem and Boston. Over the top of the coach was the inscription Portland and Boston, and underneath the coach was suspended a keg marked "Sun Tavern, New England Rum." Mr. George M. Moore was the designer and had charge of this tableau.

The Allegorical Car.— The closing and greatest feature of the historical display was a grand allegorical car representing Portland. The car was a float drawn by six horses and as large as one of the

largest circus chariots, although it represented a triumphal car in style. The dasher was shaped like an eagle and gilded. The decorated car was festooned with rich cloths of various hues. On either side was the city seal, flanked with dates, in scroll work, 1786–1886.

The car body was shaped like a pavilion, while the rear of the chariot was fashioned in the shape of an horn of plenty, from which sprung a cluster of handsome flags. The slender decorated Pompeian pilasters were canopied with rich satins of all colors, with streamers from the center of the canopy diverging to the sides of the car. The corners of the car were formed of shields. On a high throne at the back of the car sat a female figure representing Portland, wearing the mural crown and grasping the *caduceas* or Mercury's wand, and representing prosperity. In front, on other elevated platforms, sat other female figures. The platform occupied by the figure of Portland bore on either side a scroll with the word "*Salve.*" The front of the car was composed of a smaller pavilion, retaining the general features of the main car, and this was also composed of rich satins, while small banners decked the canopies of both pavilions of the chariot. This smaller pavilion was also occupied by female figures, attired to represent — as did those in the larger — history, science, painting, commerce, architecture, sculpture, poetry and manufactures, while Minerva, with helmet and shield, presided over the smaller pavilion. History bore the trumpet and open book; Poetry a wreath of roses and manuscript trimmed with laurel; Science, the globe and composer; Commerce, the trident and anchor; Manufactures was enthroned on bales of goods; Architecture bore a book of design; Painting, the easel and brush; Sculpture was modeling. Amidst all the beautiful surroundings of this magnificent allegorical tableau, with its beautiful women, its flags and streamers, its gilded ornaments, its lamps of an Eastern pattern, its rich satins and ribbons, flowers with their fragrance in tall Egyptian jars, and rare potted plants were distributed, heightening the Oriental effect. To the artistic taste of Mr. H. B. Brown, the well known artist, is due the success of this pageant, and the designing of this, the finest allegorical tableau ever seen in Portland.

The tableaux was preceded by three mounted knights as heralds, Messrs. Little, Keith and Weston. The housings of the horses that drew the car were of purple and old gold.

The historical tableau special committee was composed of Messrs. H. B. Brown, William M. Marks and Augustine D. Smith.

English Jack dressed in buckskin and carrying a rifle, rode after the historical tableaux in a decorated barouche.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Mr. Albro E. Chase, Principal of the High School, was the marshal of the division made up from the schools, and he headed a fine representation of the pupils of the public schools, nearly seven hundred of whom were in line. The Boys' Band of Brunswick headed the eighty pupils from the High School, who bore a banner with the motto, "*Possunt quia posse videntur.*"

The pupils from the Shailer school came next with their appropriate banner. The stout young fellows from the North school with their banner and motto, "Knowledge is Power," were next in line, and then came a long column, all marching proudly, wearing badges and many dressed in appropriate uniforms. The other schools carried banners with the following inscriptions:

North Primary School—"No Footstep Backward."
West School—"Education."
Butler School—"Education Makes the Man."
Cumberland Street School—"Step by Step."
Primary 4—"Upright and Loyal."
Primary 5—"By Perseverance we Conquer."
Primary 6—"Excelsior."
Primary 7—"Work Conquers."
Primary 8—"Our Schools Our Country's Hope."
Primary 9—"Loyal to Our City."

Drum corps from the different schools made music for the small marchers if not for others, and all the boys enjoyed the parade hugely, judging from their happy faces when they marched by the reviewing stand looking as fresh as when they started.

The Allegorical Cars.—The series of allegorical floats or cars following the boys were six in number, and occupied almost exclusively by members of the public schools. The horses on all the cars had plumes and coverings of a grayish stripe and were driven by neat looking drivers in white caps, shirts and belts. The decorations

of these cars reflect great credit upon the taste and skill of Mr. John L. Shaw, who had labored not in vain to make them a beautiful and prominent feature of the procession.

The first float represented the thirteen original States, and was drawn by two horses. Like all the rest, it had its name in large characters upon the side. The trimmings were red and white stripes draped about the base with red and blue bunting. Persian rugs covered the floor. In this group were thirteen young ladies dressed in white with red and blue ribbons. The shields on their heads were decorated with blue ribbons with the name of the original State on each.

The second car, The United States, drawn by four horses, was lined by small American flags and festooned with the national bunting. The States were represented by thirty-eight girls dressed in appropriate costumes. On their heads were shields, each bearing the name of a State on red ribbon. From an elevated seat in the rear of this car the Goddess of Liberty presided. The colors red, white and blue figured conspicuously.

Next in order was the Centennial Car, prettily trimmed and covered with narrow stripes of blue and white and bordered at the top and bottom with bunting of red, white, blue and orange. Little gold stars surrounded the top, Persian rugs covered the floor, and chairs of appropriate styles were upon this car. It was drawn by two horses and contained three couples. The first couple were decorated with costumes of the Revolutionary times. The second couple showed a transition of fifty years leaving Brother Jonathan with his stove-pipe hat and abbreviated pantaloons. The last pair showed what modern art and science have contributed to make man stylish and elegant.

The fourth car, Music, was drawn by four horses. The national colors were almost the only ones used, the scroll work around the top being of the same colors. The car was filled by thirty children with red, white and blue gauze caps, having on the front a star and harp. In the rear with a golden harp the "Queen of Song" sat upon a beautiful chair beneath a red and white striped canopy. The national airs were prettily sung by these children as the great procession moved along the route.

The car of Agriculture, drawn by four horses, had a large square platform and was one of the richest in colors in the whole series, the

principal colors being blue and white upon a background of orange. Implements and fruits of the harvest were artistically arranged at the corners and sides of the car. The "Queen of the Harvest" wore a hat trimmed with wheat and a rich tarlatan veil with gilded leaves upon it and on her shoulder carried a golden cornucopia filled with emblems of a successful harvest. The three Catholic schools of this city filled this car with thirty misses who sang their harvest songs in a very pleasing manner.

The last car of the series was Flora, drawn by four horses. The songs were well given by young lady graduates of the Portland High School, who in dresses of white, decorated with flowers, made this car one of the prettiest and most attractive. The "Flower Queen" on her commanding seat added to the beauty of the group.

Following the floats came ten barges closing the division and carrying young ladies from the schools. Members of the school committee rode in carriages in the division.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Next to the school children came the civic bodies, headed by the Institute Band of twenty-four pieces from Biddeford, and marshaled by Major Frank L. Moseley. Fifty uniformed Odd Fellows of Grand Canton Ridgeley, No. 2, Patriarchs Militant, were in line. They were uniformed in black and crimson, and bore a banner of red, white and purple, with gilt devices.

Twenty-seven Knights of Pythias, of the Uniform Degree Rank, from Lewiston, dressed in black, with white helmets and red plumes, followed, marching to the music of the Maine State Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps.

Twenty-four members of the Portland Wheel Club followed on bicycles, with two more on tricycles, commanded by Captain Harry Higgins. They moved two abreast, and the tricycles brought up the rear, decorated with banners. The wheelmen were uniformed in brown, and made a fine appearance as they moved past the reviewing stand.

Following the wheelmen was a very pretty float, prepared by the Portland Yacht Club. The club displayed on a car, with ornamented base, decorated with blue and red drapery, on which were placed oars and boat-hooks crossed. In the center of the car, on a raised

platform, was a schooner-yacht in full sail, five feet over all, and eight feet in length from the end of the jib-boom to the end of the main-boom. Every feature of the yacht was perfectly ship-shape, and drew the enconiums of all old sailors. On the platform about the yacht were yachting emblems, such as swivel guns, steering apparatus, etc. At the peak was the yacht club flags, at the fore the American flag, and at the main the private signal of the yacht. The housings of the horses were marked with the monogram "P. Y. C." After the float came the officers of the club, G. C. Owen, Henry G. Smith, and Perez Griffin, in a carriage.

After the officers of the Yacht Club were carriages containing officers of the following societies:

Officers of the Cumberland Bar Association, Byron D. Verrill, Esq., Hon. Nathan Cleaves, Sewall C. Strout, Esq., Geo. F. Holmes, Esq.

Officers of the Odd Fellows, Grand Secretary Joshua K. Davis, Grand Representative J. Henry Crockett, Department Commander of the State Oren B. Whitten, Grand Patriarch Milton Higgins.

Officers of the Knights of Pythias, Albert T. Marsh, Elliott King, Charles B. Nash, George C. Ricker.

Officers of the Board of Trade, President Joseph E. Blabon, Vice-president Charles McLaughlin, Secretary M. N. Rich, Treasurer Charles S. Fobes.

Officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, A. R. Verrill, V. R. Foss, H. W. Shaylor, N. D. Winslow.

Officers of the Grattan Literary Association, President W. W. McIntire, Vice-president J. B. Bresnan, Secretary J. H. Conway, Treasurer Peter O'Connor.

Officers of the Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association, M. A. Blanchard, J. B. Thorndike, A. F. Gerrish, R. B. Sewall.

Officers of the Sons of Temperance, S. L. Carleton, Henry Towle, I. H. McDonald, James F. Sheldon.

Officers of the Maine Genealogical Society, S. M. Watson, Charles Burleigh.

D. R. Jack, Esq., Spanish Vice Consul at St. John, N. B., John T. Hull, Clerk of the Centennial Committee.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Merriman's Band, twenty-five pieces, headed the sixth division, under the command of Marshal Walter Tolman. This division was devoted to transportation companies. First came the Maine Central's display. On a float drawn by six horses was a train bound for Mt. Desert. A lady passenger looked out of a car window very complacently, and the bell of the engine rang at suitable times. Extending over the train, like the sides of a tent, were two large paintings of Bar Harbor. This was one of the best executed and most elaborate pieces in the whole procession. On the housings of the horses the words "Maine Central" were inscribed. The engine was partly hidden by the paintings, but appeared to be a powerful machine. The car attached to the engine was of modern and luxurious appointments, if outside appearance indicate anything. The picture of Bar Harbor attracted great admiration along the whole route, and was among the most conspicuous objects that passed the reviewing stand.

Six representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway followed in a carriage: Agent F. Smith, John Evans, D. Menish, W. Noyes, J. N. Martin, and Robert Hay, district superintendent.

The display of the Grand Trunk Railway followed, and consisted of two of the most unique, appropriate and generally admired representations in the procession. Over each team, which was drawn by four spirited horses, was a frame-work fifteen feet long and four feet wide, covered with canvas. Over the first team, at each corner, floated the American flag. On either side of the frame, painted upon the canvas in water colors, was a representation of the elevator in use thirty years ago. This was of special interest to our citizens as compared with the team which followed. It showed at a glance the growth and development of the Grand Trunk Railway. The old mode of elevating was pictured most minutely. Instead of an imposing structure like the one now in use, there was no building at all. Two cars, one painted green and lettered "A. & St. L., 690," the other painted brown and marked "Grain Car, G. T. R. of Canada, No. 1014," stood out conspicuously upon the roughly planked wharf with its slim piling. Opposite the door of car 1014 was a bin placed upon the wharf, into which, men were engaged in shoveling grain, which ran down into hoppers constructed on a belt running under-

neath the wharf and then up to a spout projecting into a one-masted schooner named the "Pathfinder, St. John, N. B.," lying at the side of the wharf. This painting also gave a view of the harbor, with the water slightly rippled, and Cape Elizabeth in the distance. On the end of the frame, in red and black letters and figures, was the following: "Exported in 1855, 500,000 bushels of grain;" and below, "At. & St. L., leased to G. T. Ry., August, 1853."

The second team was decorated similar to the first and showed on the large frame already mentioned a most realistic representation of the present Grand Trunk elevator as viewed from the head of Galt wharf. The elevator, with colors flying from the flagstaff, stood out prominently upon the canvas, while this painting also gave a view of the harbor, with several small boats sailing by, and Cape Elizabeth opposite. Painted on the end of the frame work, in large characters, was the following: "Exports, 1885, 3,000,000 bushels of grain." Under this were painted the American and English shields, from which projected flags of both countries, and a scroll bearing the motto, "*Vis unita fortior.*"

Much credit is due Mr. F. Smith, agent, Mr. Duncan Menish of the mechanical department, Mr. D. F. Corser and Mr. John Evans for the success of these representations.

The coaches sent by C. R. Milliken, of the Glen House, in the White Mountains, followed the Grand Trunk's display. To each coach six fine horses were attached, and with the ten coaches full of well-dressed people who had been taken in along the route, the procession made an impressive show as it passed the reviewing stand.

The next in order, the floats of the Portland & Ogdensburg R. R., were remarkable and fine features of the parade. Mr. Alexander C. Urquhart, master painter of the road, had the matter in charge, and spared no pains to accomplish the end in view. In the procession was a passenger car, freight car, and sleigh, mounted on wheels. The first was an observation car, a fac-simile of those in use among the mountains, and was handsomely painted and adorned with four scenes on the line of the railroad, by Mr. Urquhart. These pictures are of merit, and attracted much notice. Their subjects were "Sebago Lake," "The Mountains and Valleys," "Looking through the Notch," and "Glen Ellis Falls." In front of the car, surrounded

by flags, was a veritable young eagle, which had become so domesticated that it did not leave its perch during the line of march. Red, white and blue bunting hung in festoons from the top of the car. The length of the car was 25 feet, and there were seats for a number of passengers. This car was drawn by six horses, driven by Mr. Will Lowe. The cars were built by Mr. W. G. Brewer, master carpenter of the road. The freight car is No. 12,175, and twenty feet long. "Ocean to ocean without transfer," was its motto. It was loaded with freight marked to different parts of the country. Four horses, driven by Mr. Frank Brackett, furnished the power that moved the float. The old sleigh, a part of the display, was intended to represent the mode of transit in vogue in the White Mountains one hundred years ago.

The express companies came next. The American Express Company had four teams. One of them, drawn by four horses, was filled with twenty-six orphan children from the Orphan Asylum. The other three were loaded with packages bearing prominent labels of Portland business firms. The Canadian Express Company had one, the International two, and Prince's three teams.

SEVENTH DIVISION—THE TRADES.

The display made in this division by the various trades of the city was the finest thing in that line ever seen in New England. Too much praise cannot be given to our merchants and other business men for the grand spectacular treat which their enterprise afforded to themselves and the people who looked with delighted eyes upon it.

First came a mounted herald with banner. The banner had following lines:

"We tread all ways of industry,
And many trades pursue,
Unknown in day of olden time
When our good town was new."

Marshal George M. Moore and Aids.

Bridgton Band—24 pieces.

Commercial Travellers' Association—200 men.

The Maine Commercial Travellers' Association, two hundred strong, marched in two companies, one in white tall hats and the other in straw hats. Each man wore a badge with a picture in gold

of a drummer standing on his sample trunk. They were an intelligent looking set of gentlemen and the bland smiles "caught on" all along the route. They were the observed of all observers.

Portland Company's Car.—The general outline of this car consisted of a platform fifteen feet long, nine feet wide, and four feet high, divided longitudinally by a partition nine feet high, having an arched form at the top, containing the dates 1846–1886, and the words "Portland Company." In the centre of each side of the partition was a painting, one side representing a modern locomotive, the other a steamboat; the remaining space was occupied in advertising the business of the company. Below the paintings on each side of the partition were displayed the finished parts, in iron, steel and brass, of a locomotive, arranged on a series of terraced supports with red background. Around the sides and back of the car, also red in color, were placed in symmetrical designs various patterns in black, of driving, car and barrow wheels, cog wheels, pulleys, grate bars, etc. In the centre of the car and over the arch was a ten-inch steam whistle, and at the end of the same a locomotive bell and frame. At each corner, supported by a bronze pipe, was a six-inch steam whistle; these supports were connected by tubes having an arched form, at the corners of which, sat brass steam gauge holders, the tubing and supports being wound with colored bunting. The car was drawn by four horses, each having a red covering, also advertising the company.

The Portland Water Co. had two single teams loaded with goods pertaining to their work, also employees.

Portland Rolling Mills had a four-horse team drawing a drag with iron bars, nails, &c.

The Diamond Wrench Company was represented by a team covered with a platform on which were a number of the company's shipping cases. On the sides of the platform against a black background the words "Diamond Wrench" were spelt in wrenches to form the letters. At the rear, were wrenches similarly placed in the form of a diamond. A large sign on the top of the display read, "Manufacturers of Patent Steel Wrenches, 224 Newbury Street."

The Portland Stone Ware Company had four teams. The first had a workman turning at the wheel; the second had vases filled with flowering plants; the third was loaded with huge drain

tile; the fourth had stone jars and fire brick and tile. On the side of the manufacturing car was a verse, held to be written by Longfellow, and hung in the old Benj. Dodge pottery, near Green street:

"No handy craftman's art
Can to our art compare;
We, potters, make our pots,
Of what we, potters, are."

Charles P. Babcock made a fine display of Damon's safes, new and one that had stood the test of fire, drawn by a handsome team belonging to E. C. Chase.

Megquier and Jones, brass work, etc.: a double team with platform surmounted by a Dolphin compass stand and loaded with specimens of goods, solid brass cannon, bell, gong, andirons, and other brass and bronze goods, making a very handsome turnout.

G. M. Stanwood & Co. had a fine jigger surmounted by frame displaying all kinds of goods dealt in, and work done by shipsmiths: pulleys, blocks, bolts, capstan, pumps, etc. A fine display.

The Forest City Sugar Refinery was represented in the procession by one of their large sugar trucks decorated with flags and emblems and drawn by four gray horses. This truck bore on a platform nineteen feet long and eight and one-half feet wide, the most important pieces of machinery used in the refining of sugar, a copper vacuum pan, four and a half feet in diameter and seven feet high. Also, barrels of sugar and other packages illustrative of this important business. The sides of the platform bore the name of the company in large letters.

A jigger drawn by two horses was in line to represent Swasey, Lamson & Co. On the team was a large crate filled with straw and outside of it were hung many different kinds of pots, jugs, cans, etc. A man at the top of the crate, dressed in calico and having on a fierce looking mask, kept the crowd interested by his antics.

Rufus Tibbetts had a team displaying bricks.

Webb & Cushing represented their shoe manufacturing business by a large jigger drawn by four horses and containing a McKay sewer in operation, with which the workmen in the team was busily making boots and shoes with a rapidity which afforded a striking contrast to the cobbler working in the style of one hundred years ago. Beneath the old cobbler were the words "1786, this way, six

pairs a day"; while beneath the modern machine was the sign, "1886, this way, 720 pairs a day." The team, besides the firm's name, had such signs as "pay-roll, $52,298.67," "employ 150 hands, making 180,000 pairs a year." The horses had handsome housings of yellow plush with red and gold trimmings, the lead horses also had bibs with initials of the firm. The housings of the pole horses bore in blue the name of the firm and a kid figure of a shoe. The harnesses of the lead horses were made of the same kind of thread used in making the shoes.

The consolidated exhibit of the manufacturers and jobbers of boots and shoes was placed upon a large team sent from Boston and drawn by six large horses, with decorated harnesses. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and thirty cases of boots and shoes made and shown by Portland firms. Upon the sides of the teams were signs bearing these words: "Portland's Boot and Shoe Industry—Manufacturers and Jobbers." The firms represented were: Chase Knight & Co., Lord, Haskell & Co., B. B. Farnsworth & Co., J. P. Thomas & Co., A. F. Cox & Son, Shaw, Goding & Co., Charles J. Walker & Co., W. B. Sawyer & Co., L. P. Hawkins, Fairbanks & Stone and Montgomery Bros.

J. J. Lappin & Co, sent a four-horse team loaded with grain and flour.

True Brothers, brushes, had a single team, ornamented and carrying a beautiful sample case of goods manufactured by the firm and surmounted by their sign.

W. & C. R. Milliken. This concern had in line a jigger loaded down with barrels, and boxes filled with groceries.

Cousens & Tomlinson had to use three teams to display their specialties. The first contained general groceries. Among the specialties displayed were Snowflake corn, Foss' extracts, soap, etc. The second team contained their brands of flour. This team had fifty-six barrels of flour. The third team had three hogsheads of molasses.

Shaw, Son & Hawkes had one two-horse team, draped with flags, bunting, banners, plumes, etc., loaded with tea, coffee, sugar, etc., all the specialties of the firm.

H. S. Melcher & Co. sent a double team draped with bunting and flags, loaded with goods dealt in by the firm.

F. A. Smith & Co. sent two double teams, one loaded with three hundred and fifty boxes of Beach's Washing Soap; the other, with assorted load of groceries just as sent to depot. Flags, bunting, labels, etc., representing load of soap.

Fletcher & Co. had one double team loaded with goods dealt in by the firm, a shield on the side with the dates 1835—1886.

Conant, Patrick & Co. had one four-horse team—gray horses—with framework ornamented with firm name printed in colors and loaded with Ashton Salt.

Howes, Hilton & Harris had one six-horse team, red, white and blue housings, with plumes, loaded with goods, their specialty, the Huron dairy salt; one four-horse team, with gold and maroon housings, loaded with the goods of the Akron Milling Co., the A. M. E. Cereals.

J. B. Donnell & Co. sent one double team, adorned with flags and buntings, and loaded with flour and other goods sold by them.

Perley, Russell & Co. had a high wagon, with a canopy formed of flags and streamers, with handsome lanterns suspended from the sides, and a large coil of rope in the centre weighing 1700 pounds.

Dana & Co. had one double team with frame covered with bags of Eureka salt—one enormous bag, seven feet high, with firm name and goods dealt in on sides of this bag.

A. H. Sawyer had a team to advertise their specialty—the starchine and starch of the George Fox Starch Company of Cincinnati, draped with pyramid surmounted by a fox—the occupants with fox masques.

I. S. Bean had two single teams loaded with tempting fruit, one of them surmounted by a hammock swinging with a most contented occupant.

A. T. Hall sent a single team with advertisements of business, large banner advertising Swedish stove polish.

Twitchell, Champlin & Co.'s enterprise was shown in their second team. This contained men making brooms, the machinery running the same as if in their own establishment. It was a very interesting sight. On the first team were large boxes, with advertisements of the "Lucky Strike" tobacco and S. Ottenberg & Bros. cigars.

H. Ellis & Co., of Baltimore, in connection with display of

Twitchell, Champlin & Co., had a handsome two-horse barouche advertising Bengal Cheroots.

The Globe Tobacco Works of Louisville, Kentucky, had an agent in a two-horse buggy distributing a thousand specimens of the manufactured article.

The Winslow Packing Company sent a load of boxes of canned goods on a fine four-horse team belonging to W. G. Chase.

S. A. & J. H. True had a double team, with bunting and flags, loaded with samples of goods sold by the firm, grain, flour, etc.

Stevens & Co., sent single teams loaded with salt, and trimmed with bunting and flags.

M. A. Dillingham had two teams, a delivery wagon and a team with signs and decorations.

J. P. Hall had a nice milk wagon, doing credit to old Falmouth.

J. L. Best, wholesale dealer in meats, had five of their own teams, followed by six retail teams doing business with this establishment.

The Portland Beef Company had two single teams, horses and wagons, decorated with flags and bunting.

A. E. Stevens & Co. had a double team, ornamented with flags and bunting, with carriage wood, top and trimmings, drill press, blacksmith's culling vice, Buffalo forge bellows, etc., every variety of iron and wood work pertaining to a carriage, and a buggy set up complete from their own goods. A great novelty in this line.

Cook, Everett & Pennell had three teams in line, all gaily decorated with bunting and flags. The first team was ornamented with red, white and blue bunting, and contained boxes of drugs consigned to various parties, cans and demijohns. The second team was devoted to paints, and contained scores of samples of every shade. The third team was devoted to patent medicines, and held a pyramid made of boxes bearing on them the sign, "Old Doctor Cummings' Sarsaparilla and Dock."

J. W. Perkins & Co.'s team contained chemicals, drugs, sponges and even the boy was covered with them, or rather, with one.

H. H. Hay & Son sent two teams. The first contained drugs and represented the retail department. The second, representing the wholesale department was loaded with paints, etc.

A. S. Hinds, druggist, had a single team loaded with boxes of medicine to be sent in all directions.

John Conley & Son had a double team loaded with various kinds of oil dealt in. The team was adorned with flags and bunting.

W. L. Blake & Co., oils and railroad supplies, had a single new team with a regular locomotive headlight, draped with flags and banners, lanterns, brass fittings, steam whistles, lighted switch lanterns.

A. A. Mitchell sent one six-horse team with Bay State fertilizers, Planet junior goods, ornamented with bunting and flags. One three-horse team with fertilizers, ornamented on the sides with harvest scenes. All gray horses and fine harnesses.

The Cumberland Bone Company had one four-horse jigger with attractive signs of firm goods. A four-ox team, each ox of seven feet girth drawing a hay cart loaded high with bags and barrels of Cumberland super phosphate, covered with posters printed in colors.

Daniel T. Kelley—This concern had four teams in line. The first was trimmed with bunting and was filled with plows made at the foundry. Following this, were three mowing machines built by Mr. Kelley, each drawn by two horses. The first machine was an odd size, the first of the size ever built in this city, having a scythe which would cut six feet. An improved Champion horse-rake was the last team in this display.

F. O. Bodge sat in a nice carriage drawn by a pair of handsome horses. On one side of this carriage was painted "Old Kentucky," on the other, "Holdfast," on the back, "Weisinger & Bate, Louisville, Ky." From the carriage he distributed over 10,000 pieces of Prune Nugget tobacco.

Berlin Mills Company sent one four-horse team drawing a model of sawmill, pond and platform, sides, gang and circular saws, drawing the logs from the water.

W. H. Simonton & Son—ship timber, slate, etc.—sent one team with miniature house covered with the roofing slate sold by the firm, with flag and signs giving firm name.

Legrow Brothers' Display.—One of the most charming and unique displays in the procession was that of Legrow Brothers, the well known lumber dealers on Preble street. There were two teams. In the first we saw the rude, undecorated log cabin, solid and substantial, and picturesque in its primitive simplicity. The logs, fresh hewn from the forest, with the chinks stuffed with moss, brought vividly to our minds the picture of long ago and was so

suggestive of the red man's reign that, in fancy, we could see the dusky form glide around the corners and hear the shriek of the war-whoop.

In the second team we saw the wonderful change that a lapse of century has brought us. A splendid cottage, beautiful in its architectural proportions of the Queen Anne style, greets our wondering eyes. What a contrast to the former. No means had been spared to make it artistic and handsome as the other was plain and homely. Handsomely tinted windows flashed in the sunlight and the pointed gable, the pretty verandahs, the beautiful lawns and the sweet scented flowers spoke of wonderful foresight and ingenuity. Surrounding the whole was a pretty fence which completed the charming picture.

W. H. Stowe was the architect and Hugh Flynn, the painter, and nothing was spared in ingenious skill to contribute to its appearance. Floyd & Palmer were the carpenters, and their work was unrivalled. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Melvin Eldridge, who was the first to suggest the invention and who worked unceasingly until everything was accomplished.

Gilbert M. Soule had a double team drawing a lumber shed filled with specimens of all kinds of lumber sold by him. The shed was covered with the names of the kinds of lumber dealt in.

Joseph Larochelle, coal and wood, had three teams, one with children, two with coal and wood.

Geo. H. Rounds, coal, had two teams draped with bunting and flags, with signs appropriate to the trade, the teams carrying children.

Randall & Johnson, hay, straw, etc., had a single team with specimens of merchandise sold.

C. H. Pike, coal and wood, had a single team with children.

McCue & Walsh, coal, had two teams with coal and wood.

I. Littlejohn, coal and wood, had a single team with "children in the wood."

C. W. York, wood and coal, had one double and four single teams loaded with all kinds of wood and coal sold at his yard. The teams were adorned with flags, bunting, etc.

W. E. Carter had a boat mounted on wheels carrying a group of prettily dressed children.

R. H. Waite had a boat on wheels, festooned with flags and bunting, and loaded with a group of boys in uniform.

A. N. Hawes, oysters, had a single team loaded with goods of the firm. The team was adorned with flags and bunting.

The Boston and Portland Clothing Co. had a double team, canopied platform; in one division, occupants in costume of 1786; in the other, clothed in the style of 1886.

A novel feature was the participation of Sam Lee, Hop Lung, Chin, and Quing Lee, representing the Chinese laundrymen. They wore handsome native costumes with coats of rich figured silk, hats made for native magistrates, and in brief the costumes of the aristocratic celestials. They rode in a barouche decorated with Sam Lee's sign and carried beside native flags, a large banner with a black dragon on a yellow back-ground.

Wm. P. Goss, boots and shoes, had the "Old Woman in the Shoe." It was made of pine plank nine feet in length, mounted on canopy, with the firm name in gold letters.

A. L. Merry, the hatter, had the handsome gold hat usually hung over the entrance to his store mounted on wheels, and drawn by a handsome horse. On the hat was a stuffed figure of a bear.

A. H. Coe, the hatter, had two teams. The mammoth trunk and a delivery team draped with bunting, trimming and flags.

Robert F. Somers & Co. had one four-horse team with eight practical hatters, illustrating each branch of the business — silk hat, light tall and stiff hats, Odd Fellows' and Masons' chapeau, music, straw workers, etc.

Millett & Little displayed a large platform carriage, surmounted by a canopy of red, white and blue, with streamers brought down on every side, forming an open marquee. All these goods composing the material of the canopy were of the richest stuffs. The four corners were trimmed with goods representing stock, and flags or banners marked with the different departments of the establishment. The boxes of goods at the corners were all upholstered in plush, and the open centre of the carriage filled with rich specimen rugs, so as to form a handsome drawing-room. A band seated in the carriage furnished fine music. The front and rear were decorated with colored silk ribbons. The housings of the horses were of white linen trimmed with blue, bearing the name of the firm in blue letters, with stars in each corner.

C. E. Bean sent a dry goods box on a team with banners, name and mottoes.

Walter Corey & Co. sent thirteen teams, two of them double. The chief feature was advertising the old and the new establishment, 1836–1886, car with fine parlor work, drapery, etc., on the car the legend, "A grand record of fifty years." The two partners, Messrs. Corey and Rice, in a barouche, represented the old and the new. Fine chamber and parlor furniture, antique sideboards and chairs of the fourteenth century. Banners and firm name on each car.

Thos. P. Beals, furniture, had a canopied platform with all sorts of springs used in the same, woven wire mattresses and boy weaving; team adorned with flags and banners.

T. F. Foss & Sons had a fine canopied structure with festoons of bunting around the sides, and a furnished parlor within, a shield on the side with the legend, "We strive to please." Also a team showing carpets with flags and streamers.

T. H. McDonnell & Co., furniture, had a canopied platform filled with furniture in all stages of manufacture, frames, mattresses and upholstering goods.

The Portland Furniture Company had two teams, one bearing a fac-simile of an old 1786-kitchen, with clock, spinning wheel, settle, fire-place with crane and kettles, strings of dried apples hanging from the ceiling; the other a modern 1886 parlor with all its adornments, including elegant gas fixtures.

B. A. Atkinson & Co.'s branch store, under the management of Isaac C. Atkinson, was represented by seven teams. The first was a picnic wagon with the Deering Band. The second represented the mailing department of B. A. Atkinson and Co. The mail bags for the different States were hung in a row and the occupants inside busily at work with the mails. Car No. 3 represented a parlor, having an entire suite and other furnishings. Ladies and gentlemen were seated in the parlor. The fifth car represented a kitchen in modern style. Car No. 6 was a finely furnished bedroom. Car No. 7 displayed a set of pulpit furniture. The eighth and last car was filled with toys and small furniture thrown in promiscuously. This display was one of the largest and most elaborate in the procession.

W. H. Winslow & Co. had a single team with fine upholstering goods attractively displayed.

The Globe Steam Laundry sent their delivery team, adorned with flags and banners.

Plummer Bros., fish dealers, had a double team. A boat loaded with fish, great and small, surmounted by a canopy with flags and signs; a fountain playing in the center; huge sturgeons and salmon, down to the smallest fish caught were represented in the load.

C. W. Lombard sent a team with name of business and sign.

Durgin and Crocker, dealers in stoves, sent a single team loaded with oil and coal stoves, and adorned with flags and banners.

Tenney & Dunham, tinware, etc., had a single team advertising their specialty, the "Jersey Packet Shipping Can," with a pyramid of the cans.

A. Little & Co. put one team into the trades division of the procession, drawn by four large bay horses, decked with elegant worked harnesses. An appropriate cart was loaded with cases and bales of dry goods, running lengthwise, and above the load was an ornamental sign, painted on canvas, "A. Little and Co., Jobbers of Dry Goods," supported by a flagstaff at each end, with American flags at the top of the staffs. The sides of the load were decorated with shields, supporting satin banners, bearing the following inscriptions:

American and French Dress Goods.
American and French Silks.
Irish and Scotch Linens.
Velvets and Velveteens.
Foreign and Domestic Woolens.
Housekeeping Goods.
Fancy Goods and Notions.
Novelties.

Owen, Moore and Company's exhibit was one of the most attractive in the whole trade's display, and exhibited the great taste of the firm. On a large float was erected a windmill formed of the richest stuffs and ribbons presenting a castellated style and surmounted by the flag. All around the richly dressed base stood boys, some dozen in number, in unique costumes, holding silk banners of all colors bearing the mottoes, "Importers," "Retailers," "Fancy goods." The driver was attired in the elegant costume of the time Charles II, and the coachman's box was draped with elegant box cloths, embroidered with the firm monogram. The car bore the motto:

"Our mills of ancient model
Grind out a modern grist."

The car was drawn by four splendidly caparisoned studs, driven abreast, with red housings, also bearing the firm monogram. A carriage preceded the car filled with a band dressed in Brother Jonathan costume and playing on all kinds of odd instruments.

Samuel Thurston had a team draped with handsome signs, pianos, stools, cloths, etc.

E. B. Robinson had a handsome canopied platform, carrying a piano, draped and with the names of the piano makers for whom he is agent, with the dates 1847—1886, with lyre, flags, etc.

The New England Organ Company had a finely draped car, with specimens of goods.

The Portland Advertiser sent a buggy with occupants, carrying a banner and legend.

The Portland Globe had a huge globe with date 1877, and lettered with appropriate legends.

The Evening Express was represented by a carriage bearing proprietors and editors, followed by a canopied team with employees and banner with papers and flags.

Lamson, the photographer, had a large camera with banner; boy dressed to represent the sun, with the legend "The Sun is my Servant."

Algernon Stubbs had a team draped with the national colors, a picture by Harry Brown, bronzes, etc.

C. H. Lamson had a single team, the platform of which was mounted with a bicycle and timepieces, the sides giving address and business departments, and carrying a living representation of Father Time discarding his wings and glass and taking the modern watch and bicycle.

Libby's Parcel Delivery had two teams with flags.

Zenas Thompson, carriage manufacturer, had ten teams, seven carriages of different kinds, one two-horse caravan surmounted by a Russian sleigh with plumes, harnessed to a magnificent wooden horse of life-size, with two out-riders in uniform carrying banners with the names of countries to which his goods are sent; a team with an old sleigh of 1789, and a new sleigh of 1886, for four persons. On the caravan was suspended the back bar of the veritable "one-horse shay," immortalized by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The harness on

wooden horse was from the establishment of J. and B. Jordan, Congress street.

The Horse and Carriage Mart had one team carrying a rack of harnesses, surmounted with whips, riding saddles on the corners of the platform, displaying blankets, robes, mats, etc., with firm's sign; a tandem team drawing carriages, draped and decorated.

G. W. Jones had two fine grocery wagons, manufactured by himself, illustrating the character of his work.

P. H. Bradley had three teams drawing twelve carriages, of all the styles manufactured by him.

West and Calderwood had a team loaded with bread and flour.

George Hudson had a wagon adorned with flags.

Thomas Carey had a three-horse team carrying a platform containing cigarmakers at work, surmounted by an ornamental sign with brand of cigars and firm name.

The Casco Dye House had a delivery wagon, with flags and banners.

S. Rounds had three single teams, red, white and blue, loaded with children, draped with bunting, flags, etc.

S. M. Smart, lumber, sent a single team loaded with clapboards piled in cobs.

Randall & McAllister sent one four-horse team, and one single team adorned with flags, etc., with firm's sign, and carrying children.

At the head of each sub division of the trades procession, there was a mounted herald carrying a banner, on which, in gilt letters, was inscribed the name of the trade or business that followed. There were twenty-six of these heralds, with banners.

EIGHTH DIVISION — FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This portion of the procession was made particularly interesting by the presence of some old-time machinery and the personal participation of men who were active firemen a half century ago.

In early days the department consisted simply of fire wardens, who volunteered their services and represented the property and leading families of the town. They had their headquarters, and each warden was supplied with a leather bucket, a canvas bag, a fire-hook and a bed wrench. Their method of operation was to form a line from the water to the fire and pass the buckets as fast as possible

and return the empty ones. Women and children frequently took part in passing back the empty buckets.

Then came two little fire engines, the Neptune and Vigilant, that could squirt water not more than twenty feet high, and then the "Cataract," which was built in London in 1802, and a model of the same headed the department's exhibit, the original having been destroyed in the great fire of 1866.

For a long time it was not known that this engine possessed the power of suction, and the fire brigade used to pour the water into her. She was of cylinder shape, large as a hogshead, and some twenty feet in length. The treading power was chiefly by ropes stretched from either side of the machine. One day she was sent to Mr. Leonard Crockett for repairs, and he at once discovered that she was a suction engine of full capacity for her exhaust of water.

After the Cataract came two immense fire engines built in Philadelphia, the Hydrogen and Deluge. They were what was known as double-deckers, having two sets of treads, one worked by men standing on the ground and the other ones from a platform on the machine. They were ponderous and powerful engines and could throw three good streams of water. But the most interesting actual relic of the old department was the veritable "Atlantic, No. 2," the first and "smartest tub" ever built by Leonard Crockett, a noted machinist and engine builder, whose shop was on Fore street. The Atlantic is now the property of the Rolling Mills.

Some twenty of the old members of the company and nine members of the Hydrogen took part in the demonstration, attired in blue shirts and white helmet caps. Among them were two ex-commanders, Captains Henry Dyer and John Cammett. The veterans were seated in a barge, behind which was the gallant little machine they had "run with" forty years ago.

The Norway Band, twenty-five pieces, A. E. Norseworthy, leader, discoursed music for this division. The right was headed by the fac-simile of the old Cataract. Then the veteran firemen and Atlantic, and the Peak's Island hand engine with its red shirted company as of ye olden time, followed by the city department, Machigonne No. 1, Portland No. 2, Cumberland No. 3, Falmouth No. 4, Casco No. 5, and the hook and ladder carriages Washington 1, Eagle 2 and Bramhall 3, and the several hose carriages.

The engines were tastefully ornamented with flowers, their brass and nickel burnished to brilliancy and the horses groomed to perfection. The fireman in their natty blue uniforms and nobby blue naval caps were a striking contrast to the red-shirted, devil-may-care boys of the earlier days. It was one of the handsomest and most interesting features of the procession, and it should have had among its numbers such veterans as Neal Dow, the first chief engineer, Harris C. Barnes, Spencer Rogers, Nahum Littlefield, Lewis B. Smith, Andrew J. Cummings, and other surviving veterans.

Following was the formation of the division:

G. H. Cloyes, Marshal.
Aids: Chas. W. Cushing, Robert W. Jackson, Thomas Payne, Samuel Hodgdon.
Cataract Engine, No. 1 (model 1802).
Atlantic Engine, No. 2 (the first engine built here).
Peaks Island Engine, No. 1.
Norway Band.
Board of Engineers.
Officers and Members of the Department.
Machigonne Engine and Hose, No. 1.
Portland Engine and Hose, No. 2.
Cumberland Engine and Hose, No. 3.
Falmouth Engine and Hose, No. 4.
Casco Engine and Hose, No. 5.
Eagle Hook and Ladder Carriage.
Washington Hook and Ladder Carriage.
Bramhall Hook and Ladder Carriage.

NINTH DIVISION.

The street department was in a short division by itself. First came an exhibit of the "Street department in 1786." This consisted of an ox team bearing a couple of plows and accompanied by eight men in continental costume, six of them armed with hoes, marching by the side of the cart.

Following, came the department of 1836. This was represented by an old fashioned road roller drawn by a heavy team.

A modern street sweeper came next, followed by ten men in checked suits, bearing sweepers, brooms, shovels, picks, etc. Two of the city hand carts came next, and the rear of the whole was brought up by the new steam road roller.

FINALE.

The reviewing stand was occupied by invited guests, and many of our prominent citizens, all of whom expressed their surprise and delight at this unparalleled display of the military and civic, as well as the trades and manufactures of the city."

Thus closed the grand procession.

THE STEAM ROLLER.

"The exhibition of the steamr oad roller on Temple street at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon was witnessed by a large crowd. Granite boulders to the depth of two feet had been placed in the street, and the roller settled them about eight inches. On Thursday afternoon Street Commissioner Staples will put on about eight inches of crushed stone, and the power of the roller will be again tested in the presence of the Committee on Streets. At this exhibition the roller will probably be officially accepted by the city. Jesse Martin, who came from England to set it up, handled the roller in fine shape. He thoroughly understood his business."

The Daily Argus of the next day said:

"Portland's great centennial celebration has passed its first stage, and our citizens can congratulate themselves on having provided the best celebration that has ever occurred here. While the early morning was not very pleasant, before the procession started the sun came out, but its heat was tempered by a delightful breeze. The procession in the forenoon was the most elaborate ever seen in this city. The merchants are entitled to remarkable praise in every respect, and even the unobserving must have been struck with the elaborate display made. The allegorical representations were also on a grand scale, while the fire department, showing engines from the old Cataract to the steam engines, was very attractive. All along the line were heard exclamations of delight at the magnificence of the procession. One very attractive feature of the procession was the Glen House coaches, each drawn by six handsome horses. All the coaches were filled with happy people. The procession was two hours passing a given point, and was about four miles in length. For so large a procession it was moved remarkably near time. There was no hitch, every division wheeled into line in the proper

place, and at the exact time, and all moved harmoniously. The naval brigade was received with hearty and persistent applause, and the commercial travellers made friends all along the line.

There were probably twenty-five thousand strangers in the city. The Boston & Maine-Eastern brought in Sunday and yesterday some ten thousand, the Maine Central about five thousand, the Portland & Rochester two thousand, the Grand Trunk three thousand, and the Portland and Ogdensburg nearly two thousand, and the steamers, teams, etc., the remainder.

It was a great day for Portland, one that reflected much credit upon the citizens, and particularly the committees who have labored so faithfully to bring the celebration to so happy a consummation. Nothing like it was ever seen here before, and probably will not again for many years. It far excelled any exhibition that has been given in Boston, so said several gentlemen who had witnessed their greatest displays there.

The story of the progress of Portland in one hundred years was admirably told in the moving pictures; they showed us how our first settlers lived, and how the nabobs of the present day reside in luxury; how the brave men extinguished fires in the olden times, with simple appliances, compared with the powerful steamers of today; how the roads were repaired in years agone, and the powerful street roller of now."

THE DECORATIONS.

The city was gaily decorated in honor of the great celebration. Everywhere flags were flying from public and private buildings. Professional decorators had been at work during all the week, and a very large number of houses and other buildings were decorated with bunting, flags, shields, and various devices, many bearing words of welcome for the returning natives of the town.

The decorations by the city comprised the City Hall, the Old City Hall, engine houses, etc., and arches of flags placed on Congress street as follows: At the

Observatory; at the head of Washington street; at the head of India street; at the corner of Franklin and Congress streets; at the corner of Pearl and Congress streets; at the head of Elm street; at the head of Casco street; at the junction of Free and Congress streets; at State street square; at the corner of Carleton and Congress streets.

The private decorations on the route of the procession were by the following parties:

Congress Street.—Davis block, at corner of Exchange street, Casco fire engine house, Second Parish church, Oren Hooper, Son & Leighton, Morse & Sweetsir, S. W. Warren & Co., Booths at Lincoln Park, George C. Frye, Dr. John T. Palmer, John D. Williams, Dr. Frank P. Scully, James F. Pierce, Edgar R. Dow, Charles B. Turner, Mrs. T. B. Tolford, Kavanagh School building, Mrs. Jane Swett, Wm. H. Kohling, C. F. Dunlap, Rufus Stanley.

Washington Street.—Charles W. York, John Conlon, Michael Scanlon, Mrs. S. J. Philbrook.

Cumberland Street.—J. M. Richardson, L. D. Austin, David F. Corser, John B. Coyle, jr., Mr. Weston, Edward Chenery, John L. Shaw, Christopher Way, Martin Pennell & Co., Dr. Allen, M. S. Knight, J. B. Donnell, J. F. Merrill, Mrs. M. H. Humphrey, Wm. W. Latham, Wm. H. Josselyn, Dr. John B. Hughes, H. F. Thompson, John True, C. D. Clark, Mr. Hunt, C. L. Drummond, Elmer Brown, E. C. Milliken.

High Street.—John F. Rand, A. J. Pettingell, William Tibbetts, O. M. Shaw, Mrs. T. E. Twitchell.

Deering Street.—Hon. John W. Deering, F. O. Gould, James E. McDowell, Russell Lewis, J. S. Winslow, John N. Lord, W. H. Woodbury, John P. Thomas, Alfred Woodman, George F. Thurston, John Q. Twitchell, Sterling Dow, F. V. Carney, Samuel W. Larrabee, Wm. H. Anderson, Frank E. Allen, John E. DeWitt.

State Street.—O. K. Gerrish, D. W. Clark, Hon. George Walker, Dr. I. T. Dana, H. M. Payson.

Congress Street.—Dr. S. H. Weeks, Dr. Lewis W. Pendleton, Eben Corey, Henry W. Hersey, Henry T. Cummings, J. P. Wheel-

wright, Payson Tucker, F. N. Dow, Dr. E. E. Holt, J. S. Champlin, Mrs. P. A. Waterhouse.

Carleton Street.—James White, Lewis B. Smith, a very elaborate decoration; Geo. E. Kenworthy, jr., C. F. Jordan, Mrs. N. M. Woodman, W. P. Higgins, E. P. Staples, John P. Hobbs, Alderman Wm. M. Marks, E. G. Spring, Samuel Waterhouse, G. L. Bailey, Charles F. Morse, Oliver Hay, Howard Gould, J. C. Hamlin, Charles S. Chase.

Pine Street.—F. H. Fassett and X. John Little, very fine decorations; H. W. Shaylor, M. P. Frank, Henry M. Howes, John M. Jordan, Mrs. Jane Hersom, M. A. Jewell, Clinton L. Baxter, Walter H. Thomas, Benjamin Stone, J. S. Douglass, J. S. Eustis, Major H. S. Melcher, the Chief Marshal of the procession, a fine display; Mrs. M. H. Sweetsir, George B. Loring, John Sparrow, Charles A. Eaton, J. Ambrose Merrill, Hon. J. W. Symonds, B. A. Perkins, George E. B. Jackson, Mrs. Julia A. Gerrish, Edwin Clement, Joseph E. Blabon.

State Street.—Mrs. George F. Shepley, Daniel F. Emery, Rt. Rev. H. A. Neely, Rev. C. M. Sills, W. F. Milliken, Wm. E. Gould, a very tasteful display; Charles A. Brown, Mrs. L. A. Baker, H. B. Stephenson, Mrs. James Bailey, Geo. H. Knight, Samuel H. Stevens, Everett Smith, J. L. Rackleff, Hanno W. Gage, Mrs. John Russell, Thomas Shaw, J. P. Marquand, Rev. C. W. Doherty, Fred Fox, A. G. Dewey, George A. Thomas, tasteful decorations, and this inscription:

"God of the centuries! Today
A hundred years the tale has told,
And lingering in their welcome shade,
We listen to the days of old.
To us how fast the centuries flight,
To thee as watchers in the night."

"This house built in 1800; ours one hope, one life work, one creed."

N. M. Perkins, Charles C. Dole.

Danforth Street.—Charles A. Cushing, Charles McCarthy, jr., Home for Aged Men.

Park Street.—Wm. K. Hilton, Henry C. Fitch, James S. Marrett, J. W. Waterhouse, J. S. Kirkpatrick, Chadwick Mansion.

Pleasant Street.—William R. Wood.

High Street.—William Leavitt, Albert Marwick, Wm. H.

Moulton, Charles W. Roberts, Mrs. Helen W. Colby, Dr. T. A. Foster, W. S. Dana, Horatio N. Jose.

Congress Street.—Harrison J. and James B. Libby, William S. Banks, Dr. J. P. Wentworth, Hammond block, A. L. Millett, George C. Shaw, City Hotel, D. I. Deland, William Milliken & Co., John W. Deering, Sawyer & Dyer, G. J. Hodgson, Machigonne Engine Co.'s house, Riggs & Co., J. R. Lunt & Co., C. E. Bean, Durant block, Brown block, Rines Brothers, Mitchell and Powers, John S. Russell, Millett & Little, Owen, Moore & Co., Mrs. F. C. Chase, Eastman Bros. & Bancroft, Turner Brothers, Lamson's studio, Lancaster block, Robinson block, Loring, Short & Harmon, Haskell & Jones, Preble House — a very beautiful and elaborate display; Thatcher Post, G. A. R., Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, Farrington block, Chadwick House, Chase House, Union Mutual Insurance Co.'s block—very finely decorated—(see illustration).

OTHER DECORATIONS.

At the Depots.—The decorations of the Maine Central offices were very neat. From the top of the building American flags were draped. Above the windows on the front side, red and white bunting was festooned; below the windows black, orange and red bunting. The entrance was draped from the balcony with American flags; shield of Maine Central in front of balcony with British flag below. The side of the building was festooned with red, white and blue bunting. Both the old and the new Boston and Maine and Maine Central depots were handsomely festooned with flags of different nations and bunting.

Public Buildings.—The decorations at the City building were superior to those of any former display. The whole front of the building, from the base of the dome to the sidewalk, was prettily and artistically decorated with red, white and blue streamers arranged in various and unique devices. The main entrance was adorned with national flags caught up on the supporting pillars of the portico. On the front of the portico on white canvas were the words "Welcome Home" in large black letters. Between these words was a representation of two hands clasped. To the left of this regent appeared the old Indian name "Machigonne," and on a similar

position at the right, the old English name "Falmouth." Over and above these were flags arranged in varied and graceful designs. The figure of an Indian in full war costume, appeared over the name Machigonne, and the figure of the Goddess of Liberty over Falmouth. From the flagstaff on the dome were flags of all nations running to the tower.

In the City Hall.—Around the ventilator in the centre of the hall was a handsome circular design of blue bunting with stars. Radiating from thence in every direction were blue and white streamers. They were caught at the various pillars, and the ends hung in folds. The entire background of the stage was covered with a piece of scenery representing the naval conflict between the "Enterprise" and "Boxer," off Monhegan. The painting was executed by Story. Over the top of this picture was the word "Welcome" in large letters, and above "1786" and "1886." Above this was looped folds of red, white and blue bunting, going from here entirely around the hall. Flags were drooped from the top of the canvas to the bottom on either end. On one side was the Maine coat-of-arms, and on the other the Massachusetts coat-of-arms. Red and white, and blue and white festoons appeared under their coat-of-arms. The tri-colored bunting was looped gracefully along the front of the stage. In the window-niches were the coat-of-arms of the various States, with flags of the different nations, and on the pillars flags were festooned in designs of butterflies, with shields in the centre. White lace was draped around the gallery, caught with small glittering stars and shields. At the right, on a white groundwork and in red letters, was the old Indian name "Machigonne." The following names, displayed in the same manner, with pretty designs between each, surrounded the gallery: Casco Bay, the next name given to our city; The Neck, a later appellation; Falmouth, the old English name, and finally Portland. Alternating with these names were, first on a groundwork of flags the centennial shield bearing the dates "1786–1886," the Maine coat-of-arms, and another centennial shield.

The Reception hall was also handsomely decorated. The Mayor's office, City Clerk's office, and in fact all the rooms on the floor were very prettily and artistically festooned, and as well the passage-ways below and above. The work of decorating this building and the Old

City Hall was done by Mr. J. C. Weston, of Lawrence. The fact that this was undoubtedly the best arranged display ever seen here was the highest praise that could be given the designer.

The Old City Hall.—From the flag staff at the top four lines were suspended to the roof and top of the verandah, being hung with small flags. In the highest portion of the front on a ground work of flags rested the American eagle with a portrait of George Washington. In either side were flag rosettes. Just above the main entrance were the words in large, black letters, "Portland Welcomes her Sons and Daughters." Large American flags were draped from here to the pillars, with Portland's charter seal in the centre, and at the entrance on each side were festooned orange, blue, red and white bunting flags. Over the windows were also draped American flags with a festoon of red, white and blue bunting below. In the centre of the left window was a shield with "Falmouth 1786" and on the right window, "Portland 1886."

The First National Bank building was elaborately decorated with flags and streamers.

Mayor Chapman's residence, 375 Spring street, was profusely and handsomely decorated.

The Falmouth Hotel.—The Falmouth Hotel was decorated in a most extensive, artistic manner. It made one of the finest looking buildings in the city. Flags, bunting, streamers, and figure pieces literally covered its imposing facade. Over the main entrance was a strip of white canvas bearing the words, "Welcome to All." Within the hotel, the corridors and office were tastefully decorated. The whole was a credit to the taste and enterprise of Mr. John K. Martin, the proprietor.

HISTORICAL INSCRIPTIONS.

The Historical Committee caused to be prepared the following inscriptions, which were temporarily affixed to the buildings and places hereinafter designated, as being historic spots, and former residences of Portland's distinguished citizens now deceased:

1 On the fence enclosing the Grand Trunk Railway yard at the

foot of Hancock street—"George Cleeve and Richard Tucker built the first house near this spot in 1633."

2 At the Grand Trunk Railway station, foot of India street—"The site of Fort Loyall, destroyed by the French and Indians, May 20 (O. S.), 1690."

3 On the Portland Company's office, Fore street—"Near this spot was built the first meeting-house, 1680. In it preached the Rev. George Burroughs, 1688."

4 On the north-west corner of Middle and India streets—"The site of meeting-house, built in 1721."

5 On vacant lot opposite the head of India street—"Site of Parson Smith's house, erected in 1732, burnt in 1775."

6 On house on the south-east corner of Congress and Hampshire streets—"Site of Ann Greely's Tavern, where the early courts and councils were held."

7 On the south-west corner of Franklin and Middle streets—"Site of Ross and Tyng house, built in 1750, burnt in 1866."

8 On the house on the north-east corner of Fore and Hancock streets—"Henry W. Longfellow was born in this house, February 27, 1807."

9 Casco Bank building, No. 195 Middle street—"Site of the house where Commodore Preble lived and died, in 1807."

10 On store on Middle street, opposite the foot of Free street—"Site of first house burnt by Mowatt, October, 1775."

11 On store in the Hammond block, Market square—"Site of the Marston Tavern."

12 On house No. 487 Congress street, adjoining Preble House—"Home of Longfellow."

13 On house No. 97 York street—"The oldest in town, built in 1738."

14 House on south-west corner of High and York streets—"This house was built in 1740."

15 Chadwick House, rear 431 Congress street—"Built in 1765."

16 House of Mrs. Tolford, 286 Congress street—"The second two-storied house in the town was built on this site, 1742; withstood the destruction of the town in 1775; burned in 1866." A ball exhibited: "This ball was thrown from Mowatt's fleet, lodged in the timbers of the old house."

17 On house on north-east corner of Middle and Franklin streets.—"Site of house in which Rev. Edward Payson lived and died, Oct. 22, 1827."

18 On the north part of the First Baptist church, on the corner of Wilmot and Congress streets.—"Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in the house that formerly stood here, 1806."

19 On house No. 72 Franklin street.—"Sarah P. Willis (Fanny Fern) born on this spot, July 7, 1811."

20 On house No. 175 State street—"Residence of John Neal."

21 On house No. 166 State street—"Homes of Prentiss Mellen and Wm. P. Fessenden."

22 On Congress Hall building, 420 Congress street—"Sargent S. Prentiss, Portland's distinguished son, born on this site."

23 On house on north-east corner of Elm and Cumberland streets —"Home of Simon Greenleaf."

24 On house No. 81 Free street—"Home of William Willis."

25 On house No. 101 Free street—"Home of Ashur Ware."

26 On house No. 156 State street—"Residences of Ether Shepley and George F. Shepley."

27 On house No. 51 State street—"Residence of Hon. Wm. P. Preble."

28 On front of steps at Old City Hall—"Sargent S. Prentiss here made his memorable speech, August, 1840."

29 On the south-east corner of steps—"On these steps Frederick Douglass made his first anti-slavery speech in Portland, September, 1842."

30 On a tree on State, near Congress street, the following tablet was intended to be placed:

"THE TYNG ESTATE.

"All the lands on both sides of State street, forty-four acres, were possessed by the Tyng family during three generations—Edward Tyng, the older, 1686 to 1728; Commodore Edward Tyng and John Tyng, 1728–1755; Sheriff and Col. William Tyng (22 acres), 1755 to 1787. Confiscated by the Massachusetts Government on account of Col. William Tyng being a Tory, 1787. Sold to Joseph H. Ingraham, 1799."

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Thousands of people flocked to Deering Park in the afternoon to witness the dances of the Hebdomadal Indians and the music by the children of the public schools. During these dances there was an almost continuous display of day fireworks, and Chandler's Band played some fine selections. Nearly a thousand school children were seated on a raised platform, and sang the following songs:

America.
The Star Spangled Banner.
Prayer for Our Country.
Independence Day.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
Hail Columbia.

Mrs. Ann E. Merrill conducted the children, and kept them well in time.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

At twelve o'clock Prof. C. H. Grimley began to prepare to fill the balloon with 25,000 feet of gas. An immense crowd of people in and about Lincoln Park watched the operation. At four P.M. the balloon was about ready, and at five o'clock the rope was cut and the professor, accompanied by Dr. W. L. Vandorn of New York, gracefully ascended. The wind was light from the south, south-east. For the first three thousand feet the atmosphere was clear, but the fog had been steadily drifting in from the sea, and at that height objects below could not be discerned, only the mast-heads of the war-ships, but in the upper strata where the balloon was, all was clear. At that height the balloon floated between the coast and land and at five

thousand feet elevation took a current that carried her over the breakers. The professor then let out the gas and the balloon descended into the fog current and ran inland to a spot over Mr. Morgan's farm in Falmouth, about two miles from the shore. In descending Mr. Morgan caught the drag-rope and tied it to a fence. The fog was so dense it was decided to continue the voyage no farther. A series of captive ascensions then were given sending Mrs. Morgan and children up three hundred feet, and some gentlemen. Prof. Grimley went up with a Mr. Proctor and the drag-rope broke, through a sudden lurch, but the anchor was put out and the balloon descended. The balloon was then emptied of its gas, and Mr. Morgan's son brought the balloonists to the city.

EVENING.

The sham fight between the Hebdomadal tribe of Indians and the settlers, represented by the Sons of Veterans, occurred on Bramhall hill in the evening as previously announced. The vast extent of Bramhall was covered on every inch of its surface. Standing room could hardly be found. Even the roofs of adjacent dwellings were covered with excited urchins. Owing to the fog which arose at nightfall, only part of the skirmish was witnessed. The following were the leading features of the contest:

Scene 1.—Friendly intercourse of whites and Indians.

Scene 2.—In the corner of the Maine Central field, the tribe dance the war dance while the whites work about their homes.

Scene 3.—Attack on Cleeve and Tucker's families; destruction of their two cabins; a settler killed and scalped; the old men, women and children taken prisoners; (Indians secure their guns in this fight.)

Scene 4.—The Indians return to their homes and dance the scalp dance and rejoice over their success. In the meantime other settlers move into other cabins.

Scene 5.—The whites build Fort Loyall.

Scene 6.—Indians seen at home dancing war dance. On the left of the settlement troops seen advancing, Indians move against the settlers and are met by the troops under Major Church. Battle scene at Anthony Brackett's barn under Bramhall's hill, Indians defeated, return home, soldiers go to the fort.

Scene 7.—French and Indians attack and kill Lieut. Clark and his scouting party of thirteen, on Munjoy hill, besiege and capture Fort Loyall. Indians fire the fort by shooting arrows with birch bark on fire into the enclosure, and thus drive the garrison out and take them prisoners.

Scene 8.—Battle of Purpooduck, Indians entirely destroy the town, killing twenty-five persons.

FIREWORKS.

The slopes of Bramhall were covered with a mighty throng in the evening to witness the fireworks, but it was disappointed. At dusk a dense fog suddenly arising rendered it impossible to witness the display.

The committee decided to postpone it until Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

CITY BUILDING ILLUMINATED.

The front of City Building in the evening presented an attractive appearance. Above the doors was the city shield encompased in red bunting, while on either side small incandescent electric lights of alternating colors were stretched to the upper corners of the door. Below the shield small electric lights formed the word "Portland." Above glittered the figures "1633," signifying the earliest settlement. On the left was the date "1786," while on the right was that of "1886." The make-up was exceedingly unique, and at first sight the figures resembled glittering stars.

THIRD DAY OF THE CELEBRATION.

TUESDAY, JULY 6TH.

The day was clear and pleasant, although oppressively hot. The mercury was among the nineties, and what breeze there was came from the west and was dry, and was in marked contrast with the sea air of Monday.

REGATTA.

The first event on the programme was the regatta as arranged by the committee, and which took place at 8.30 o'clock in the morning. The course was from Union wharf to Great Eastern wharf and return. The races were as follows, viz.:

PROFESSIONAL SINGLES.

The first was the single scull race. The names, colors and position were as follows:

NAMES.	POSITIONS.	COLORS.
F. A. Plaisted	1	Red.
Wm. Payne	2	White.
W. F. Stevens	3	Blue.
J. O'Donnell	4	Green.
J. P. Buckley	5	Pink.
P. Conley	6	Orange.

Mr. Payne did not appear. The number six position was outside, while the first position was nearest to the wharves. At the word Buckley took water first and held the lead, with Conley and Plaisted even seconds, Stevens two lengths behind, and O'Donnell in the rear. Opposite Custom House wharf Conley spurted and left Plaisted, who had rougher water. When Grand Trunk Elevator wharf was passed Conley had a slight lead. From this point he

increased his lead and turned the stake-boat six lengths in advance of Buckley, and easily won. Plaisted made a good turn and commenced to gain on Buckley. Stevens gained rapidly on the leaders. O'Donnell was out of the race. Plaisted passed Buckley opposite Portland Co.'s wharf. He held that position to the finish. Stevens spurted and tried to gain on Buckley, but it was of no use.

Buckley took third position only one length behind Plaisted, Stevens fourth, and O'Donnell fifth, Time as follows:

Conley, 14.45; Plaisted, 14.50; Buckley, 14.52; Stevens, 14.53; O'Donnell, 15. The prizes, 1st, $75.00; 2d, $40.00; 3d, $25.00.

JUNIOR SINGLES.

The second was the junior single scull race with the following starters:

NAMES.	POSITIONS.	COLORS.
F. W. Buckley	1	White.
P. McDermott	2	Blue.
A. A. Frates	3	Orange.
J. E. Morgan	4	Salmon.

Buckley took the lead at the word, with a rapid stroke. The "Cornelia H." turned the course and as Buckley was leading he had to take the wash of the ferry-boat; from this point he simply pulled over the course. In the meantime Frates had drawn away from the others. He maintained his lead and turned the stake-boat six lengths in advance of Morgan and McDermott. Frates crossed the line twenty lengths ahead, making it in 14.58. Morgan and McDermott made a hard fight for second place. On the last quarter mile McDermott gained the lead and crossed the line in 15.40, three lengths ahead of Morgan. Buckley's time was 16.50.

Prizes — 1st, gold watch; 2d, silver watch; 3d, opera glasses.

DOUBLE WORKING BOATS.

The next was a working-boat race. The starters were:

NAMES.	POSITIONS.	COLORS.
O'Brien and Donahue	1	Blue.
Payne and Kinsley	2	Green.
Conley and Buckley	3	Pink.
O'Donnell and Davis	4	Orange.

O'Brien and Donahue caught a crab on the start, so the others had the benefit of a good start. They were close till opposite the

Grand Trunk Elevator wharf, when Paine and Kinsley took the lead and made the turn in fine shape two lengths ahead of O'Brien and Donahue, and Conley and Buckley, who made the turn together. The race home was exciting; first, one would spurt and close the lead of Payne and Kinsley, and then the other would respond. Payne and Kinsley won in 16.40. O'Brien and Donahue second after a hard race in 16.42; Conley and Buckley third, in 16.44; O'Donnell and Davis fourth, in 16.54.

Prizes for this race:—1st, $75; 2d, $40; 3d, $20.

JUNIOR FOUR OARS.

The fourth event was the race between the Dirigos and Cumberlands. The Cumberlands were composed of the following men: M. A. Clary, P. H. McDonough, E. W. Lenard, H. A. Frates.

The Dirigos, R. E. Davis, H. F. McGee, S. H. Cady, J. D. Randall.

The Cumberlands had the inside or that nearest the wharves. Their color was white, while that of the Dirigos was red. Both crews took the water together and Cumberland obtained the lead and turned the stake boat three lengths ahead and maintained their lead to the finish. The Cumberlands' time was 14.10. The Dirigos finished eight lengths behind the Cumberlands. Time 14.28.

SENIOR FOUR OARS.

The last event was a race between the following crews:

NAMES.	POSITIONS.	COLORS.
Cumberland	1	Pink.
Nameless	2	White.
Dirigo	3	Blue.

The crews were made up as follows:

Cumberland — T. P. Dennis, E. Norton, P. J. McMahon, W. J. Dennis.

Dirigo — M. L. Greely, W. J. Prim, M. E. Myers, M. G. Davis.

Nameless — John Webber, J. Flaherty, J. Morgan, W. W. Stowell.

The three crews took the water together. Cumberland and Nameless pulled away from the Dirigos, whose steering was faulty. The Nameless took the turn first and Cumberland next, a length behind. The Dirigos made a beautiful turn and thus gained what they had lost. The Nameless held the lead and crossed the line in 14.20,

followed by Cumberland five seconds later, and the Dirigos ten seconds later.

The races were witnessed by a great throng of people on the wharves, Munjoy hill and in row boats.

The judges were Messrs. Dugan and Reardon for the Cumberlands, and Messrs. Gibbons and McLean for the Dirigos. Time-keeper, Wm. H. Greene; Referee, Peter O'Connor.

EXERCISES IN THE CITY HALL.

Long before the hour appointed for the exercises in the City Hall, the audience began to assemble, and by 10 o'clock the extra seats and aisles were crowded and late comers could obtain no entrance. A portion of the hall had been reserved for invited guests, and seats on the platform had been reserved for those to whom invitations had been sent.

Chandler's Band, preliminary to the exercises, played several choice selections in their inimitable style.

Precisely at 10 o'clock Mayor Chapman, followed by Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson and others who participated, came upon the platform. Following them, were Gov. Robie and staff, Mayor Henry L. Gregg, of Hudson, New York; Hon. I. Allen Jack, Deputy Mayor of St. John; Judge Henry Carter, of Haverhill; Rev. Samuel Longfellow, of Cambridge; Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill; Dr. A. C. Hamlin, Bangor; Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly president of American College at Constantinople; ex-Postmaster General Horatio G. King, Washington; Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, Salem; Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Harpswell; Prof. Henry L. Chapman, Bowdoin College; ex-Mayor M. F. King,

Hon. Bion Bradbury, Col. A. W. Bradbury, Rev. Dr. Chickering, Mass.; General George L. Beal, Norway; Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, Brooklyn; Hon. Charles McLaughlin, George S. Hunt, H. W. Hersey, Geo. C. Burgess, Rev. Henry Blanchard, Gen. Horatio C. King, New York; Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Fenn, O. B. Whitten, Brown Thurston, Hon. Jacob McLellan, Chas. S. Fobes, J. S. Winslow, Rev. Mr. Crosley and others.

After they were seated, Chandler played Catlin's American overture in an effective and pleasing manner. The American hymn was then sung by the Haydn Association, Mr. Hermann Kotzschmar, conductor. The chorus was seated in the rear gallery, and the effect all over the hall was excellent.

THE AMERICAN HYMN.

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers, as well as the ruled, 'one and all,'
Girt thou with virtue the armor of might!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Rulers, as well as the ruled, 'one and all,'
Girt thou with virtue the armor of might.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag.

Foremost in battle for freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry, we conquer or fall!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war cry, we conquer or fall!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,
Willing to die in humanity's cause,
Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Thus we defy all tyrannical pow'r.
While we contend for our Union and laws.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old —
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old!
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled.
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Leavitt H. Hallock, of the Williston church, Portland. The Star Spangled Banner was then sung by the Haydn Association with great effect.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag was still there;
O say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

CHORUS — O say does the star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

And war's clamors o'er, with her mantle hath peace,
Once again, in its folds, the nation enshrouded;
Let no fratricide hand, uplifted e'er be
The glory to dim which now is unclouded:
Not as North or as South in the future we'll stand,
But as brothers united throughout our broad land,
And the star spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.—CHO.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.—CHO.

Mayor Chapman then delivered the following address of welcome to the sons and daughters of Portland:

MAYOR CHAPMAN'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: — A century, in many respects the most important in recorded history, has elapsed since Portland was incorporated as a town. The genius of that century, as applied to our own country, has been material and moral development, toward which our city has largely contributed. As if to presage the popular spirit which should always imbue her people, it is significant that Portland's birthday occurred upon the anniversary of our national independence. Most certainly has the inspiration of that day manifested itself in many heroic incidents in our military and naval history; but not alone here, as true patriotism lies everywhere along the line of national well-being, which, we are proud to say, has ever been an object of loyal devotion among Portland's sons and daughters. For, embracing in their number, distinguished statesmen, authors, poets, jurists, divines, men eminent in every walk of life, and others, though less widely known yet not less worthy, tell me, in what city, town or community in this wide land has not been felt the beneficent power of some son, or the elevating influence of some daughter of Portland?

On this glad day, it becomes my pleasant duty in behalf of the city, to welcome to the homes of their childhood, many of these returning sons and daughters; and, also, to the associations of former years, many others who, "though not born on the homestead, yet by long residence became a part of the family."

"All, whose wandering feet retrace to-day
The path that led you from these scenes away,
Within whose breast, wherever you may roam,
The faith still lives, which points to childhood's home,
We bid you, hail!"

We welcome you to our hearts and homes, to which you are bound by many endearing ties. We welcome you to the full freedom of our city, whose honor you have always promoted, and held in most

sacred keeping. While we cannot show you that evidence of rapid municipal growth to which many of you are accustomed in your adopted homes, yet do not familiar places possess a tenderer interest, and wear an old-time charm, because change has not obliterated their wonted appearance? It is our hope that such will prove your experience, and that many pleasant reminiscences of bygone years will be awakened as you meet once more with the friends of earlier days,—as you revisit familiar spots,—and as you behold again the oft-coveted sight of the ever-constant ocean, and enjoy a hospitable sail among the picturesque islands of Casco Bay. May your stay with us be prolonged, and when at length you take your departure, our fondest hopes will have been realized, if you bear away with you happy memories of this occasion, fresh life and courage for future undertakings, and renewed love and loyalty for dear old Portland.

The Haydn Association then sang the Centennial Ode, written by Mrs. Cavazza, which was as follows:

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Written for music by Aida.—*Verdi.*

Praise to the City by the Sea!
Gather her children round her:
The golden years have crowned her
Queen of a century.

Within her ancient oak-wood
The summer wind rejoices,
The trees lift up their voices,
No light blown leaf is still.
Where oft, in youth, a poet
Went dreamily delaying,
With long, long thoughts, and straying
Boylike and windlike, at will.

Throned on her headlands in majesty
The city beholds the ocean,
That moves in tireless motion
About her many isles.

Ocean immense! Here at our gate
Gather thy waves in armor bright:
Strong, uncontrolled as power of fate,
Who may withstand the waters' might?
Come not, O Sea, in all thy wrath,
Loose not thy wind upon its path,
Make not thy deeps hollow for graves;
O Sea, be kind — restrain thy waves.

Fire left her places desolate
Furious, not having pity;
Yet, undismayed, our city
Lifts up her head and smiles.

And as the bird of fable
Is burned with myrrh and spices,
And presently arises
More radiant from the pyre —
From flame and smoke and ashes
Our city came victorious,
Renewed and still more glorious,
After the wasting fire.

Welcome another new century!
The suns as they circle above her
Increase the praises of her,
Our City by the Sea!

The Mayor then addressed the audience as follows:

Among the distinguished sons of Portland, there is one who is pre-eminent in the council of the nation. It is our rare good fortune that he is the orator of the day.

I have the pleasure of presenting Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

HON. T. B. REED'S ORATION.

Whoever stands, on a clear summer day, on the verandah at Cushing's Island and looks across the harbor, will find his eye resting upon a scene which for loveliness and varied beauty has no superior, and perhaps no parallel anywhere on the broad earth. The long slope of grassy verdure varied by the darker foliage of the trees spreads wide to the water's edge. Then begins the bright sparkle of the summer sea, that many twinkling smile of ocean, that countless laughter of the waves which has lighted up the heart of man centuries since Eschylus died, and centuries before he lived. Across the sunlit waters, dotted with the white sails or seamed with the bubbling foam of the steamer's track, past the wharves, bristling with masts and noisy with commerce, the gaze falls upon the houses sloping gently upward in the centre and becoming more and more embowered in trees as they climb the hills at either end. Following the tall spires the eye loses itself in the bright blue sky above. On the right are the roadsteads and the islands stretching out of sight. On the left are Fore River, the forests, the Cape and the boundless ocean, and altogether a scene which mingles all that is best and bright of sea and shore. If you shut your eyes and let the lofty spires disappear, the happy homes glisten out of sight, and the wharves give place to a curving line of shelving, pebbly beach; if you imagine the bright water unvexed by traffic, the tall peninsula covered with forests and bushy swamps, with the same varied expanse of island and of sea, and the whole scene undisturbed by any sound save the clanging cries of innumerable birds and water fowl, you will be looking upon Machigonne as it appeared to George Cleeve in the year 1632, when he landed, not knowing what a beautiful city he was to found, and never dreaming that at this distant day his name would be honored by so many people on the very scene of his varied struggles, his alternate victories and defeats. Where George Cleeve

was born, where he lived before he came from England or where his bones now rest no one of his unnumbered descendants knows today. His labors have been over more than two hundred years. He was a strong, vigorous man, full of expedients, bold of speech,—"rash," they called it in those days when they used to fine men for expressing opinions—tenacious, and with an amplitude of resource which strikes with wonder whoever considers his straightened circumstances and the results he brought about against powerful and persistent foes. In the whole of his long life of struggle and contention his enemies were never victorious except in his extreme old age.

He first came to this country in 1630, and built a house at Spurwink, from which he was driven by Trelawney's agent, John Winter, who being also a masterful man, became his life-long enemy. In the year 1632, Cleeve, with his wife Joan, his daughter Elizabeth and his partner, Richard Tucker, landed at the cove which is now covered by the Grand Trunk grounds and which then received the little creek, on the bank of which he built the first house on the Neck. This first house was near where the foot of Hancock street corners on Fore street. There for four years he tilled the land he cleared, traded and, we may hope, got some small gain. Finding his title disputed by his old enemy he took the resolution to go to England, and found himself there in 1636. In England, by his "excellent address and commanding ability," he, an Independent in religion, at a time when Laud was in full possession of his greatest power, procured from Sir Ferdinando Gorges and brought back with him, not only a deed for the whole Neck from Fore River to the Presumpscot, but also a plan for a united government of New England, which, had it been adopted and succeeded, might have made him a name as widely known as Winthrop's, and might have made Massachusetts greater today by the whole of New Hampshire and of Maine. But Winthrop, though cognizant of the magnanimity and fairness of Cleeve toward himself, rejected the plan, feeling that firm faith in his own charter which subsequent events justified. The fates were wiser than the designs of Cleeve, and in the result the Province of Maine belonging to Massachusetts, has become the State of Maine belonging to itself. Armed with his deed, we might have expected that George Cleeve would now trade and plant and traffic in peace. But peace is not the characteristic of a new settlement. Emigration

means vigor, and vigor likes to have its own way. Our ancestors in New England did not do as they do beyond the Mississippi, start a graveyard when they started a town. They went to law instead, a process which, while it may be as afflictive in its results as the Western method, has the abounding merit of encouraging a deserving profession, and of not being so sudden. Cleeve's law-suits about his title he won twice over. But winning them twice over was not enough.

In those days the strong man kept his house until a stronger came and took it away. Evidence is plentiful that a powerful conspiracy well calculated to be successful in the end, had been formed against the owner of the Neck. But his enemies belonged to the Royalist party, and while their combination was forming against him the news came in 1642 that their friends over the water had met with disaster, and that Oliver Cromwell had appeared victorious on the scene. Cleeve, with that wise promptness to seize an advantage which was not the least of his characteristics, immediately crossed the Atlantic. He found his enemies on that side of the water, the backers of his enemies at home, dispersed and overthrown. He immediately set to work, and in a short time had induced Sir Alexander Rigby, a powerful member of Parliament, to purchase the Lygonia patent, which covered an area of forty miles square, stretching on the sea-coast from Cape Porpoise to Merrymeeting Bay, and back into the country to a line which crossed the head of Long Pond. Of this territory Rigby appointed Cleeve the deputy president. Knowing that his foes at home from whose machinations this happy turn in English affairs had enabled him to escape, were entrenched behind their *de facto* rights, and in that far-off country were not likely to yield their power without a struggle, he petitioned Parliament and obtained from it a commission to examine into charges of misgovernment which he filed against them. He then returned home and met the opposition his foresight had anticipated. For the next three years, marked on his part by a course of conduct remarkably judicious, especially when his earnest and headstrong nature is considered, his authority was successfully resisted; but in 1646 the Commissioners of Foreign Plantations decided in his favor, and George Cleeve took his rightful position as a recognized leader among men. From that time until the death of Alexander Rigby in

1650 the Province of Lygonia, and especially the Neck, enjoyed peace and prosperity, while all around was discontent and misgovernment. These four years were the great days of George Cleeve. He was the first citizen of a prosperous community created by his own energy, vigor, and persistence. His enemies were subdued, his title seemed at rest and his authority was everywhere recognized. Shortly after Rigby's death, however, the tide began to turn. From that time until his death everything at home and abroad set against him. Not only his old enemies reappeared with the young and vigorous Jordan in place of John Winter who had died, but the great Province of Massachusetts Bay began to assert over Lygonia rights which had lain in abeyance for so many years. Against all this sea of troubles Cleeve, in his old age, but with his old courage, took up arms, bating not one jot of heart or hope. For seven years he kept up the unequal conflict at home and abroad, but was obliged in 1658 to yield to the claims of Massachusetts. From that time he was a loyal citizen of that province, though justice was denied him to the last. Before his death, which happened perhaps in 1666, his personal fortunes appear to have come to a low ebb, though that idea seems hardly compatible with the offices to which he continued to be chosen. But though old and beaten and poor, his generous and unconquerable spirit still survived; for within two years of his death he was bound over to keep the peace with those who persecuted, after the fashion of those strict old times, an old servant of his better days.

The history of the first thirty years of Portland shows how close the world is bound together. In all its fluctuations that history was closely responsive to the great events which marked those years in England. The bays and harbors and estuaries of the sea have each their own little waves, but the great lift of the tide comes only from the broad waters of the ocean itself. The battle of Nasby, which made Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector of the great commonwealth of England, made George Cleeve the Governor of the little Province of Lygonia, and by one of those singular apparent inconsequences of which history is full, the approach of the days of Charles II. overthrew his short-lived supremacy and broadened the boundaries of Puritan Massachusetts.

At the death of Cleeve there could not have been many persons on

the Neck, which was the popular name for what is now the city of Portland. Out of the forty families which, in 1675, lived in the town of Falmouth, which then extended from Spurwink to Clapboard Island, running back eight miles, only five or six lived on the Neck. The year 1675 was the year of the first Indian war. In the attacks on Falmouth which the savages made that year the whole town was rendered desolate. Thirty-two people at one attack were killed and carried into captivity. The minister, George Burroughs, who was afterwards executed at Salem for witchcraft, took refuge with ten men, six women and sixteen children on Cushing's Island, and was not rescued until ten days after. He was reserved for a sadder fate.

Two years elapsed before the people returned to their ruined homes, but this disaster was only the precursor of a greater devastation. During the next ten years Falmouth grew apace. Seven hundred people found homes within its limits, and one hundred and twenty-five populated the Neck. But the signs of a new Indian war began to show themselves from many directions. Baron Castine, exasperated by the sacking of his house at Bagaduce, had in 1688 captured the fort at Pemaquid and the next year a large expedition was fitted out against Falmouth and Fort Loyall, which had been built on the Neck after the war of 1675. The fortunate arrival of Major Church the very night before the attack, saved the town after a fight in which the enemy were routed and driven away. But the respite was of short duration. The next year the country, deserted by Massachusetts, was overwhelmed by an incursion of French and Indians, and for two years there was not a white man east of the town of Wells. So utterly paralyzing was this last blow that the bodies even of the brave defenders of our town lay unburied under the summer suns and the winter snows until Major Church performed the last sad duty for the bones of those of whose blood he was certainly guiltless. Had he been able after the fight on Brackett's farm to rouse the people of Massachusetts to their duty, the terrible calamity might never have happened. For twenty-six years, more than a quarter of a century, almost the lifetime of a generation, what is now the city of Portland, was deserted. The ruins of Fort Loyall stood in the midst of a wilderness. The homes had disappeared. The prosperous traffic had departed. But after the Peace

of Utrecht, one after another of the old inhabitants or their descendants, with new blood from the adjoining country, came back and took up the line of progress and growth which has never since been broken. From that time until Mowatt burned the town in 1775, our people no longer suffered aggression but became themselves the aggressors. In 1716 one Ingersoll built a hut on the Neck and lived there. He was called, therefore, Governor Ingersoll, and probably was the only governor there ever was in Maine who was entirely satisfactory to the better element of his party. Next year there came two others, Major Moody and Captain Larrabee. In 1718, there were fourteen families, and in 1725 came Parson Smith, who found twenty-seven families, perhaps a hundred and fifty people. In 1749, there were seven hundred, and ten years afterward a thousand. In 1764, the census gave three thousand seven hundred and seventy for the whole town of Falmouth, which perhaps would imply eleven or twelve hundred for the Neck. When the town was organized, just a hundred years ago, there must have been about two thousand people. It is the life and times of those two thousand people, and our happy deliverance, by the power of advancing civilization, from most of their troubles and sorrows, their habits, customs and ways of living, that we celebrate today. I trust that whoever takes my place a hundred years from now, may have as great an advance to chronicle in the happiness and comfort of all the people.

The miracle which a hundred years has wrought in the United States of America is beyond the pen of the historian and beyond the eloquence of the orator. Before such a wonder the pen moves in vain and the voice is uplifted to a task beyond its power. Maps made a hundred years ago show only a narrow line of settlement along the Atlantic coast and on the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, while almost all beyond the Alleghanies is depicted like the unknown Central Africa before Livingstone entered on his voyages of discovery. Then no human skill or power could have guided any white man across that unknown waste which stretched from New York to the bay of San Francisco. No brave man then lived who was rash enough to dream of undertaking the journey. Today, in a moving palace of luxury, across bridges over mighty rivers, in tunnels through great hills, or climbing their mighty inclines, a mother sur-

rounded by her children may from Sunday to Sunday span the whole distance between the two great oceans. Then the journey from Boston to New York cost the physical price of four days, with sixty-five frightful hours of discomfort, beginning at 3 o'clock in the morning and ending at nightfall; while today five hours of comfort and repose quits us of the distance. It took nine days by post for the news of the capture of Burgoyne to come to Portland, while the fall of Sedan was known the next morning, and the bombardment of Alexandria was in the evening papers. We can girdle the world today in a minute. A hundred years ago the Constitution of the United States had not been adopted. We were not even a nation. A hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin was yet alive at the ripe age of eighty years. George Washington had thirteen years of life to live, and the whole career of Napoleon had yet to unfold itself to the astonished world. But not for me are any of these inspiring themes. My humble talk deals only with a little corner of the great world; but a little corner which is very dear to us here assembled, because it is beautiful and we love it, and it is our home.

A hundred years ago habitable Portland was bounded by High street, I might almost say by Centre street and India, by the harbor and Congress street. Within that little parallelogram were almost all the houses left by Mowatt, with those rebuilt since the devastation made by his fleet eleven years before. Of the fifteen wharves which then pushed a little way into the harbor, not one has preserved its name or its identity. The first five at the east are included in the Grand Trunk grounds, and all the rest must be substantially covered by Commercial street and its improvements. Munjoy hill had still its original pine growth, while Bramhall hill was covered with scrub oak, which were called Vaughan's woods. The swamp extended down to Winter street, and there was a big swamp in front of the *Advertiser* office, south of Federal street, drained by a brook which discharged itself at the foot of Exchange street. The houses of the poor were of but one-story, with a long, sloping roof. A great chimney in the centre gave two rooms on two sides, with fire-places, and a bed-room and entry on the other sides. The front room had a painted floor, with a few painted wooden chairs, a table for the Bible and psalm book. A few shells were on the mantel, the family register, and perhaps a few rude pictures on the wall. From this room, sacred to

"company" and to solemn occasions, the light of day was religiously excluded; board shutters took the place of curtains. The family did not live there. It was too good for them. They lived in the kitchen, amid the steam of cookery, the horrors of washing-day, and the smoke of refractory chimneys. The sides of this room were wainscotted in pine, four feet high, and the rest of the walls were of coarse plaster. The ceiling was also made low, for heat was not to be wasted. If the frame would have made it too high, the split boards on which the plaster was stuck were lowered by studs to lessen the space, which had to be warmed. The ceiling was soon begrimed with the smoke of the fire, and variegated by the steam of washing-day. The heads of the family had chairs, but blocks of wood were good enough for children. Candles, in iron candle-sticks, gave all the light which eked out the day. Japanned lamps for oil were for the front room and for visitors. On the dresser, a ladder of shelves hung against the wall, were displayed treasures of tin and pewter. In a chest was the crockery which adorned the state occasions.

The garret was unplastered, each rafter and board, with the chimney itself, had an individuality, from which no cunning device detracted. The architectural lamp of truth shone over the whole structure. The family clothing hung from nails wherever convenient, and in the garret were the family beds. Sometimes a rough board partition divided the garret, but this was rare. If there was a cellar there was no window to give light, and the sides had to be banked up in the winter with turf or pine boughs to make the cold blasts endurable. The houses of the rich had two stories, with four rooms on the first floor and four chambers on the second, with sometimes a porch, wherein to do the cooking. These houses had good cellars. The chimneys rested on arches, and the spaces under the arches were utilized for jam and preserves and such like delights. There were other houses, very few in number, perhaps not more than two or three, built within a year or two, which were still finer. The first brick house, the Longfellow house, had just been finished. Out of doors the contrast with the present day was still more marked. We were not within a quarter of a century of brick sidewalks. Perhaps there were a few flagstones in front of the dwellings of the rich, though Boston eight years later had none, and there may have been

some board walks but the people must have got about for the most part on trodden paths. Fancy the early spring time and the mud puddles; and the affectionate mud which stuck to you closer than a brother! At night there were no lights out of doors. If you wanted such a comfort you carried it yourself. It was not until 1810 that the town ventured upon the unexampled luxury of furnishing oil for forty lamps which were subscribed for by the inhabitants, and then the fire wards in solemn assembly thought these lamps would need to be lighted only a hundred nights in a year. But a hundred years ago street lamps were not necessary. There were no amusements. There was not even a fire engine for the boys to run with. There was no theatre. Even twenty years after the town solemnly reprobated the designs of certain evil minded persons who contemplated a play house, and the legislature was to be asked to prohibit its erection. There were no hacks. Not a ship was owned in town. There was no lighthouse on Portland Head, and there were only sixty-eight arrivals and eighty clearances that year. The first bank had yet to be incorporated thirteen years afterwards. Four or five letters came into town every week and as many went out. The roads were so bad that the mail was sometimes delayed over a month. It took five or six days to get to Boston. "Now," says Willis, in 1833, with commendable pride, "now the mail is dispatched every day, performing the distance in sixteen or seventeen hours," little dreaming that we should reduce the time to three hours and a half. My successor, if the world has luck, will state it in minutes or perhaps in seconds. We had one newspaper, published once a week on a half sheet. People who did not go on foot went on horseback. Even if a man owned a chaise he was careful about taking it out.

There was only one church, which stood where the First Parish now stands, but was broadside to the street. Sunday must have been a hard day to get through. There were no fires in the church. In the coldest winter it was unheated. Little foot stoves with glowing embers in them were all that mitigated the most arctic severity. The sermons were probably long, the prayers certainly were. The pews were square, the partitions being nearly as tall as a man. Everybody stood up at prayers. The seats were hinged so that they could be turned up for convenience of leaning. And certainly the

lay Christian ought to have had that convenience. He needed it. It was a provision in favor of life. When you read this quaint entry in Parson Smith's Journal, March 15th, 1740: "Had uncommon assistance; was an hour in each of the first prayers," you cannot repress the feeling inquiry whether the poor parishioners also had "uncommon assistance." To us in these soft and degenerate days it does really seem as if poor unassisted human nature could not have stood it.

The rich of that day were well dressed having wigs and three cornered cocked hats and much affluence of style. Everybody, rich and poor, wore breeches. Captain Joseph Titcomb — on whom be peace — first of men wore pantaloons in Portland in 1790. Homespun must have been much worn and suspenders not at all. The rich must have been able to fare sumptuously every day for there was abundance of fish, flesh and fowl to be had for money. The poor could have had very little white bread. Rye and Indian, with corn bread, must have been a large part of their diet with hasty pudding and molasses. The drinking habits were more than bad. It was quite respectable to get drunk. The rich got drunk and even the clergy at ordinations sometimes "forgot decorum," which is probably the clerical name for the same thing. It was quite a point with the poor man of those days to get drnnk on Saturday so that he might have Sunday to sober off in. Liquors were furnished at funerals, and there must have been scandalous scenes, for the selectmen in 1788 "earnestly recommend" that the custom cease. The dead were carried to their graves by bearers. When Commodore Preble was buried in 1807, there was not a carriage in the procession. Of schools there was only one in the town, and thirty pounds was the expenditure for education that year. Cleanliness had not been reduced to a science and vermin of one syllable were not unknown. Cotton was not yet grown in the United States. There were no steam engines in America, and no lucifer matches anywhere on the earth.

I have thus given you a rough and imperfect picture (no one knows better than I how imperfect it is), of Portland and its life a hundred years ago. Between that day and this you can each for yourself make the comparison. Is there one who listens to me today who is not glad that his lot has been cast in the Portland of today

rather than on the Neck in 1786? And yet you will not go half through the next political campaign without hearing some praiser of the days gone by, on either side, bemoaning himself over the degeneracy of our times. You will hear the phrases, "the poor poorer and the rich richer," rolling in rotund sentences out of those who have so long ceased to be babes and sucklings, that out of their mouths is perfected no praise of God. The rich have grown richer, but so have also the poor. Richer in rights and privileges; richer in comforts and in happiness. I hold him to be a heathen and a publican who doubts that under the law of nature, the embodiment of which is God, the progress of the poor keeps more than equal pace with the progress of the rich. Far enough indeed are we from perfection. But whoever doubts progress, doubts God. "Whenever," says the president of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, "whenever we cease to spend money on capital account this road will begin to die." Whenever agitation for progress, agitation grounded on sound reasons, or false ones on wise reasons or silly ones, ceases, the race will have got ready to disappear from the earth.

Look around you and see what a hundred years in this little peninsula has done for the comfort of us all. The streets and sidewalks and parks belong to rich and poor alike. In 1786 what but an errand of mercy or necessity would have tempted a strong man to struggle with the mud and darkness of an April night in the journey from the head of High street to the foot of India? In 1886 any girl can go at night from Munjoy to Bramhall dry shod, lighted on her cheerful way by the blaze of electric lamps. When I thus think of the progress of the last century, and the sure progress of the next, I hope to be forgiven for the deep-seated envy with which I regard the happy Portlander of 1986.

I have no design to give you a history of Portland today. That history has been written by Mr. Willis and Mr. Goold, and its earlier scenes have had full justice done them by Mr. Baxter. And why should I try to do ill what they have done so well? My only design, by some glances here and there, is to show to our people how well worthy of study is the history of their own city. Here, we lead our prosaic, every-day lives, have happened events as tragic, scenes as thrilling as ever adorned the stories of those old world cities, for the sight of which we cross the rolling ocean. The quaint old letters

reveal love as tender and true, courage as undaunted and steadfast, and patriotism as lofty and ennobling as any which have been celebrated in story and in song. Great deeds thrill us wherever done,—great words wherever spoken, for human nature is broader than place and wider than kinship; but where great deeds have been done and noble words spoken at our very homes, on our very hearthstones and by our own kith and kin the thrill of pride becomes more positive because more personal. Who is there of you who hears me today who does not read with redoubled emotion, born of this sentiment of home and kinship, how this town waited with uneasy expectation and excited hope the issue of that gallant little sea fight in which the prowess of England and the courage of America were measured against each other by the brave sailors on the Enterprise and the Boxer? On this spot can human emotion ever cease to kindle when our thoughts rest on that little procession which conducted the dead captains to their romantic burial on the green hill side

> "Which overlooks the tranquil bay
> Where they in battle died."

There is but one old world romance more touching than this; that these two gallant young heroes who never met except as foes should lie side by side like brothers through the long night of time, overlooking the scenes of their last heroic endeavor.

What heart here is not richer with honest sympathy; who does not feel a deeper human interest in the great Commodore Preble when he has read the tender, manly letter in which he avows his love for the lady who afterwards bore his name. Love in all ages is the same, the same sweet mystery when fortune favors, the same awful sorrow, when fortune frowns. But Edward Preble, the gallant sailor, the scourge of the Barbary pirates, was our hero and we have a personal interest in the emotions of his heart as well as in his glory and his fame.

Who here does not have an individual delight, a personal satisfaction when he stumbles on that sturdy phrase in the old moldy deposition where deponent saith that George Cleeve, on being told he could have his house and land at Spurwink if he would attorn to Trelawney, indignantly declared "he would be tennant to never a man in New England." Thus spoke the spirit of the new continent

which echoes in our hearts today. The vigorous men who had put between them and the servitudes and tenancies of the old world, three thousand miles of watery waste, meant in the new world to be the peers of all others and the servants of none.

There is a little passage in the old diary of the great General Knox, whom George Washington loved, which interests us more than it does all the rest of the world. When the brave General was sent to Ticonderoga to bring cannon for the siege of Boston, he records on the first day of the year 1776 that he wrote letters to General Washington "and one to my lovely Lucy."—That "lovely Lucy," dead now long years ago, was the daughter of Hannah Waldo, the spirited girl who, tired beyond endurance, and angered beyond repression at the indecision and procrastination of her lover, refused in the presence of all the wedding guests to marry the only son of Sir William Pepperell, the greatest magnate there ever was in all New England. The "lovely Lucy" had all her mother's temper, and more than her mother's pride, and the great general whose artillery had been prevalent in many a siege and on many a field was not always master of the stately mansion he built in the wilds of Maine.

The town of Falmouth was twice destroyed. Twice was it sacked and left desolate. One scene in the first destruction, in 1676, always laid strong hold on my imagination. When the savages swooped in, killed the brave grandson of George Cleeve and carried the Bracketts into captivity, George Burroughs, the minister on the Neck, escaped to Cushing's Island, with ten men, six women and sixteen children. On the north slope, towards Peak's Island, can perhaps yet be seen the remains of the rough stone breast-work, behind which these poor people awaited death or rescue. What a blessing it was to George Burroughs that the prophetic vision so longed for in the earlier ages of the world was not vouchsafed to him. Over those long nights of vigil and those weary days of waiting, with the unpitying ocean on the one side and the merciless savages on the other, there hung no black foreboding of the shameful death on the scaffold to be inflicted on him by his fellow Christians, more cruel in their ignorance than the heathen in their wrath. Death by tomahawk and scalping knife he was to escape, only to meet a sadder doom at the hands of his fellow Christians. George Burroughs was executed for witchcraft at

Salem, in 1692. It was a shameful death; but not to him. He died as a brave man should, steadfast, prayerful and high of heart. Neither religion nor infidelity, neither faith nor science, nor the wit of man hath ever explained that mysterious way of God so often manifest in human history, when the brave, upright, truthful, manly man is driven ignominiously from the world, leaving it with all its honors and delights to the victorious miscreant, the sinuous schemer and the crawling coward. Yet in the great cycles of the Almighty the wicked flourish only for a season, while righteousness is like the stars, forever and ever.

Falmouth was destroyed the second time in 1690; but the year before it narrowly escaped destruction. In the old orchard, opposite Deering's Woods, near which the boys of my day and neighborhood used to spend many a holiday, unconscious of the tragic events which marked its earlier history, was fought the greatest Indian fight in the district of Maine. On the 17th of September, 1689, there had landed at Peak's Island two hundred savages who awaited until the 20th, a reinforcement, which doubled their number. During those three days the people could have expected nothing but destruction. They were few in number, utterly unable to cope with their enemies. It must have been a joyful sight to them, when at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, Major Benjamin Church came sailing into the harbor with the longed for but unexpected reinforcements. At night-fall, the Major, having carefully concealed his forces meanwhile, drew close to the shore, landed his soldiers, made his dispositions, ordered himself called two hours before daylight and then, like a prudent man, went to bed. The Indians, during the night paddled across Back Cove and landed in the rear of the Brackett farm. Promptly the next morning at half an hour before daylight, Captain Church, not knowing where the enemy were, stationed a part of his forces a half a mile from the town, probably in Deering's pasture, had them send out scouts, and himself returned to town. Before he could get breakfast an alarm called him back and he learned from Brackett's sons the position of the enemy. Captain Hall appears at once to have marched against the foe crossing the creek above Deering's Bridge and to have been hotly engaged, while the two other captains, remaining on the other side, fired at the Indians over the heads of Capt. Hall's company.

Church, who had returned again to town to cause the musket balls, which were too big for his guns, to be hammered into slugs, found a few bullets and three knapsacks of ammunition and hurrying back had them transported across the creek. Then seizing the situation with the eye of a good soldier, he demanded how he could cross the creek farther up. When he was told there was a bridge, probably near where the railroad now crosses Portland street, he took the two companies remaining on this side the stream and ran shouting to the bridge. Crossing, and leaving there an ambuscade of six men, he ordered Captain Southworth with his company of English, to go down the edge of the marsh to the assistance of Captain Hall, while he, with the company of Indians, would go through the brush and attack the enemy in the rear. After much "bad travelling" through the matted brush, he had just got into position, when the word came that the enemy were making for the bridge. He rushed back to intercept them and his ambuscade told him the enemy were skirting the swamp at the head of the creek, further up, on their way to the Neck. Not knowing the country, he scattered his men and started in pursuit. He seems to have gone around Bramhall's Hill to Thaddeus Clark's farm, where the peaceful, undisturbed cattle, grazing in the field showed him that no Indians had passed that way. Hastily retracing his steps to the field of battle, he found the victory had been won, that this march to the rear, though abandoned, had done its work, and the Indians had dissappeared, carrying with them their dead. Church's forces lost twenty-one killed and wounded. Among them were two soldiers from the fort and two townsmen.

But the town, which had thus happily escaped, was not long to enjoy its security. The next year witnessed the successful attack which rendered Falmouth Neck an uninhabited wilderness for six and twenty years. Fort Loyall, of which all traces have now dissappeared, was built just before 1680, by the aid of Massachusetts. There has been left us no description of this fort, but it must have been large, for the town buildings were within the walls, which were made of logs. Besides Fort Loyall, there were the Ingersoll garrison, at the foot of Exchange street and the Lawrence garrison on Munjoy.

Fort Loyall was built near where Fore street crosses India, and stood on what was then a bluff fifteen feet or more above the water,

an elevation which did more than anything else to ensue its downfall. During the year 1690 the Massachusetts authorities, despite the protests of Major Church and the prayers of the people, had been gradually withdrawing the troops which garrisoned it. Only a few days before the fatal attack the captain in charge, Simon Willard, departed for Boston with the soldiers of his company, leaving behind him less than seventy men. While Massachusetts was thus rendering our little settlement helpless, the enterprising Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, was organizing destruction for the whole district of Maine. Early in January a small force started from Montreal, and gathering recruits as it moved, reached the banks of the Kennebec at Winslow, where they were joined by the Baron Castine and by Hurtel with his forces, red-handed from the massacre at Salmon Falls. All these French and Indians were gathered together early in May under command of the Count de Portneuf. From the Kennebec they marched to Merrymeeting Bay, and came to the Islands. The defenders of Fort Loyall seemed to have had no conception of the numbers to be arrayed against them. When the enemy first made their appearance, climbing over Munjoy Hill and planting themselves in ambuscade, Lieut. Thaddeus Clark, a gallant Irishman, with thirty of the stoutest youth, stepped out as bravely as gaily to drive away the lurking foes. But as they rushed up with loud hurrahs, the enemy poured in one volley and sprang upon them with sword and hatchet with such fierceness and in such numbers that only five, all wounded, escaped to Lawrence Garrison near by. That night, the 16th, Fort Loyall was summoned to surrender and the answer came "that they should defend themselves to the death." That night, also, the men from the garrison came into Fort Loyall where had been gathered the people of the town. It must have been a doleful company that sheltered itself behind those frail palisades. Thirty of their best and bravest lay killed and wounded and their wives and mothers and companions knew that they themselves were cut off from all succor and surrounded by howling savages. The light and smoke of their burning dwellings added new horrors to the scene. They soon found that under the bluff on which their fort was built, the enemy had gathered, out of reach of cannon and musketry, and were slowly and surely undermining their defences. After four days of suspense and terror, after the greater

part of the men had been killed or wounded, after destruction by fire became a terrible certainty, the brave little garrison surrendered and were for the most part handed over to the savages. Quarter was promised but the promise was not respected. How many surrendered no muster list disclosed. We only know that a few came back from Canada. While the fight was raging two men from Spurwink climbed the hill and saw the burning dwellings, while a little shallop from Piscataqua sailed into the harbor in time to see the sturdy defence of the garrisons. These spread the news far and wide. After Casco fell, the marauding savages with fire and flame, completed the destruction of all which the fleeing and captured inhabitants had left behind them.

Of the last war episode in the history of Portland I shall not speak. Its bombardment by Mowatt everybody knows. A more wanton, indefensible assault upon an undefended city has not disgraced the annals of modern warfare.

But while the city has thus suffered by war and rapine it has also been the scene of much pomp and pageantry. Indeed the waters of Casco witnessed a great scenic display before a white man had set his foot on shore, for did not bold Captain Christopher Levett in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-three sail down the harbor "with the king and queen and prince, bow and arrows, dog and kettle, in his boat, his noble attendants rowing by us in their canoes?" and was not meat, drink and tobacco given to the lordly savages? and is not the same figured in Mr. Goold his book? Let us hope, to complete the glowing scene, that great fishes chased each other with heads like "the stone horses in a gentleman's park," that Michael Milton's Triton looked on approving, having not yet "dyed the water with his purple blood," while the "tyrant" bear on the shore paused a moment from his pursuit of the succulent lobster in the shallow pool.

On one great day in 1754 we had here the Governor of Massachusetts, and a Governor of Massachusetts of that day was a superior being, and suspected it himself. There came also a majority of the Council, and the Speaker of the House and eight hundred troops. They stayed with us ten days, and there was great feasting and parade. They treated with the Indians and went their stately way back to Boston, and lived happily ever afterwards.

I do not remember these two scenes, but I do remember the boyish face of the Prince of Wales, and that remarkable hat of the Duke of Newcastle, which I trust his posterity have preserved, for it must have descended from his ancestors. I remember also the wonderful grandeur of the saluting ships as they belched fire until the white smoke covered the sea and floated away against the black and lowering sky. I little thought as I saw that mighty line-of-battle ship, the "Hero," sail majestically out of the harbor with her ninety guns tier on tier, that I should live to see that representative of England's pride and glory as obsolete and defenceless as the old block-house at York. Yet only ten years afterwards there came steaming into the harbor the tall iron ship, the "Monarch," before whose powerful cannon and armored prow the great ninety-gun ship, which would have been the pride of Nelson in the days of his highest glory, could have had no refuge even in flight. But the mighty "Monarch," with its towering sides and its turrets of iron, which bore the dead philanthropist across the sea, the monitors which welcomed her to our shores, and even the great admiral, whose benignant face added a two-fold charm to the glory of his mighty deeds, were but the ornaments of the great historic event their presence signalized. The honors thus paid to the remains of an untitled citizen solely because he had been the benefactor of his race, marked another epoch in our progress toward that happy day when the bronze statues of military leaders on horseback will no longer be the sole adornment of capital cities, when war, noble and ennobling as it sometimes is, shall cease from the earth; when the great brotherhood of men shall become a fact and not a dream; when we shall have not only liberty and equality, but every talent and strength and power unselfishly consecrated to the good of all, we shall have true fraternity also, that bright vision alike of Communist and Christian.

Yet while I thus celebrate the longed-for victory of peace, and my hope of the speedy coming of the golden age, I was no more insensible than you when we beheld together on that wonderful day of June, only a year ago, the old men who had gone forth to battle in the prime of their manhood, the middle-aged men who had consecrated to their country the flower of their youth, go marching by the famous general, whose mind, as he stood uncovered to their cheers,

must have been thronged with strange memories of the brave days gone by. Ah! we cannot help it. Whatever reason may teach, or wisdom dictate, that heart is dead that does not vibrate with all its chords to the flow of martial music and the measured march of men who met death face to face on the stricken field.

I know that one here in my place today ought to speak in no stinted terms of the enterprising, solid and strong men and women who lived here one hundred years ago, whose sturdy descendants are scattered all over this hall. But to do it worthily would require not the knowledge born of hurried moments snatched from more engrossing duties, but that ripe acquaintance with all our history which William Willis carried with him to the grave, and which William Goold possesses today. Even then the day would be far spent before I could close.

Nor can I speak fittingly of the poets and artists, statesmen and scholars, who have adorned our history, and have helped to make the old town famous to the outer world. What justice would a page of description do to the character, the poetry, the genius of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? How could I, in a passing mention, distinguish between what was brilliant and what was frivolous in Nathaniel Parker Willis. Would you have me undertake to portray in a sentence the strange genius of John Neal? I might as well try to bring back to this generation the pleasure and laughter which Jack Downing's Letters caused to the generation which flourished before I was born. Nor have I any idea that I could mete out the proper phrases for the ripe scholarship of Henry B. Smith, the theology of Dr. Nichols, the pastoral worth of Edward Payson, or the great administrative powers of Bishop Bacon. It would be invidious to select from the living, or I could not refrain from offering my tribute of admiration and regard to that aged minister who came to us from over the sea, whose noble face, whose stately beauty of language, whose full, strong, upright life has always made him seem to me the ideal Christian minister, preaching the faith and practice of which his own life is the shining example. I should feel much freer to speak, for they were almost of my day, of the fame which was lost to us by the untimely death of William Law Symonds, and of the fame which Walter Wells might have won had not that strong intellect been overborne by so frail a body.

Nor will I speak of the statesmen except as I saw them. Time would fail me to do justice to them also. George Evans came to Portland in his old age. I well remember hearing him present a case in court; and the impression which his quiet power, clearness and strength made on me then, has enabled me since to understand how he might have been the peer of the best in the days of Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and to comprehend what manner of man he was in his prime, when he attacked John Quincy Adams with such vigor and power that the old man eloquent, who never declined battle with any other man, saw fit to make him no reply.

The most impressive scene I ever witnessed took place in this very hall. Here, almost on the very spot where I now stand, William Pitt Fessenden stood, before the constituency which had loved and honored him for so many years. The hall was black with the thronging multitude. It was at the beginning of a great presidential campaign, the last he was ever to witness. The great problem of reconstruction was to be reviewed. Mr. Fessenden had been the master spirit in its solution. The war debt was to be assailed. Mr. Fessenden had been chairman of the committee of finance and secretary of the treasury. To all this was added the intense personal interest of his recent defeat of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. With full knowledge of the storm about him, but with the courage of perfect conviction he faced the responsibility. The occasion was a great one, but the man was greater than the occasion. Calmly ignoring, except in one sharp, incisive sentence, all that was personal, with his old vigor, terseness and simplicity, he explained to his townsmen the momentous issues of the campaign. From the moment he began, the party rage commenced to cease and the old pride in his greatness and honesty began to take its place. How strong he looked that night! Although all the world might falter, you knew that calm face would be steadfast. To him had happened the rare good fortune of having the courage and character which matched a great opportunity. Few men would have been so brave, and fewer still successful.

I have not spoken of the conduct of our city in either of the wars waged beyond its limits. That subject also would be too vast for an occasion like this. Nor do I like to speak at all of the one within the memory of us all. For us it has as much of sorrow as of glory.

It brings up to me always the vision of a fair young face, the quiet associate of the studious hours, the bright companion of the days of pleasure. Can it be that I shall never look into those cheerful eyes again? Can it be that neither the quaint jest of the happier hours nor the solemn confidences of the heart just opening to full sense of the high duties of life will ever again fall upon the ear of friendship or of love? It can be no otherwise. He can only live in my memory, but he lives there, sublimated in the crucible of death, from all imperfections, clothed upon with all his virtues, and radiant with all the possibilities of a generous youth. Other companions have failed in their careers, but not he. All the world has grown old, but he is forever young. And yet the dead, however sweetly embalmed, are but the dead. One touch of the vanished hand were worth all our dreams. All our memories, however tender, are consolation only because there can be no other, for the lost strength and vigor of the living, the stilled pulsations of a heart no longer beating to thoughts of earth. What safe my heart holds, holds many a heart in this great audience. The generations to come will celebrate the glory. This generation knows the cost.

With many words unspoken, with many thoughts unsaid, I must hasten to the close. There have been those in times past who have dreamed of a greater Portland than that on which our eyes now rest. They have believed that at some not distant day the old town of Falmouth, from Spurwink to Clapboard Island, would swarm with uncounted thousands; that on the land on either hand between us and the ocean the great warehouses would yet stand, bursting with riches brought over the sea and across the continent; that the great roadsteads where the tall sloops used to ride before a white man lived on the shore, would be studded with ships and thronged with the commerce of the world. If this wild vision shall ever become a reality, and the things of earth then concern us who sit here, there will not be wanting those who will think with sad, regretful remembrance of the golden sunsets which now gild the white hills and pour their softened radiance over the darkening forests, over the fields rich with bright vendure, and over the tranquil waters of the broad river, which ebbs and flows near the base of Bramhall's Hill. They will long also to stand again on the Munjoy of today and look out on the smooth, untroubled expanse of sea, on the great green

islands and all the varied landscape which lies between the eye and the horizon's edge. For whether your eye looks seaward or shoreward, there is no more beautiful city than the beautiful Portland of today. No wonder the thoughts of the great poet were so often on the lovely spot of his nativity. No wonder the brave and famous admiral, storm-tossed on many a sea, longed to take his eternal rest amid these bright scenes of his childhood. Yet this longing was not born of the memory of beauty alone. Whatever fame great achievements may bestow; whatever honors the world may give, it is ever the most cherished hope of every seeker after fame or fortune to be kindly remembered and lovingly honored on the spot which gave him birth.

At the close of Mr. Reed's oration which was listened to with close attention and frequently applauded, the Haydn Association then sang, "Ye shall dwell in the land," by Dr. Stainer. Mrs. Chase and Mr. Watts sang the solos.

The Mayor then rose and spoke as follows:

Portland is honored no less by her gifted daughters than by her distinguished sons. One of the best known of these daughters has returned today to delight us with her presence as well as charm us with her verse.

We shall experience a great pleasure in listening to Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, whom I now have the honor of presenting.

POEM BY MRS. ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Ye bid me wake, with touch unskilled and weak,
The mighty harp that elder bards have strung;
Ye bid my faltering voice essay to speak
A city's joy, where nobler strains have rung.
Nor festal hymn, nor gladsome lay were mine
Should once her poets to my vision rise,
Like those rapt singers that the Florentine
Beheld with reverent eyes;
And mute were I, did venturous thought recall
That laurelled name on London's minster-wall.

Yet leaps my heart to celebrate the fame
Of that dear city which we proudly boast
Oldest and largest that our State can claim
In all her leagues of bay-indented coast.
From East to West, throughout her broad domains,
Swept by their lordly rivers flowing free,
In lake-strewn forests and pine-mantled plains
No spot so fair to see:
Within her far-famed bay she sits serene,
Of all Maine's cities the acknowledged queen.

Like posted sentinels in outer courts,
Her guards and watchmen stand on many a steep,
That she may dwell secure; three frowning forts
Train their long guns in menace o'er the deep,
With call imperious challenging her foes;
Scanning that ocean-path by night, by day,
The old red tower upon her hill-top knows
What rovers seek her bay;
While headland lights, like torches o'er the foam
Of darkling waters, guide her wanderers home.

Child of the sea, her eager looks are sent
Towards distant Europe, o'er the rolling surge;
Behind her spreads a teeming continent,
Herself the mistress of its eastern verge.
Yet linking her with far Pacific lands,
Speed the great engines, rushing to and fro
O'er the straight pathway of their iron bands;
While swift her white ships go,
Like gleaming shuttles, flying o'er the main
To English ports, or shores of France and Spain.

Her roving sailors, from their floating decks,
Descry no lands so lovely as her own:
How bright so e'er the realm, it little recks
To them what splendors gild a foreign zone.
And though her sons may rear their homesteads well
On southern plain and many a western farm,

Where love and fortune weave a potent spell,
She holds a lasting charm:
Long years may pass, and wide her children roam,
Yet on her hearth-stones burn the fires of home.

In summer's sunshine every land is fair;
But fair are her dear coasts in sun or shade;
Nor winter's sleet, nor August's sultry air
Can make her other than fond nature made:
Better her ocean gales, her spray-swept shore,
Her fog-clouds driven o'er the shivering land,
Her wild tempestuous breakers, and their roar,
Than alien zephyrs bland.
No storms can wreck her beauty; clearer glows
Her freshened lustre, like a rain-dashed rose.

For nature loves her well; a verdurous wood
Of waving boughs seems sheltering the town;
And Vaughan's old oaks, a mighty brotherhood,
On Bramhall stand; though pines no longer crown
Munjoy's broad slopes descending to the sea.
In swaying elms the wild bird builds her nest;
Across these ancient gardens still the bee
Goes murmuring on her quest;
And, searching for lost springs, the dragon-fly,
On wings of steely gauze, darts whirring by.

For man alone has not possessed this spot,
This strip of land between encircling seas;
The tiny races whom we value not
Have danced their summer revels down the breeze,
And lightly slept within their native earth;
And still their kindred in the sunbeams dwell.
We know no story of their nation's birth,
Of them no records tell;
But nature's self their passing lives may scan
As parts essential to her perfect plan.

Not all the ships that in its haven ride
Can take one native charm from Casco Bay;
Dark, plumy forests swing above the tide
On island shores, where still, in careless play,
The wild duck floats, the lonely plover calls;
In wave-washed nooks, by human eye unseen,
The glistening kelp forever lifts and falls;
And silvery birches lean,
In sunny coves, above the hard, white sand,
Where glides no skiff, no rover seeks the land.

When home-bound from the deep, a tiny shape
On dancing waves, the fisher's boat is seen
Rounding the eastern shores of that broad cape
Named at her death for England's mighty queen,
How welcome to his gaze each curving line
From Scarboro's river-Points to Barberry creek!
At Spurwink's mouth the long, white beaches shine:
Beyond, his glances seek
Richmond's lone island, on whose farthest edge
Breaks the wild surf o'er Watts' fatal ledge.

Its quiet farmhouse has no tale to tell
Of vanished fleets and storehouses and pier;
His fancy hears no pealing chapel-bell,
Nor sees young Parson Jordan sauntering near,
Joining the captains from their busy ships,
And mistress Sarah in her London gown,
And passing in to pray with fervent lips
For good King Charles' crown.
Nor does his thought that earlier vision hold
Of slaughtered trader, and his buried gold.

Near the Two Lights, where dangerous waters glide,
He hears Old Anthony's unceasing knell;
Through Portland Roads he hurries with the tide
Past their white tower, and feels the rising swell
That rocks the skiffs in Simonton's broad cove;

From Preble's rampart booms the sunset-gun
O'er Cushing's Point, where erst a village throve;
And now the sunken sun
Crimsons the wave, where gleaming silks outblown
Once scarfed a sea with priceless wreckage strewn.

To one who sits upon the cliff afar,
Noting the waning splendors of the light,
He moves, a floating speck, behind the bar
Of Stanford's ledge, and soon is lost to sight.
Against the lingering radiance of the west,
With dome and slender steeples ranged a-row,
The tree-embowered city on her crest
Burns in a golden glow;
While warmer tints, that through the waters play,
Flush the far sails and mantle all the bay.

Like lovely Venice throned above the tide,
At such an hour the glimmering city seems;
Or some rich caravan, at eve descried
Nigh to Damascus,—journeying in our dreams.
And when the misty branches sway and glance,
We see an army's glittering legions stand,
With blazing standards lifted to advance;
One signal of command,
And the great host shall move forever by,
Their floating banners sweeping down the sky.

A leafy home for whispering dryads made
Remains their haunt, though murmuring streets are near,
Where Deering's Oaks, within their solemn shade,
Preserve a hush, a spell, that kindles fear;
As if the bandits of good Robin Hood,
Or playful fairies, trooped the paths at night,
And only hid within the listening wood
When wanderers came in sight:
Yet rushing trains the sturdy branches shake,
And children's laughter all the echoes wake.

Beyond dividing waters, where a field
Slopes to the mansion on its level brow,
Sweet orchard-glades their stern traditions yield
Of savage conflict centuries ago.
And westward still, with fonder memories blent,
A furzy pasture tells of strange delights;
For there the circus held its tournament,
And there, on gala nights,
The fireworks' magic dazed our childish eyes,
Shooting its splendors to the startled skies.

Our city guards, upon her eastern steep,
The graveyard of her old, historic dead,
Where seven generations came to sleep
Near the tall pine whose shadows long have fled:
The aged parson, shepherding his flock,
The brave young warriors, slain in reckless pride,
Stout captains, fallen in the battle's shock,
There slumber, side by side;
And sailors bold, that cruise the deep no more,
Past the known headlands of this winding shore.

From old Munjoy what glimpses, toward the west,
Of mighty summits, gleaming in their snows
When plains are bare; of Blackstrap's needled crest!
From Westbrook's fields beyond how lightly blows
The thistle-globe upon the scented breeze,
Threading the mazes of the wind-swept town
To float and ride upon the summer seas!
And calmly looking down,
In faithful vigil, stands the broad red tower,
Waving its flags to hail this happy hour.

On these glad festal days is toil forgot;
Merchants and lawyers throng the crowded way;
For wind and tide the sailor careth not;
His little sloop, with all her pennons gay,
Waits in the stream, that he may walk in pride

With Portland's sons ; no farmer's scythe is swung ;
No sportive children seek the country side ;
But all, the old and young,
Together come, their city's name to bless ;
Happier to share each other's happiness.

Within her gates no stranger's voice is mute ;
They who have shared her welcome sing her fame ;
The waiting steamships blow their shrill salute ;
From anchored frigates seamen shout her name ;
And where, beside the waves, the fortress lowers
Thunder the booming cannon, keeping time ;
Even the fog-bells, in their open towers
On breezy headlands chime ;
And the swift-coming engines, rushing near,
Snort like great steeds, rejoicing to be here.

The tree-tops swaying o'er the crowded street,
The island forests, the resounding main,
Near fields, awave with grass and rustling wheat,—
Midsummer's gentle voices, swell the strain ;
The swallow from the roof-tree sends his note ;
Birds in the garden branches pipe and sing ;
The sea-gull, screaming as he rocks afloat
Or soars on circling wing,—
All these of her dominion proudly raise
In one full chorus their exultant praise.

Dreaming she sits, this mother of us all,
This city that has blessed us from our birth ;
About her brows a fresh, green coronal,
Twined by her children in their hour of mirth ;
Seaward she looks, yet with a tender glance,
Her mantle backward blown along the hill,
Her head down-dropped, as in a thoughtful trance,
Her fair hands clasped and still ;
Scarce noting how the fitful breezes sweet
And the glad billows run to kiss her feet.

Across the bay she sees the ships come in,
Bringing her exiles to their homes once more;
Beneath her cliff resounds the passing din
Of trains that speed their thousands to her shore;
Each wanderer to her loving heart is dear;
No child that she hath known hath she forgot:
Their joyous greetings on her hundredth year
She hears, but answers not;
For memory, running back beyond our ken,
Recalls the storied past to live again.

She seems the brooding spirit of the place,
Before whose gaze, in solemn vision, sweep
Long centuries, since first a dusky race
Came here to dwell on Machigonne's lone steep:
Again she listens to their savage speech,
Hears the swift arrow whistling through the glade,
The light canoe drawn on the sandy beach;
And, 'mid the forest's shade,
Sees the great sagamores, with darkling frowns,
In haughty council rear their feathered crowns.

Hither, attended by her royal train,
Comes Cogawesco's noble-hearted queen,
With welcome guiding through her own domain
A stranger ship to yonder island green;
There the first colonists, of Saxon race,
Fell the dense wood and build a goodly house;
Anon a statelier vessel seeks the place;
While, under drooping boughs,
An Oxford scholar builds his Latin lay,—
The earliest bard to sing of Casco Bay.

The ships depart; their men are seen no more:
Ten years, and English trading-ships alone
Come fishing to her bay, from Richmond's shore;
Then the first settler, proud to call his own
The jutting mainland, with its circling strand,
Builds a log cabin by her running brook.

For thirty years he portions out the land
To West-of-England Folk,
Brave Devon squires, whose fathers, from the main,
With Drake and Raleigh, swept the fleets of Spain.

In final rest, beneath a lofty pine
Spared by his axe, the pioneer has lain
But ten brief years, when forth, a flying line,
From raided farms, her settlers seek the main.
Returning, drawn, at last, by love and hope,
They build anew, with fort and palisade;
Then a day's battle on an orchard-slope,
A long-besieged stockade,
With desperate, vain defence, and wild uproar,
And Indian warriors hold the land once more.

Through flame and death her far-led captives go,
While empty streets and bleaching bones remain:
Long decades pass; the wasted homesteads know
Their sons once more, their hamlet thrives again.
Soon a young parson comes the flock to lead;
And savage foes are bound by solemn peace;
Westward, to sister towns, the postmen speed;
While, over cool, bright seas,
Their steady course the mighty mast-ships keep,
And venturous traders skim a foreign deep.

But if, above the waves' tumultuous roar
In Biscay's bay, where the long breaker swells,
Her hardy sailors hear, when off Bilboa,
The faint, far ringing of Spain's convent-bells,
And note, across dark olives on the height,
Where the lone belfry cuts the glowing skies,
The monk, slow passing in his robe of white,
What longings wild arise
To see that log-built meeting-house once more,
Under the pine-trees of a northern shore.

Sixty glad years, and Falmouth mourns again;
Her old protector has become her foe;
All day she shrinks before the scorching rain
Of shot and shell; all night the heavens glow
With blazing ships and mansions wrapped in fire.
From threatening fleets, and battle's dread alarms,
To safer fields her stricken sons retire:
At length, from Gorham farms
And distant camps, her wanderers homeward flee,
Hailing the Peace that makes a nation free.

Soon free, herself, a prouder name to know
Than Falmouth Neck, with years of strength begun,
Fair Portland greets, a century ago,
Christening and independence-day in one.
An ocean-mart, she comes to rule the wave,
To stand its foremost city, wise and great,
When Gorges' province, with the name he gave,
Steps forth, a sovereign State.
And still her Devon blood would tempt the breeze
And drive her foemen from insulting seas.

What swift advance a hundred years have wrought,
Despite embargo, war, and raging flame!
Great industries her changing needs have brought
To feed her commerce; where the postman came,
Fly train and steamboat to her bridge-bound shore:
For two good parsons that in sorrow spake,
Thirty she hears; for one gazette, a score;
She quaffs Sebago lake,
For Marjory's spring; and for the candle's ray,
Electric lights pour radiance clear as day.

Although her last dread foe, the ruthless flame,
Has razed her ancient homes, an honored few
Preserve some treasures that the past would claim;
There rest the mugs the Peter Waldo knew,

From which old seadogs have been wont to drain,
In deep carouse, their healths of Admiral rum;
Pale Canton silks, that tell in rent and stain
How the Grand Turk came home;
There Mowatt's fiery shot, embedded deep,
Have had a century for cooling sleep.

Such the long memories that her heart has kept;—
Loss and disaster, but triumphant gain;
Four times the tomahawk or the flame has swept
Her narrow slopes; yet unto her remain
A people crowding to the billowy strand
And o'er the fields: a brave and courtly race;
With merchant-princes fitted to command
Her fates in war and peace.
Nor wealth alone, nor strength; a mightier power
She gives her children, — learning's priceless dower.

Favored are we to greet thy festal year,
O blessed town, which many ne'er behold,
And none but once: for all who gather here
Must find their vigor spent, their brief lives told,
Ere thou, still wearing thine immortal grace,
And throned, as now, beneath resplendent skies,
Shalt see another century end its race,
Another dawn arise
When mighty throngs shall tread thine ancient ways,
And grateful thousands chant their votive lays.

And thou wilt sit again among thy dead,
Happy as now, and grown to prouder state;
Roses as fresh shall wreathe thy stately head,
And worthier verse thy glories celebrate.
But fairer than the splendors round thee then,
More clear than other scenes by memory brought,
This one glad summertide shall live again
And brighten in thy thought;
This summertide, when first before thy feet
Thy singing children flung their garlands sweet.

While yet in breeze and sunshine we rejoice,
And echoes of our fleeting song remain,
Or ere the swelling anthem drowns our voice,
Give ear, great mother, to our parting strain;
Hail, dear protectress of our lives and toil!
A people's homage is the praise we bear;
Still bless our homes upon thy sacred soil;
And Heaven, that made thee fair,
And gave thee strength, and kept thee through all fears,
Shall guard thee still another hundred years.

The Centennial Hymn, composed by Chas. P. Ilsley, of Cambridge, Mass., and set to music by David Paine, of the same city, both of whom are natives, and for many years residents of Portland, was one of merit and beauty. The Haydns rendered it with great effect. The audience, as requested, rose and united in singing the last stanza, which was sung to the tune of Old Hundred. The following is the hymn:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

CHAS. P. ILSLEY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

[Music by David Paine, Cambridge.]

Through the dim corridors of time
There floats a peal, subdued and low,
By fancy deemed a muffled chime
Outrung a hundred years ago.
As faintly on our listening ears
In weird-like cadence falls the strain,
Behold, the Present disappears—
The buried Past revives again!

Amazed, as held in magic thrall,
We gaze around in mute surprise:
Lo, shattered roof and crumbling wall
And blackened ruins meet our eyes!
By vandal hands this work was wrought—
This widespread scene of dearth and blight:
Yet here, with dauntless ardor fraught,
Our infant city plumed her flight.

Cradled in ashes—doomed anew,
As if the sport of destiny,
The fiery ordeal to pass through,
She bravely faced the stern decree.
Heaven speed and prosper her emprise!
Whate'er the burden on her laid,
As in the past, may she arise
In strength and beauty fresh arrayed!

All honors to our sires accord
Who nurtured her and shaped her ways:
All honors due to them award,
The guardians of her later days!
Warm welcomes to her wand'ring sons
Now gathered at their native home,
And greetings to the absent ones,
Where'er their truant steps may roam.

Haydn Association.

Tune — "Old Hundred."

And unto Him whose sovereign care
Prolonged our lives to see this day,
Whose bounties manifold we share,
Our grateful homage we would pay!

The Benediction was then pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Henry A. Neely, D. D., and the exercises closed; and the audience proceeded to Custom House wharf to take steamers for the excursion to the Islands.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Among the pleasant incidents of the centennial, was the meeting at the Falmouth House, of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Hon. Horatio King and Hon. Henry Carter, formerly editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, and all former residents of Portland. Fifty-six years ago the first two were publishers and the last an apprentice boy of the *Jeffersonian*. Mr. Hamlin was the only one then of age and he had but just attained his majority. The course of each has been conspicuous and honorable. Mr. Hamlin attained the Vice-Presidency, Mr. King a cabinet position and Mr. Carter is still on the bench of the Court of Massachusetts. A son of Mr. King, Gen. Horatio C. King, who was a native of this city, late Judge Advocate General of New York, was an interested listener as these young-old men exchanged reminiscences during several happy hours.

THE CLAM BAKE.

The clam bake at Long Island in the afternoon was a successful feature of the great celebration. A large number of people went to the island in the forenoon

and when the steamer City of Richmond, which left Custom House wharf at the conclusion of the exercises at City Hall, had landed her contingent, fully two thousand people were waiting for the clam bake in the broiling sun and fanned by a breeze which blew across the sixteen cords of burning wood in the beds, and seemed hotter than the sun. But when the bake was ready, at about three o'clock, all were satisfied and forgot how hot they were. Messrs. Littlefield and Mitchell had done a good job. The clams and lobsters were as good as could be desired and rapidly disappeared before the onslaught of two thousand hungry people. Three hundred bushels of clams are a great deal, however, and when every one had finished there was a great quantity remaining. The tables occupying an acre of ground, give a good idea of the proportions of the bake. In addition to the tables in the open air, a large number of invited guests were served indoors.

At about a quarter of five the City of Richmond took a great number on board and started on the homeward trip. The steamer moved out and passing the back side of Peak's and Cushing's Islands, turned around Ram Island and entered the harbor by the ship channel. Chandler's band, stationed on the forward deck, gave a delightful concert, although the music was occasionally drowned by the deep whistle of the steamer responding to the salutes of passing vessels. The lines were made fast at Custom House wharf at just half-past five.

Among those who attended the clam bake were Governor Robie and members of his staff, Mayor Chapman, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Hon J. R. Bodwell, Dr.

A. C. Hamlin, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, General Geo. L. Beale, Hon. Roscoe Bowers, Aldermen Beale, Ricker and Marks, Councilmen Gatley, H. P. Dewey, Trefethen, A. G. Dewey, Roberts, John P. Hobbs, Esq., president of the Common Council; City Clerk Burgess, Hon. Charles McLaughlin, Geo. S. Hunt, H. H. Burgess, Col. H. S. Osgood, Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, O. M. Lord, Rev. Mr. Hallock, Cyrus H. Farley, John E. Dow, Leander W. Fobes, Col. John M. Adams, H. W. Richardson, County Attorney Seiders, M. N. Rich, H. H. Emery, Col. E. B. Dow and others.

EVENING EXERCISES AT CITY HALL.

The reception by the Mayor and City Council at City Hall in the evening was well attended.

From 7.30 to 8.30 o'clock Chandler's Band, stationed in the gallery to the left of the platform, discoursed sweet music. Then the Committee of Reception and the invited guests of the city took seats upon the platform, and the speaking began. Following is a complete list of those who were seated upon the platform:

Mayor C. J. Chapman and wife.
Ex-Mayor Charles F. Libby.
Alderman Whitman Sawyer.
John P. Hobbs, President of the Common Council.
Ex-Mayor John W. Deering and daughter.
Ex-Mayor R. M. Richardson.
Ex-Mayor M. F. King.
Hon. John J. Perry.
Judge Henry Carter, Haverhill.
Major Chas. W. Stevens, Boston.
Hon. I. Allen Jack, St. John, N. B.
William G. Soule.
Alderman Wm. M. Marks.
Councilman C. N. Lang.
D. R. Jack, St. John, N. B.
Col. F. D. Pullen, Bangor.
George S. Hunt.
Cyrus K. Babb, Boston.
H. J. Libby.
George G. Rice, Bangor.
Henry L. Gregg, Mayor of Hudson, N. Y.

Benj. J. Dodge, President Sons of Maine, Worcester, Mass.
Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C.
George L. Beale, Norway.
Charles B. Rogers.
Samuel L. Carleton.
B. Williams, Mayor of Rockland.
Gen. James A. Hall, Damariscotta.
William D. Little.
Gov. Frederick Robie.
Dr. A. C. Hamlin, Bangor.
Rev. H. P. Winter.
W. G. Kimball.
Geo. H. Shirley, Brooklyn.
Augustus F. Gerrish.
Oren Ring.
Hon. T. W. Simonton, of the *Camden Herald.*
J. J. W. Reeves, Cambridge.
Rev. Dr. J. T. P. Ingraham, St. Louis.
Rev. Asa Dalton.
Rev. Joseph F. Elder, D. D., New York.
Alderman George W. Beale.
Rev. Elijah Kellogg.
Councilman George Trefethen.
Rev. Dr. E. C. Bolles, Salem.
Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Boston.
Councilman Augustus B. Brown.
Councilman Daniel F. Murphy.
H. S. Trickey.
Rt. Rev. H. A. Neely.
Hon. Charles McLaughlin.
George E. Hersey, Boston.
Richard L. Robinson, Elizabeth, N. J.
Hon. William Goold, Windham.
Rev. J. R. Crosser.
Mrs. Lucretia Baker, New York City.
Councilman A. G. Dewey.
Hon. O. D. Baker, Att'y General.
George W. Merrill, Bangor.
Col. H. S. Osgood and wife.
Gen. Horatio C. King, New York.
Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, New York.
Col. George E. Dole, Bangor.
Col. W. A. R. Boothby, Waterville.

Ex-Mayor Charles F. Libby presided, and the several speakers were by him introduced in his usual graceful manner.

The first speaker of the evening was introduced to the audience by Mr. Libby in the following words, viz:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—This centennial celebration of the organization of Portland as an independent municipal body has brought together many old friends and former citizens, who have been identified with the history of our city in the past. It has been

thought that a few words from some of these earlier workers in the vineyard would form a pleasing feature of this closing meeting.

My services tonight would almost seem surperfluous as it is hardly necessary to introduce old acquaintances, and the duty assigned me has this troublesome feature that it is accompanied with a limitation of time, which will not permit me to call up many from whom you would be glad to hear.

We have with us tonight a gentleman who, for many years, was a citizen of Portland and had editorial charge of one of its leading newspapers. Although he has been away from us nearly thirty years he is still well and pleasantly remembered by many of our citizens. I have great pleasure in introducing to you, Hon. Henry Carter of Haverhill, Mass.

HON. HENRY CARTER'S REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the words of a speaker last Sunday, I sympathize with you and hope you sympathize with me at this late stage of these proceedings, so successful and so brilliant up to this time, to be called upon to make a speech, when I am tempted to say so many things, at the same time my judgment tells me I must cut them short. Some months ago I read an extract from a speech by Senator Frye, in which, among other bright and sparkling things, he said they had a forest in Maine in which they could place the whole commonwealth of Massachusetts and they would need guides to find their way out. In reply, I would say that those of us who have resided in Maine, and especially those who have resided in Portland, need no guide to find our way back especially on such an occasion as this. My residence has been in another State for about thirty years. A portion of that time I was too busy to return but ever since I have been in the habit of coming here almost annually.

My memory of Portland extends back to 1830, when the legislature sat here in two buildings occupying very nearly this site. I remember the famous campaign of 1840, and that wonderful speech of Gen. James Wilson in old Exchange Hall. I remember the campaign of forty-four when that wonderful orator, Sargent S. Prentiss, gave us a noble speech from the portico of Old City Hall to an audience packing the whole square and all windows within

hearing. I shall never forget the metaphor he used on that occasion: "The opposition newspapers" said he, "are literally clothed with lies as with a garment! They put them on as a Dutchman does his breeches, six or seven pairs at a time." Mr. W. P. Fessenden asked him the next morning where he got that dual metaphor and he said he never heard of it. Never thought of it until the moment, and then it came to him like a split bullet, one-half a little before the other. This was the way he conversed and it shows the wonderful inspiration that was over him at the time.

During the ten years that I resided in Portland, it was warm political times. Parties were breaking up and discussions were warm and bitter. Editors of that day were identified with their paper. The editor could not hide behind the editorial "we." They were known and held responsible. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, Raymond, of the *Times*, Webb, of the *Courier*, Houghton and Schouler, of the *Atlas*, Green, of the *Post*, and here in this city were Holden and Kingsbury of the *Argus*, Poor, of the *State of Maine*, and Carter, of the *Advertiser*. The discussions were far more personal than at the present time, and, as Mr. Dow has said, I will express no opinion as to which is the better, but simply record the facts. But still it has given me great pleasure when I have returned here to meet not only my old political friends, but I have been delighted at the greeting by my old political opponents. But what gave me the most pleasure was to be called upon just before the election of Lincoln, to speak and meet upon the same platform, identified with the same party, my old opponents—Holden and Kingsbury. That shows what wonderful changes come about in the political world as well as in other matters.

One year when I was identified with the *Portland Advertiser*, I was also Judge of the Municipal Court and I think I had an experience which no other judge ever had, and as it made an impression upon me and upon the community, I cannot refrain from alluding to it. In my office one day, I was notified that I was wanted at the court room where I went and found the room filled with the temperance men opposed to Neal Dow. There had been a petition for more law. It was said that judges and magistrates didn't issue warrants when they ought to, and they had obtained the passage of a law that whenever three voters made oath that a man had liquor

with the intent to sell, a warrant for seizure should issue at once. There was no discretion left with the magistrate. I found my room lined with men opposed to Neal Dow and his execution of the law. I took my seat and a complaint was handed me and three men stepped up and made oath against Neal Dow for having liquor in his possession with intent to sell it illegally. It has always been said of Mr. Dow as of some other men that he would be a very clever man if he would let rum alone. I had no discretion in the matter. Mr. Dow had left me no discretion by the law, and he became the first victim. He was hoisted by his own petard. I think he was the only victim of that provision of the law. I had to make out the warrant and issue it; but I didn't know about the constable and so delayed matters until I could send for Mr. Ring and put the matter into his hands. But I will not pursue the subject further as I shall get into the riot with which we are all familiar. I will close by simply expressing to you my great thanks for the opportunity of meeting and addressing you. I desire to congratulate the Mayor and the citizens of Portland on the great success of the celebration. I have always had the kindliest feelings for Portland. When your base-ball club comes to Haverhill I want them to beat as often as the Haverhills do, or else they shall be draw games. (Applause).

Mr. Libby then said:

My early recollections of State Street church are associated with one who, during the early years of its history, ministered to its people with signal ability and success. His eloquent voice has often been heard in our midst, but much too seldom in these latter years. I am introducing to you an old friend when I present the Rev. Hugh S. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

REV. HUGH S. CARPENTER'S REMARKS.

I think you have had about enough oratory, enough poetry, enough marching, and some of you, probably, enough clams. [Laughter.] I think Portland has been well praised, perhaps too much, for when they proceed to lather a man to his face I always think they are going to shave him. [Laughter.] It does seem sometimes as if the extravagant affection of the children of this blessed mother was a

little troublesome and teasing. A mother is very fond of having her children tell her how much they love her, but I think perhaps today she has said: "Well, I know it; don't come hanging over me, for I am so hot." [Laughter.]

It is true that those of us who come back after an interval can best appreciate the rapid strides and extensive improvements of a town like this. I see great growth in its outskirts and great beauty in its houses as I never saw before, and both promenades are now worthy of the highest praise. I see changes not only on the face of nature, but in individual development. I see great progress made in our representative in Congress as I noticed him this morning and heard his eloquence, for when I knew him here he was a lad and very slender. [Applause.] And he was, if I remember, somewhat freckled, but they do say that freckles in youth make very fair personality in later life, and I hope you have found out that he is making a fair representative for you. [Applause.] At the same time he has become so broad in his statesmanship and so stout in patriotism that if bye and bye you shall send him to the Senate he must take the place of the big man of the Senate who has just passed away. [Great applause.] At all events I congratulate you upon your prospects in this city as a part of the prospects of this land. Maine, I believe, has never yet elected a President of the United States, but perhaps she may some day. [Applause.] Portland has its own native charms and its great culture, and we cannot help believing that it is destined to be a leading power, fully realizing the motto of the State, "Dirigo"—I direct. Who can stand on these eminences, who can stand by the brow of these continents here uplifted and look down the slope of its whole extent to where its feet are laved in the South Pacific, of its unity in variety and the symmetry of its development? Bye and bye there will be but one country on this continent; bye and bye, it is clear to our eyes that little flaxen-haired Canada as the head will take its rich, curling locks, and then the broad chest of the interior, the Middle States, will be further developed both in intelligence and athletic strength; and then the arms east and west that stretch out will become brawny and vigorous; and then the hot central life of the interior further south will come in as the extremities, until this whole continent as one

shall stand in its manhood, in its sense of right recognizing the God who made it and the people who constitute it. Then will it turn in its manhood to that old world where new life is breeding, where they are studying house-keeping and home rule. Then will there be wooing and soon will there be actual betrothal and espousal. Then time will put its golden ring around the world and make one country, in which there is one God, one liberty, one manhood, a cosmopoly, at which time it shall be said, "what hath God wrought and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Who can stand in the midst of this loveliness, can watch the progress of the community, who can behold it and not believe that there is a perfect world somewhere. There shall come a day, there must come a day when the earth shall be emancipated, for in these few years if these feeble and partial powers, with all the drawbacks and all the hinderances which we have here in the terrestrial state, we still go forward, are our fathers, who began it, never to see it in its crystal clearness? I think man's progress is the proof of man's immortallity? I insist upon it that the progress of nations in the evolution of communities shows that there is to be a world without death, a time without crime, a race without corruption and a glory without shame. Let that be the theme of your expectation, and let your gratitude to Him who is above us all go as far as the heavens while it glistens on the earth. [Applause.]

Mr. Libby then introduced the next speaker, as follows:

I begin to feel as if I must be getting along in years myself, for this centennial anniversary brings home faces which were known to me in my school days of more than thirty years ago. We have with us to-night a distinguished divine, who was born in our midst, and whom I first remember as a member of the Portland High School, of the class of 1856. As one of the youngest pupils in the school, I then looked up to him with great respect, a feeling which still remains unchanged.

I have great pleasure in presenting to you Rev. Joseph F. Elder, of New York City.

REV. JOSEPH F. ELDER'S REMARKS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

My foot is on my native heath tonight. I can narrow down that hymn which has been written for the country at large and apply it all to my own State, and say:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

I love this old town, and in heat and cold I am ready to press forward among the sons and daughters and lay my tribute of praise, my chaplet of affection in her lap. My interest in this town and in this occasion is very largely as a schoolboy, rather than a citizen. I never cast a vote in this city. When I left the High School, I went to college and have been hardly more than a visitor to this city for the last thirty years; but I have been here every year since, with one or two exceptions, and always with the most affectionate regard for the old home.

My schoolboy recollections date back something like forty years, when I was a little shaver going to school on the corner of Danforth and Tyng streets, in a little, old wooden house that might have been taken for a section of a rope walk, but which has been replaced by one of the more pretentious residences of that locality. I recollect of attending the Park street grammar school under Master Jackson, over whose remains in the Western Cemetery is the granite monument. I have not a very clear recollection of the old man's face, but he wrote my name in one of my text books which I have scrupulously kept since. They used to teach us to write in those days. I can see him now very distinctly, going around with a bundle of quills under his arm, sharpening a quill, while once in a while he would take a boy by the ear and vigorously snap his head. The door was locked until after morning prayers and then we late ones were let in. I use "we" in the editorial sense, but going in on a stinging cold morning and getting the ferrule applied to your hand was something to be remembered.

But what shall I say of the old school house upon Spring street,

standing yet, although turned into a school of lower grade. Then the entrance was in the front. I went to that school just after Master Libby had ceased his labors. In the interregnum between Master Libby and Master Lyford, the school was taught by William Law Symonds, to whom allusion was made this morning and whose untimely death was a matter of public regret. There was the old desk, long since disappeared, and the old bulkhead, sometimes half open, down by which we used to crouch, and when hidden from the teacher's eye, we would slip up to the corner of High street and play marbles. But that all disappeared and with the coming of Master Lyford there was a new era. I am not very familiar with the subsequent history of the Portland High School, but I would not be afraid to challenge comparison of the six years of Master Lyford in the school with all the years that followed. When he left it was a model school, and I am glad here to-night to lay my tribute of praise at his feet.

As your chairman stated, I belonged to the class of '56, which has been highly honored on the platform today, for both your orator and poet came from that class. The class was small. Tom Reed, Joe Symonds and I and one or two others used to get together and roll out the raggedest kind of Greek roots to one another. After a time we were ambitious to have an original Greek dialogue. Tom Reed was Jupiter, Joe Symonds was Neptune, Al Cross was Rhadamanthus and I was Pluto. I think so far as Tom Reed was concerned, it was a kind of unconscious prophecy, for he has taken his place among the Olympian gods, a worthy Jupiter, as you saw today. I can scarcely see the connection between Joe Symonds and Neptune, but if we had put him in as Rhadamanthus, the Judge that knew all things, the prophecy would be complete.

I think too little has been said in regard to the public schools of Portland. If I was to speak at length tonight it would be for these schools—what they are doing for the young men and women of this city. In supporting such a High School as you have in this city, you are doing a great and glorious work, by giving the young men and women an opportunity for a large and broad education, without which, a great many boys fall into the purely mechanical occupations. I am not saying anything against them, but they take up with the ordinary forms of life work because they don't know any other and

have no ambition for any other. Keep a boy or girl at their books until the mind and intelligence is awakened and ambition is quickened, until they see what they are made for, and they will in the end, most likely, turn to it as the needle turns to the pole. The boy is a good deal like the carrier pigeon; when you let him loose, his circles grow wider and wider, until he perceives the way to his destination. Let the boy's mind widen and widen and bye and bye he sees what God intended him for, and he will go for it with a purpose that will give directness and success to his aim.

I wish the subject of education might receive a fresh impetus. It is a saddening thought, though a trite one, that there is not one of us in this room that will be present a hundred years hence. The orator for the next centennial is not to be born for fifty years to come but you can begin to mould your orator and poet for that occasion.

I was sitting on the piazza in the country the other evening and within sight, three or four miles out, the New York boat passed. A little later I heard the regular wash of the surf upon the beach below the house. It was the swash of the steamer that had long since passed out of sight; the momentum it had communicated the water of the quiet bay was making itself felt on the shore. You can make the impulse to the influences that are to shape and mould the forces which shall be gathered up for your pride and boast a hundred years to come. The law of heredity and natural selection is working for the men and women who are to take the leading places in this community when another century shall roll around.

Take the boy today who gives little promise of any future greatness, who seems to be hardly worth educating, and instead of putting him into a store or teaching him a trade, be patient and give him an education, and his son will have more ability; and his children's children will have a degree of intelligence that will fit them to become the progenitors of those who are greater and mightier than their fathers. He may become the progenitor of the patriot upon whom the country will lean in the hour of peril.

All we can do is to do our best for the generation we are serving now. Put into it whatever God has given us of strength, knowledge, intelligence and wisdom, and leave the result with Him and it will be found as the century rolls round that the seed and germs of what will be your pride in that hour were planted, perchance, today.

Mr. Libby's introduction of the next speaker was as follows:

The name of King is identified with the history of our city, and has been an honored name in our State and Nation.

I take great pleasure in presenting to you a distinguished representative of this family once a resident of this city, who has been identified with our national government, Hon. Horatio King, ex-Postmaster General, of Washington, D. C.

HON. HORATIO KING'S REMARKS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Allow me to say that I came to this city from my native town of Paris, bringing my printing establishment of the *Jeffersonian* in May, 1833; and I continued the publication of my paper here until January, 1838, when I sold out to the proprietors of the *Standard*, then edited by Mr. John F. Hartley, afterwards, for many years, an efficient officer of the treasury department at Washington.

A day or two ago I sat down to recall the names of the citizens best known to me during that period, and it was startling to see how many of them had passed to the Silent Land. I ran off a list of them, and here it is — over fifty — starting with the names of William Pitt Preble and Ashur Ware, who I may truly say were my foster-fathers, for each was to me emphatically "guide, philosopher and friend." Hardly less near to me were Nathaniel Mitchell and John L. Megquier. I shall not detain you by reading the list. Alas! Only here and there among the living can I see or hear of but a very few others whom I may claim as old acquaintances: Wm. Pitt Preble, Ashur Ware, J. L. Megquier, Nathaniel Mitchell, Zenas Libby, John Anderson, Gen. Fessenden, William Pitt Fessenden, Thos. A. Deblois, R. A. L. Codman, Drs. Mighels, Clark and Gilman, Wm. H. Codman, Seba Smith, Samuel Coleman, Ezra Holden, Charles B. Smith, Thomas Todd, F. O. J. Smith, Charles Q. Clapp, John Appleton, Nicholas Emery, Charles Holden, John Neal, St. John Smith, J. B. Brown, S. B. Beckett, Eben Steele, Abner Lowell, John Yeaton, David Drinkwater, H. H. Boody, Luther Jewett, Nathaniel Jewett, Revs. Dr. Nichols and Jason Whitman, Wm. Goodenow, Nathan

Winslow, James Furbush, Albert Smith, A. H. Putney, H. J. Little, Wm. E. Edwards, Charles Codman, Arthur Shirley, James Brooks, Judge Potter, Gen. John Chandler, Stephen Longfellow; over fifty familiar names of those among whom I was best acquainted, all gone.

In my finely illustrated card of invitation, observing that special care had been taken to signalize the great stride made in the post office and mail facilities here within the last century, I took it as a hint to me, should I be called on to say a few words on the subject, since twenty-two years—from March, 1839, to March, 1861—of the best part of my life have been devoted to the service of the post office, saying nothing of the interest I have ever since taken in its progress and improvement. I do not know whether the humble one-story building in the distance is intended to represent the post office of 1786 or not, but the mail carrier is evidently making his roundabout way thither, or possibly to some nearer, no more pretentious house to deliver the mail; and no one can mistake his occupation nor fail to mark the great difference between such a building and your present substantial post office. Could I have availed myself of records I have at home, I might have been able to present some interesting facts touching the post office more than I do now. It is of record that, as early as 1711, the mail was carried weekly between Boston and Maine, and it is probable that the service was made by horse-back then and for many years afterwards, as it appears that an act was passed on the 7th of September, 1785, authorizing the mail to be carried in stage coaches. I am not prepared to say how often the mail was carried to and from Falmouth in 1786. Doubtless this information may be found in Willis' history of Portland.

I have obtained from the Post Office Department, the following official record in regard to the post office at Falmouth, Casco Bay, showing that Samuel Freeman was charged with balance due the department—

	£	s	d
For quarter ending Jan. 5, 1776,	1	14s	2d
Receipts same quarter,	2	2	8 1-2
For quarter ending April 5, 1776—Receipts,	3	8	2
Balance due,	2	14	6 1-2
For quarter ending July 5, 1776—Receipts,	2	10	7 3-4
Balance due,	2	0	6 1-4
For quarter ending April 5, 1782—Balance due,	2	7	2

In the fourth quarter of 1789, he (Freeman) is credited with paying Richard Kimball, £6, 9s. 3d., in full for carrying the mail to Oct. 1, 1789, but from what date it is not stated.

The name of the office first appears as "Portland" in the appointment of Postmaster, Feb. 16th, 1790, as follows:

POST OFFICE AT PORTLAND, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, MAINE.

Postmasters.	*Date of Appointment.*	*Postmasters.*	*Date of Appointment.*
Samuel Freeman,	16 Feb., 1790.	Nathan L. Woodbury,	2 April, 1845.
Thomas M. Prentiss,	1 July, 1804.	Joshua Dunn,	5 May, 1849.
Joshua Wingate, jr.,	20 Feb., 1805.	Nathan L. Woodbury,	1 April, 1853.
James Wingate,	9 Aug., 1805.	Samuel Jordan,	1 April, 1857.
Robert Ilsley,	1 June, 1815.	Andrew T. Dole,	8 April, 1861.
Nathaniel Low,	3 Dec., 1828.	Woodbury Davis,	19 Dec., 1865.
Nathaniel Mitchell,	9 April, 1829.	Chas. W. Goddard,	7 Oct., 1871.
Thomas Todd,	8 Dec., 1834.	Clark H. Barker,	6 Feb., 1884.
Nathaniel Mitchell,	4 Sept., 1840.	Joshua S. Palmer,	6 July, 1885.
Sylvanus R. Lyman,	4 May, 1841.		

The President then introduced the next speaker in the following words:

There is another in the line of gifted men who have ministered to the spiritual and intellectual wants of our city, who is too well known to need an introduction at my hands. I know you will be glad to hear from the Rev. Edwin C. Bolles of Salem, Mass.

Mr. Bolles responded in a few brief remarks. He said:

I saw Portland during the exciting scenes of the war. I have been a partaker of its revival and restored fortunes. I owe much to this city. It was in it that I made my first trial and experience in my profession, and it was here I got my wife. I bid you farewell, assuring you that your interests are always mine and dearest to my heart.

Mr. Libby then introduced to the audience a distinguished divine residing in Boston, in the following remarks:

It is with great pleasure that I am able to present to you tonight

one who by his ancestry is closely connected with our city, whose grandfather was one of our first selectmen, and whose father was born and bred upon our soil. We should have been glad to claim the son as "to the manor born," but while this is not the case we still have a claim upon his regard through the local ties which bind us all to the spot where our kindred are buried. I present to you Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Mass.

Mr. Brooks spoke for about five minutes with that rapid and burning eloquence for which he is so noted.

He said that in passing through the streets today, he had seen upon the walls of many of the houses that Portland welcomed her sons and daughters, and knowing himself to be neither one nor the other, he wondered if he had any business here. He said he was a grandson of Portland, for she was a mother to his father. He said the life of individuals is measured by decades, the life of cities by centuries and of nations by longer periods. A hundred years in the life of a city is but the beginning. Portland is but a young stripling and she is to be congratulated today, not simply for what she has done but because it gives great promise for the future. Mr. Brooks paid a fine compliment to the oration of Mr. Reed in the forenoon.

Mr. Libby then said:

We are honored tonight by the presence of a representative from the city of St. John. He comes here not merely as the representative of a city with which we have intimate commercial and friendly relations, but as a descendant of one of the early merchants of Falmouth, whose name is still borne by many of our citizens. I take great pleasure in introducing to you, the Honorable Isaac Allen Jack, Registrar and Deputy Mayor of the city of St. John.

Mr. Jack's remarks were brief.

He related how his ancestor, Thomas Wyer, who was a Royalist, left Falmouth in a schooner and sailed to the province of New Brunswick, and took up his residence at St. Andrews. The speaker said, just before he came away he received a letter from the daughter of Thomas Wyer, a lady now past eighty years of age, in which she expressed her regret at inability

to attend Portland's centennial celebration. Toward the close of his remarks the speaker alluded to the fishery matters and said he was satisfied that so far as his fellow-citizens were concerned, they desire the closest commercial relations with Maine and the other New England States.

Gen. King, of New York, was the next speaker and was introduced by Mr. Libby as follows:

We have with us tonight a representative of a younger generation of the King family, who early left his native State to win distinction elsewhere. As a valiant soldier during the war of the rebellion, he maintained the honor of our State, and has won fresh laurels in civil life in the Empire State where he resides. I take pleasure in presenting to you Gen. Horatio C. King, of New York.

REMARKS OF GEN. HORATIO C. KING, OF NEW YORK.

I esteem it, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens of Portland, a very high honor and privilege to be present as a guest of this beautiful city and to be invited to assist in the celebration of its centennial anniversary. It was my good fortune to be born here a little less than half a century ago, and it was not my fault that, at a very early age, when I was too young to resist, I was carried an infant in arms by my parents to Washington City. But for this intrusion upon my liberty of action, I might have remained to this day a citizen of the city of my nativity. It is a peculiar pleasure for me to address you from the same platform with my honored father, to whom the adjective venerable does not apply. He belongs to the young-old men upon whom age sits lightly, and who wears with grace and happiness, the honors of a very active, useful, well-spent life. Although I have not been continuously with you, my frequent visits here have given me full opportunity to enjoy the generous hospitality which is characteristic of your people. I cannot, as have some who have already spoken, entertain you with personal reminiscences, unless it be the recollection of my boyhood vacations here, when corn-husking, quilting bees and kissing parties made the time pass merrily.

I am told that these wholesome frolics have, to a very great extent, gone out of fashion. If this is so, it may account in some degree

for the emigration to the West and other sections of our land of so many of your young men. I have met them in all parts of the country, but wherever found they bear with them sweet recollections of their native State, and do it honor in every walk of life.

In the second year of the war it fell to me to receive several of the Maine regiments and to be associated with them in the grand and successful struggle for our second independence. And no better regiments or braver men ever did battle for the right. They stood gallantly where

> "Shriek of shot and scream of shell
> And bellowing of the mortar"

made hideous pandemonium. And when the grand victory was won, the decimated ranks returned home with their banners torn and tattered, but unsullied.

There are others to follow me, and as the great heat and the speeches of those who have preceded me seem to have had a *moving* effect upon the audience, I will give way, lest none be left to listen. I thank you for this cordial reception, and shall always recall with unqualified pleasure the enjoyment of this magnificent celebration.

The closing speaker was introduced by Mr. Libby in the following words:

Many of our Portland boys have been led in early manhood to leave their home in search of larger fields of usefulness.

Wherever they have gone they have made an honorable name for themselves, and always retain, I find, a love for their early home. The good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts has many of our sons within her borders who have honored her, and whom she has seen fit to honor.

Allow me to present to you a Portland boy of a generation ago. Major Charles W. Stevens of Boston.

MAJOR STEVENS' ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE:

I feel profoundly sensible of the honor conferred upon me by inviting me to address this audience upon such an interesting and historic occasion.

It is very natural, sir, that, leaving my home a youth, or at least youthful, I should feel some hesitancy in addressing those, some of whom I see before me, who were at that time, I will not say how many years ago, "most potent, grave and reverend seignors."

There are at least, three important things to be considered in addressing an assemblage like this; how to begin, what to say and when to leave off.

After accepting your polite invitation to speak this evening, naturally I began to think what I could say that would claim attention when so many eloquent words would already have been spoken. Being in a writing mood a few evenings since, I sought the quiet of my library and began like this:

"Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared; here lived and loved another race of beings; beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate."

Suddenly it was "bourne in upon me" that this sounded rather familiar, and looking about me I found it was a selection I used to declaim in my youth from a Fourth of July oration delivered by Charles Sprague, the banker-poet of my adopted city, so I got down from that high horse pretty lively. While musing a few evenings after, like the immortal Silas Wegg, I dropped into poetry and, with early associations thronging my brain, commenced in this way:

> Born 'neath the shadow of those elms that wave
> Aloft their branches o'er the roof that gave
> Our sweetest poet rest, your timid muse
> Fearing to sing, unwilling to refuse
> Such pleasing talk, craves that her pen to guide
> From Deering's woods to Casco's flowing tide,
> Memories of him her thoughts may countless throng
> Who cheered and charmed and blessed the world with song.

This seemed to be a very good start; and then there was to be scraps of your early history, pastoral scenes, with the murmur of brooks and the lowing of cattle; then the drums were to beat and the trumpets sound, with the echoing of guns from yonder bay; then

a dirge for the two brave commanders that sleep side by side at the foot of "Munjoy." Again the call to arms, the fluttering of the flags, the departure of your youth and manhood to fight the battles of our country, and how,

> From homes whose sires of Washington yet spoke,
> From cabins where the emigrants just woke
> From dreams of freedom he had come to share,
> From wayside cottage and from homes most fair,
> From trade's proud mart, from students' classic hall
> They came exultant to their country's call,
> In swelling phalanx and with mighty throes
> To stand between the Union and its foes.

And then the cry of fire, that ever thrilling cry; the lapping up by the devouring element of old landmarks, homesteads and marts of trade, the destruction of your avenues of beautiful elms that had long been my father's pride and mine.

Now you see what a poem could be made out of all this. How sublime! What great room for the rising and the swelling, the ringing and the swinging, the pathos and the imagination. Well, I spent some time over this, got it all mapped out, when it occurred to me that I was not to be your poet at all, that there would be another to sing all this and more, and the name of a gentle lady who was to be your poetess, was whispered in my ears, and today we have listened to her sweet song, and so I "hung my harp upon the willow," and was all at sea again without chart or compass, for well I knew that before my time to speak to you were come, your history would be told, your deeds of worth proclaimed, and your famous men and women eulogized, and what would there be left for me to say? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Hold! I said, there are away back in the past, ever fresh in our boyhood memories, characters, well-known ones too, many of them in a way dear to our youth, that will scarcely be thought of; and why not for a moment bring them before you, as many of us knew them nearly fifty years ago when they furnished innocent amusement to the school-boys of "eighteen forty"? And should the shades of the departed still be hovering over the scenes of their earthly existence, may no words of mine cause them to feel that unhappiness which often they suffered while in the flesh.

Among these familiar faces, courtesy would require me to speak first of the gentler sex—and they were fewer than those of the masculine gender. At the head and front of these few was that well-known and active maiden, "Coot" Moody, of Scarboro, who would insist that her name was not "Coot," but Emma.

Marm Larrabee, with her wagon of blueberries direct from "Baldwin Lighthouse," also had occasion to pour out her vials of wrath upon our devoted heads, for some of the bad boys would abstract her blueberries on the sly. They did say that the old lady would take her "tipple," but Sarey Gamp says, "that's all right if you only takes it regular and draws it mild."

Of the "hard handed" men of the times, looms up he whom the painter's art has immortalized, Stephen Cash, professional clamist. We could not have the heart at this late day to call Stephen a "clam digger," our respect and veneration for him is too great. In those days it was Mr. Cash, or Stephen Cash, seldom, if ever "Steve." Regularly in the season was that one-wheeled carriage, well filled with the juicy bivalves, found doing its duty propelled by the willing arms of Stephen. It was our artist Cole who painted his picture, wheel and clams and all.

There was another Stephen, Stephen Chase, who sold lobsters on the corner by the Cumberland House, near the old City Hall. Do you not remember his prettily painted wheelbarrow filled with the scarlet beauties? A symphony in green and red.

And speaking of barrows reminds me of that row of hand carts at the foot of Exchange street and their worthy proprietors, among whom Billy McNaught and Peter Jerris were especial favorites.

Perhaps no one appeared and disappeared more suddenly in our streets or created more amusement than the kind-hearted, innocent, crazed General Warren. Don't you old boys all remember him, with his military equipments, his cocked hat and his cane with a red ribbon tied to it which he called his sword? Well do I remember at the launching of the propeller Gen'l Warren, that was a very long time ago, of his standing proudly in the bow, waving his hat as she slipped from the stocks, fully believing that she was named for him. Poor, kind-hearted old man, we never could abuse you and we never did.

But there was a man and he had a pair of steers, and he would get

terribly drunk, and how he would worry those poor steers. I can see the little things now with their mournful faces and beseeching eyes, as if it were but yesterday, and long, lank Laricum Libby, with his longer goadstick, bending over them, hopelessly drunk. How he would swear and try to catch us when we goaded him, but he never did, no, nor did John Trip, "old Trip" or more familiarly "Trip-a-dee-dee."

From the bad to the good, and honest Daddy Buxton, with his genial countenance and maimed form, comes back to our gaze. Yes, many teased pennies found their way into Daddy's coffers in exchange for goodies, and goodies brings to mind Marm Hamilton and her famous molasses candy, those long, slender, golden sticks, so fresh and sweet. You well remember the bright green box on the counter where it was kept, and the little sign, L. S. Hamilton, just above Hannah Watts' shop on Exchange street.

Of the colored population, we had two famous ones. Aleck Stephenson, as we called him, "old Aleck," the prince of hack-drivers and good fellows, who faithfully served many generations, and his white hat, drab coat and those gray horses will long linger in our memory. Billy Button was another sable hero with as jolly a face as the sun ever shone upon and a heart as warm as ever beat under a fairer skin.

But time would fail me to tell of Gideon Foster, Johnny Larrabee, Tristram Prince and others who purchased our fourth of July junk and paid for it with some cash, but more goods; and when the glorious day at last had dawned and Tommy Hall, the chimney sweep, and others had spread their tents on "Nigger Hill" with their wealth of candy, gingerbread and buns, and yes, when we heard Tommy cry, "sold the candy, got the money," we well knew by the growing lightness of our pockets where the money came from, and we washed down our sorrow at its departure with a glass of "Royal pop or small beer, made by James Hindle and for sale here." But they are gone. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well." Green be their memories. They filled the places allotted to them, in some cases well, in others ill. And if, in bringing them back once more to the remembrance of many of their old acquaintances, I have renewed schoolboy associations, it is enough.

During the evening, the President, ex-Mayor Libby, read a telegram from the city government of Rockland complimenting Portland upon the brilliant success of her centennial celebration, and thanking the city for its courtesies shown its representative, Mayor Williams.

The meeting closed shortly after ten o'clock.

POEMS.

The following poems were written for the centennial celebration on the invitation of the committee; one by a son of Portland, distinguished in the literary world, who, in his ripe old age with vigor unimpaired, resides in the Empire State; and also by one of Portland's daughters, whose genius is recognized all over the land, and has before been shown in prose and poem—and whose interest in our city has never been abated. There was not time in any of the exercises to read their productions, and they are therefore printed as the close of the literary exercises of the last day of the celebration.

Ode written for the Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of Portland, on July 4th, 1886.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

E'en as a mother calls her wandering troop
Of children homeward—a beloved group;
Recalls their roving steps, where'eer they be,
From foreign shore and the remotest sea,
From stately homes, from city or from plain
Where endless prairies brighten with the grain,
From Indian isles, or European homes,
Grand with palatial halls and princely domes;
Her loving heart, quick-throbbing to caress,

And to her breast each darling child to press;
Inviting each to enter at the door,
And 'neath the natal roof to rest once more,
To pluck the fruit that in the garden grew,
To view fair scenes that blooming childhood knew,
To tread the well-known street that seem'd so fair,
(Now grown to stately avenue and square)
To view the ancient wharf, and piers and slips,
Where once they fished—now throng'd with splendid ships,
To view the spot, thick-shaded in a wood,
Where seventy years ago the school-house stood:
To muse where once a humble chapel rose,
(Where now a sumptuous church its dome upthrows;
To pace the turf with reverential tread,
Where sleep in dust the loved ancestral dead.
Yes, come dear rovers scatter'd wide o'er earth,
Come to your natal place,—your place of birth,
Look once again upon that beauteous town,
"By the sea seated," now a city grown;
Gaze on each bowery street, the noble squares,
Its avenues, its crowded thoroughfares,
Look on the ocean ships by wharf and pier,
Known o'er broad seas in each proud hemisphere;
See noble cupola and sacred spire
Bright with each dawning and each sunset fire,
Then view the mossy roof to memory dear
Where sire and mother watch'd life's opening year!

Faint I recall in memory's magic scene,
Our childhood sports, our gambols o'er the green,
When lingering feet to the old school-house came,
To con the task, obedient to our dame;
When forth to Deering's woods our steps would rove
To gather wild flowers in the shady grove,
To climb the hill where high the lighthouse rose
And in the wind-swept grass seek sweet repose;
Or seek the sandy beach, the pebbled shore
To bathe,—to angle, or for shells explore,

That joyous group, so full of childish cheer,
Hath vanish'd from the earth, this many a year,
Scarce one remains to greet me in the street,
Strange faces only in those walks I meet.

In later years that group I met again
In Bowdoin halls' and on her classic plain,
Those children, older grown, were yet the same,
Blithe, bright and happy, emulous for fame;
Kinsman and Preble, Greenleaf, Southgate, Boyd,
In studious labor, ever well employ'd;
And chief of all, dear Longfellow, my friend,
In school, in college, faithful to the end,
And now he rests in Auburn's sacred shade
Afar from Portland homes, in slumber laid.

Come then, dear wanderers, from far and near,
Come,—there is welcome for our native's here,
Come,—clasp each hand, and join the great parade
The long procession, the grand cavalcade.

Note by the Editor.—Isaac McLellan, the contributor of the above poem, was born in Portland in 1806. He is a descendant of the McLellan's of Gorham, Me. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1826. Among his classmates were Hon. Samuel S. Boyd, Wm. Tyng Hilliard, Joseph W. Leland, Sargent S. Prentiss, James S. Rowe, John B. Russwurm, and others. After he graduated he studied law, opened an office in Boston and practiced his profession a few years; was associate editor of the *Daily Patriot*, and was a contributor in poetry and prose to various magazines. At different dates he wrote the "Fall of the Indian, and Other Poems," "The Year, and Other Poems," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Journal of a Residence in Scotland, and a Tour Through England and France," compiled from manuscripts of H. B. McLellan. His productions were favorably noticed in Griswold's "Poets of America," and in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He made a two years' tour in Europe, and on his return renounced his profession and withdrew to the country. Devoted as ever to field sports, he wrote on subjects which they suggested. This taste especially made him familiar with resorts on the Massachusetts coast, and brought him in intercourse with lovers of the sport, and especially with Daniel Webster, where at his summer retreat at Marshfield, he passed two seasons. He removed to New York, exercising his inveterate passion in its neighborhood, passing a part of the season for several years on the Virginia and North Carolina coasts. Of late years he has resided at Greenport, L. I. His last literary work is a volume published this year, entitled "Poems of the Rod and Gun, or Sports by Flood and Field." See letter from him, post.

TO PORTLAND.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Oh! City of my heart! in dreams,
Sweet dreams, I see thee as of yore,
And catch the light's first early beams
Glint over White Head's roar;
Old Ocean's Daughter! beam with smiles,
And wear thy royal crest,
Three hundred sixty-five green isles
Sleep on old Casco's breast.

And each is fair and bright to see,
With tuft of breezy pine,
Where I have often longed to be
In these long years of mine:
Accept, fair daughter of the sea,
A simple, loving rhyme,
For thou hast always been to me
A tender, solemn chime.

Such as the mariner has heard
Far out upon the sea,
Where bell of church, or song of bird
Could never hope to be.
But village bell and song of bird,
Had furnished memory's cell,
With many a whispered sound and word
Remembered over-well.

We make our home in other lands,
We learn to be content;
But all our Portland hearts and hands,
When severed, felt the rent;
And forth we go—as eagles go,
The mother nest up-torn;
Doth not the wise old mother know,
Her eaglets would be shorne.

Of power the mid-day sun to face,
Or battle with the storm,
If their too tender nesting place,
Too long, is tight and warm?
And so she tears the nest away,
And they perforce must fly
To breast the whirlwind in its play,
The lightning thwart the sky.

And thus thy children forth from thee,
With many an aching heart,
Scarce hoped a greater thing to be
From this too bitter art;
Unwillingly they took the oar,
Unwillingly the brunt,
To leave pale footsteps on a shore,
For shipwreck'd men to hunt.

But, who that breathes the mountain air,
Or sniffs the salt sea breeze,
Has ever yielded to despair!
The grand aroma of pine trees
Enfilters blood and brain;
The granite of the ancient hills
Works in the every vein,
And nobleness distills.

Oh like the eagle and the rock,
The oak on granite ledge,
Our people bide the whirlwind shock,
Well anchored rope and kedge:
And some are heard in halls of state,
Some strike the harp of song,
Some bide the sailor's perilous fate,
Some to the mort belong.

They lead, where'er their lot is cast,
As our proud motto reads;
With equal step from first to last,
Most loyally Maine leads;

Not one in all the Portland band
Has lost his manful name,
And lost himself in felon brand,
Gone to Canadian shame.

Thy learned men—thy women fair,
Thy poets first and last,
Too many for my rhyming care,
Must not be over-past;
And yet thy children lisped in rhyme,
'Twas native to the spot;
Regardless oft of tune and time,
And needful care to blot.

Neal dashed his hand with daring sweep,
And sang how Alpine snow
Remorseless, leaped from ancient sleep,
And buried deep, Goldeau:
And Mellen! "Lone imperial bird,"
That "stooped his tireless wing,"
By Portland poets should be heard,
With no uncertain ring.

Ah, so divine the poet's art,
No fragment should be lost,
For blood and life, in whole or part,
Have been the sacred cost:
It is not mete that I should word
The roll of honor here,
For he who strikes a single chord,
Is to the poet dear.

They who may never hope to reach
The higher round of fame,
Lay down their laurels all and each,
At Longfellow's pure name:
But who can tell how sad the soul,
Shrank from the stripe away,
As years on years, the deathless roll,
Ignored their humble lay!

Farewell! oh, daughter of the sea,
Right royally thy throne
O'erlooks the isles that wait on thee,
Where White Head sits alone;
Thy regal head bears not a scar
From all the perils past;
Thine is the glory of the star,
When skies are overcast.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Hollywood, Cartaret Co., N. C.

NOTE.—Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith is the widow of the late Seba Smith, whose humorous production and Jack Downing letters are world known. She was born in Cumberland, Me. Her maiden name was Prince. She married when she was sixteen years of age, and resided in Portland for some years while her husband was editor of the *Daily Courier*, and was engaged in literary work. About the same time she was married she became an anonymous contributor of poems to the periodical press. She lived here up te 1842, when with her husband she removed to New York, where he died (at L. I.) in 1868. She has frequently appeared before the public as a lecturer. In 1843 appeared the first considerable collection of her poetical pieces under the title of the "The Sinless Child and Other Poems," and her metrical contributions to the magazines have since been numerous. She is the author of "The Roman Tribute" and "Jacob Leisler," tragedies; "The Western Captive" and "Bertha and Lily," novels; "The Salamander, a Legend for Christmas," and children's books and miscellaneous publications. In 1851 she published "Woman and Her Needs," a work devoted to the rights of woman, which Mrs. Smith has at various times advocated by her pen and as a lecturer. Among her later publication are: "Hints on Dress and Beauty," 1852; "Shadow Land," 1852; "The Newsboy," 1855; "Bald Eagle, or the Last of the Ramapaughs," 1867; "Two Wives," 1871; and "Kitty Howard's Journal," 1871. Mrs. Smith took a great interest in the centennial celebration, and intended to be present on the occasion, having accepted the invitation from the Committee to become the guest of the City. She commenced the journey for that purpose from her home at Hollywood, Cartaret County, N. C., but on account of illness was obliged to return, and subsequently forwarded the poem which is printed as above. See her letters, page 44, ante, and in appendix.

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.

Arrangements had been made for a reunion of the former graduates of the Portland High school, to be held during the celebration. Invitation cards, like the

following, were sent to more than twelve hundred graduates:

"PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL.

Your presence is requested at an informal reunion of the Graduates of the

PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL,

to be held upon the Centennial of the Incorporation of Portland, in Reception Hall, on Tuesday evening, July sixth, from eight to eleven o'clock."

The reunion occured Tuesday evening, July 6th, in Reception Hall. The hall was prettily adorned with bunting, while from a point midway on the ceiling, streamers of alternating colors radiated to different portions of the walls. In the left hand corner of the róom, as one entered the door, was an arch trimmed with bunting and adorned with flowers of harmonizing tints. On the arch were the words "Portland High School" in evergreen letters. On the walls were various class emblems, on which were the respective mottoes rivalling each other in the beauty of their appearance. In the civil engineer's room the class of '72 had prepared some delicious lemonade for the graduates. The walls of this room were covered with various mottoes signalizing some happy episodes of the High School days. One of these emblems is deserving of special notice. It bore the words "That Boy Tommy." It will be remembered that these words constituted the name of a play composed and participated in by the members of the class, from the proceeds of which, amounting to seven hundred dollars, was founded the Portland Reference Library. From the male members of '72, also were formed the Portland Cadets. The reception committee were A. E. Chase, Principal of the High School; Mrs. G. W. Moody, '65; Mrs. G. W. Way, '71; Miss Inez Blanchard, '59; F. S. Waterhouse, '69. Among the old teachers present were Mrs. G. W. Moody, Mrs. G. W. Way, Mrs. Thompson, C. B. Varney, Miss Annabel Stetson, Miss Babb. The reunion was under the charge of Alderman Wilson and Councilmen Adams and Kent, assisted by a lady and gentleman from each class. Everything connected with the reunion was a complete success, and all united in pronoucing it one of the most social and pleasant reunions ever attended. About six hundred of the graduates were present.

Two members of the class of '41 were present, Mr. J. J. W. Reeves and Daniel Choate. Of the class of '61, Mr. George O. K. Cram only was present and one member of that of '55.

After the reception, the class of '72 held a meeting and elected its officers for the coming year. Letters and telegrams were read from several absent members.

FIREWORKS EXHIBITION,

which was postponed from Monday evening, July 5th, took place on Wednesday evening, July 7th, on the plain at the foot of the Western Promenade. The display was made by the "Unexcelled Fireworks Company" to whom had been awarded the contract by the committee, and was furnished by Charles Day, of this city. It was according to the following programme, viz:

1. Ascent of large balloons with trails attached, which, as they gradually pass from view, throw out various kinds of firework effects.
2. Grand illumination of the surroundings by prismatic colored lights.
3. Great shell. Colored stars.
4. Rocket display, introducing many new and novel effects.
5. Flight of golden geysers, forming a cascade of spray fire ascending and descending.
6. Set piece. Magic wheel.
7. Fire torpedoes, flying through the air with great rapidity and exploding with a loud report.
8. Special bombshell display (mammoth size) with varied and beautiful effects and combinations.
9. Great golden cloud studded with sapphires.
10. Double diamond, set piece.
11. Japanese novelty rockets, new, wonderful.
12. Twin asteroid rockets with twinkling stars.
13. Pleiades rockets, with seven floating stars, changing colors.
14. Umbrella of fire.
15. Jewelled mine explosion.
16. Peacock tails,—set piece.
17. Salvos of saucissions, filling the air with fantastic forms of brilliant fire.
18. Flying pigeons.

19. Variegated bombshells, 24 inch with carmine, emerald, golden streamers, gold rain, magnesium, crimson, gold amber, green and gold, mauve, pink, blue and gold meteors.
20. Congreve rockets.
21. Gothic cross,—set piece.
22. Japanese torpillions.
23. Roman fountain batteries.
24. Floral fountains.
25. Kaleidoscope,—set piece.
26. Prismatic fountains.
27. UnXLD great shells, 30 inch aurora borealis.
28. Cross fire of signal rockets.
29. Aerial acre of variegated gems.
30. Chinese spider,—set piece.
31. Meteoric rockets.
32. Pearl streamers.
33. Telescope rockets.
34. Fiery whirlwinds.
35. Egyptian pyramids,—set piece.
36. Fiery wagglers.
37. Volcanic eruptions.
38. Boss Tweed's diamond,—set piece.
39. UnXLD mammoth spreaders.
40. Jewelled clouds.
41. Enamelled jewels,—set piece.
42. Prize cometic rockets.
43. UnXLD challenge rockets.
44. Forest of fire.
45. Jewelled star.
46. Brilliant serpents.
47. Drooping stars.
48. Magnesium shells.
49. Grand device, displaying the words, Welcome Sons of Portland.
50. UnXLD ærial wonders.
51. Shell of shells.
52. Peacock plumes.
53. Aerial contortionists.
54. Extra large final device representing the Coat of Arms of the City of Portland, with the dates 1786—1886.
55. Grand flight of five hundred large colored rockets fired at one time and forming a grand ærial bouquet.

The display was very fine, and was witnessed by a vast multitude of well pleased people. The intense

heat was tempered somewhat by a cooling breeze, and the grassy turf of the slopes of the hill made quite comfortable seats for thousands. It is safe to say it was the finest display of fireworks that has ever been seen here. The rocket display was unusually good, the rockets shooting into the sky to a greater height than they generally attain on similar exhibitions. The device displaying in various colored lights the words, "Welcome Sons of Portland," was specially fine. And this, the closing feature of the Centennial celebration was a grand success.

THANKS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.[1]

ORDER PASSED JULY 13TH, 1886.

Ordered: that the thanks of the City Council, in behalf of the city, be returned to the Hon. Thomas B. Reed for his able and brilliant oration, delivered in City Hall, July 6th; to Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, for her beautiful and interesting poem on the same occasion; to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, for the presence of the North Atlantic Squadron in our harbor during the city's Centennial; to Rear Admiral Luce, for the detail of officers and men from the fleet, adding so much to the effectiveness of the procession on July 5th, and to all others, far too numerous to specify, who assisted in making the Centennial celebration so great a success; and the mayor is requested to convey to the above named persons, the thanks of the city.

[1] City Records, vol. 22, p. 375.

APPENDIX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The large number of letters received from the sons and daughters of Portland, and former residents, all over the land, in response to the invitations sent from the committee requesting their presence at the "Centennial Anniversary" precludes the publication of but a few of these responses; and being mainly from those who were invited as the guests of the city.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, June 23, 1886.

THE HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN,
Mayor, Portland, Maine.

DEAR SIR: The President has received your letter of the 9th instant conveying the invitation of the city of Portland to attend the celebration of its Centennial Anniversary on July 4th, 5th and 6th, and he directs me to say that the gratification which it would afford him to be present on so interesting and important an occasion in the history of the city, adds much to his regret that it will be impracticable for him to go to Portland at that time.

Expressing the President's thanks for the compliment of the invitation and the courtesy extended in connection therewith.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL S. LAMONT,
Private Secretary.

Letters were received from Hon. Eugene Hale and Hon. Wm P. Frye, senators, also from Nelson Dingley, jr., and Charles A. Boutelle, M. C., from Maine, expressing their thanks for the invitations, and regretting their inability to attend on account of the session of Congress being near its close.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN D. LONG.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16, 1886.

DEAR MR. HULL:

Yours received. I regret very much that I cannot accept the kind invitation you sent me to be the guest of the City of Portland at its Centennial, and as such to represent the sons of Maine in Massachusetts. I fear my engagements here will prevent my availing myself of the opportunity.

Very truly yours,

J. D. LONG.

Letters from President Wm. DeW. Hyde, of Bowdoin College, from President George D. B. Pepper, of Colby University, and President O. B. Cheney, of Bates College, thanking for the invitations and declining on account of other duties, to be present at the celebration, were received.

LETTER FROM HON. JAMES W. BRADBURY, PRESIDENT OF MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

AUGUSTA, June 29, 1886.

HON. C. J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

DEAR SIR: Please accept my thanks for your courteous invitation to attend the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of your very beautiful city.

An occasion so interesting in the revival of the memories of the past and in the reunions it will secure, and so useful in rescuing and preserving important materials for the truthful history of the city

and of the labors and sacrifices of its pioneer settlers, presents to me such strong attractions that it deepens my regret at my inability to be present.

Possibly I may be able on the last day, personally to thank you for the honor of the invitation.

Most respectfully yours, &c.,

JAMES W. BRADBURY.

Letters from Hon. Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, from Col. Clark S. Edwards of Bethel, from Hon. E. B. Nealley, Mayor of Bangor, from Hon. George E. Macomber, Mayor of Augusta, from Hon. J. E. Ladd, Mayor of Gardiner, from Hon. M. N. McCusick, Mayor of Calais, from the Mayor of Newburg, N. Y., and from Gen. John T. Richards of Gardiner; also from State Councillors Hon. Ernest M. Goodall of Sanford, and Hon. Lambert Sands of Sebec, were received, regretting that on account of previous engagements they should be deprived of the pleasure of being present.

The Mayor of St. John, N. B., whose wife is a native of Portland, expected to be present, but being unable to, sent the following telegram:

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 3, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor:*

Regret exceedingly. Important business prevents me joining you in the Centennial celebration. Please make my apologies. Wishing you success. J. S. BOIS DEVEBBER, *Mayor.*

The following letter from Hon. Frederick Douglass was in response to one from the clerk of the committee for the purpose of obtaining some historical information, which was deemed of importance in connection with the celebration:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 23d, 1886.

JOHN T. HULL, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR: I am unable to give the exact date of my first visit to Portland but now think it was the year after I first entered the anti-slavery field as a speaker, and that would make it the summer of 1842. I was the guest of Oliver and Lydia Dennett. I well remember the Sunday afternoon, when on the granite post of the steps of the old City Hall, I spoke to a crowd of about one thousand, who had stopped to hear me. I have spoken in Portland many times since, and well remember the hospitality of Genl. Fessenden, Mr. and Mrs. Dennett, Judge Ware and others. Vast and wonderful changes have been wrought since those stormy days. I like to be reminded of them by those who took interest in the cause of the slave in its infancy. The contrast between now and then gives me hope and faith for the future. When I stood on those stone steps in Portland, forty-four years ago, I was a fugitive from slavery and liable to recapture and a return to bondage, but now I am free. Then I was unknown, now I am well-known. Then I was at the mercy of the mob. Now I am, in this city at least, protected by law, and for nine years have held important offices in the capital of the nation.

Very truly yours,

FRED'K DOUGLASS.

LETTER FROM REV. HORATIO STEBBINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1609 Larkin St., April 28, 1886.

MR. JOHN T. HULL.

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you and the committee for the respect they have shown me in asking me to be present at the Portland Centennial on the 1st of July. I have an informal purpose to visit New England this season, but I am unable at present to decide whether or not I could be there at the date of your festivities. At present I can say no more, and I would ask you, therefore, to consider me a possible but an accidental guest.

I am, yours truly,

HORATIO STEBBINS.

LETTER FROM REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL.

MANCHESTER, MASS., 10 June, 1886.

TO CHARLES J. CHAPMAN,
Mayor of the City of Portland.

DEAR SIR: But for unavoidable engagements in preparing, during the first fortnight in July, to speak both in Concord and in Boston, it would be my pleasure as well as duty to attend your Centennial. After Freeport, the place of my birth, no spot is to me so dear and beautiful as Portland; pictured as it is in the memory of my boyhood, indelibly associated with the home of my parents and the graves of kindred dust, and with the town schools where Jackson and Libbey taught my youth, and stirred in me the ambition to go to Brunswick for a college education. Mount Joy, where John Neal set up a gymnasium for classes of lads; Bramhall's hill looking toward the White Mountains; the wharves of world-wide commerce, at the head of one of which my father had a store; Deering's woods, in which I roved and mused and perhaps began to pray; Cape Elizabeth, that was my introduction to the Atlantic ocean; and the Presumpscot river, on its quiet way to the sea, make the fame of a canvas whose charm no painter less than the great Artist can match for my heart.

The city of Portland, the pearl of Casco Bay, she shines and casts no shadow, appearing ever as under a vertical sun.

Truly, cordially yours,

C. A. BARTOL.

LETTER FROM DANIEL C. COLESWORTHY.

BOSTON, June 11, 1886.

JOHN T. HULL, *Clerk of Committee.*

DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged for the invitation to visit Portland at coming Centennial anniversary, signed by your Mayor, but fear that I may not have the pleasure to attend. You seem to be making great preparations for the event, and I doubt not that it will be worthy of the occasion.

Yours, D. C. COLESWORTHY.

LETTER FROM CHARLES J. CHAINDOLPH.

SAILORS SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND,
RICHMOND COUNTY, NEW YORK,
June 12th, 1886.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:

In reply to your cordial invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary celebration of your beautiful city, I would state that I shall be unable to do so, on account of illness. You may be assured that many of the sons of Portland now residing here would avail themselves of the privilege to visit once more the city of their birth were they not incapable from sickness and old age, and want of funds.

With many thanks for the kindness of the committee in remembering the old sailors, and the hopes that there may be no untoward event to mar the occasion.

I remain, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
CHAS. J. CHAINDOLPH.

LETTER FROM RT. REV. DENIS M. BRADLEY.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 14, 1886.

DEAR SIR: Your invitation to be present at Portland's Centennial celebration as the guest of the city, was received in due time. I assure you I appreciate very highly your kindness, and would gladly avail myself of it were it not that a previous and imperative engagement prevents me from so doing.

Yours very gratefully and respectfully,
DENIS M. BRADLEY,
Bishop of Manchester.

His Honor, CHAS. J. CHAPMAN, Mayor.

LETTER FROM HON. MARK H. DUNNELL.

OWATONNA, MINN., June 16, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN,
Mayor of Portland.

DEAR SIR: Your polite invitation to be the guest of the city of Portland on the occasion of her Centennial anniversary July 4th, 5th, and 6th of next month has been duly received. Accept my thanks

for the invitation and be assured of my sincere regrets that engagements, already made, will render it impossible for me to be present.

I have strong attractions toward your city—was born but fifteen miles from it. It was the first city I ever saw, and to me, a boy, it was an immense city. To me and my family for two years it was our home, and always remembered with affection.

Yours respectfully,

MARK H. DUNNELL.

LETTER FROM ISAAC McLELLAN.

GREENPORT, L. I., June 13, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor:*

DEAR SIR: I was greatly pleased today to receive your kind card of invitation to be present at the anniversary celebration of Portland, the beloved and my place of birth, and I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend; but you have my best heart-felt good wishes that your celebration shall be in all respects a most interesting and successful one. Since receiving your card this morning I have been pleasantly employing my pen in writing some verses appropriate to the occasion, and I hope they may meet with your approval, and I shall be very glad to receive a printed report of the ceremonies.

I was born in Portland, May 21, 1806, and am of course eighty years of age. My father, then a merchant in Portland for several years, subsequently removed to Boston. I entered Bowdoin College, and graduated in 1826. In my vacation journeys to and from Brunswick I always remained in Portland for a few days, where I had many friends and relatives, and on one occasion passed the whole summer vacation in your delightful city, where I met daily with Longfellow, Mellen, Wingate, Preble, and others of my college friends.

Yours most respectfully,

ISAAC McLELLAN.

LETTER FROM HON. FRANCIS SPRINGER.

COLUMBUS JUNCTION, IOWA, June 15th, 1886.

HON. CHAS. J. CHAPMAN, *Portland, Maine.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, and also a copy of the elegant card of the committee of which you are chairman, addressed "To the sons and

daughters of Portland and its former residents," inviting me to the proposed celebration of her Centennial anniversary.

In reply, I beg to say that I shall be glad (if I well can) to be present on an occasion so full of interest to all the sons and daughters of the "Pine Tree State," who always, present or absent, feel a just pride in the fame and prosperity of her metropolis, a city so rich in historic interest, in the beauty of her island gems and other natural scenery, as well as in the eminence of her gifted men and women, past and present.

Thanking you and the committee for the courtesies received,

I am with true regard, your obedient servant,

FRANCIS SPRINGER.

THE LOYALISTS OF FALMOUTH: At the time of the American Revolution some of the most prominent families then residing in Falmouth, now Portland, adhered to the Crown, and as a consequence were banished, forfeited their estates here, and sought new homes in the wilds of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where their descendants became distinguished and honored. It was deemed expedient on an occasion like the Centennial anniversary to extend invitations to the descendants of those whose hearth-stones were on Falmouth Neck, to be present with us on this joyous occasion. Invitations were accordingly sent to members of the Jack family, who were the descendants of Thomas Wyer, a merchant here before the Revolution; and also to members of the Wiswall family who descended from Rev. John Wiswall,[1] who was the rector

[1] NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—W. H. Wiswell, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., writes, that in the church at Middleton, Wilmot Parish, N. S., there is a monument on which is the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REVEREND JOHN WISWALL, A.M.,
Who was born at Boston, U. S., 3d April, 1731.
Ordained by the Bishop of London, 1764.
He left his native land in 1775, in consequence of the revolutionary struggle, and was appointed Rector of the Parish of Wilmot in 1780, where he continued till his death, 2d Dec., 1812.
He was the first clergyman of any denomination who settled in this place."

of St. Paul's church, when the war commenced. Of the Jack family two representatives were present, viz., Hon. Isaac A. Jack, Recorder of the City of St. John, and D. R. Jack, Esq., of the same place; and the following letter was also received from Edward Jack, Esq., of Fredericton, N. B., who is a grandson of Thomas Wyer:

LETTER FROM EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, 28 June, 1886.

DEAR SIR: The kind invitation of the City of Portland to be present on the Centennial anniversary of its incorporation has been received by me with much pleasure, and I greatly regret that I will be unable to be present on so interesting an occasion. Our fathers differed in their views as to the path of duty. They have all arrived at that common home where, for the just, everlasting peace reigns; that their descendants may for all time dwell together in unbroken harmony in the fear and favor of our Almighty Father and Protector is my earnest desire. Yours truly,

EDWARD JACK.

J. T. HULL, ESQ., Portland, Me.

Of the Wiswall family no representative was present, but a letter was received from a member of the family, viz.:

LETTER FROM ARCHDEACON GILPIN.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, June 26, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR: Thank you very much for your kind note of invitation to the Portland celebration. It would give me great pleasure to be present. My work here will prevent me. Our Synod meets on the first, and will extend over a week.

My mother was a Wiswall, a descendant of the Rev. John Wiswall of whom you write. He came to Nova Scotia and took advantage of an offer of land (and use of a glebe) which was reserved for the first clergyman who should assume charge in Wilmot.

He left two sons, Peleg, who became a judge in the courts of law, and John, who remained on the homestead. My mother was daughter of John. He had seven children. One son married and left a large family. They have become pretty well scattered, and I think the homestead has passed into other hands.

The Wm. H. Wiswell of whom you write is no doubt of the same family. The little difference of spelling in the two names is not of any moment.

I have a book entitled "Historical View of the Commission Appointed for Enquiring into Losses, &c., of American Loyalists in 1783, by John Eardley Wilmot."

Again thanking you,

I remain yours truly,

EDWIN GILPIN.

JOHN T. HULL, ESQ.

LETTER FROM HON. HOSEA ILSLEY.

CHELSEA, June 18th, 1886.

JOHN T. HULL, ESQ.,

Clerk of the Centennial of Portland, Me.

DEAR SIR: Your several communications to me have been duly received and contents noted. I thank the committee for their very kind invitation to attend the approaching Centennial of Portland, it having been my dwelling place for nearly half of my lifetime. My physical condition is such as to forbid me from participating in the services of that interesting occasion. My hearing is so impaired that I can hear nothing in an assemblage of people and my eyesight is very poor and I am not very strong, so that I feel that it would be hazardous for me to encounter the ceremonies of so interesting an occasion as will transpire at that time. I therefore must deny myself the pleasure of greeting those whom I love and respect. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your courtesies extended to me on this occasion.

I am yours truly,

HOSEA ILSLEY.

LETTER FROM ANDREW SCOTT.

To the Hon. Charles J. Chapman,

Mayor of the City of Portland,

And the Committee on the celebration of its 100th year.

Gents: Please receive my thanks for the honor you have done me by your special invitation as the guest of the city to attend at the exercises on the coming July. It would have been a great pleasure had I been able to accept your invitation, but my years and consequent infirmities prevent. In my varied life through our own and in foreign countries my memories have always turned to Portland as my natal home. I have never been at home anywhere else.

"Let Portland flourish."

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

Andrew Scott.

Flushing, N. Y., June 19, 1886.

LETTER FROM SARGENT S. PRENTISS.

New Orleans, June 19th, 1886.

Hon. Charles J. Chapman,

Mayor of Portland.

Dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 11th instant, asking me to be the guest of your city during the Centennial celebration of July next, and I hasten to express my appreciation of your kind invitation, and my gratification at this tribute to my father's memory. I regret to say that I cannot be present upon this occasion, but I shall be with you in spirit, and shall join you in wishing success and prosperity to your beautiful city.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

S. S. Prentiss.

TELEGRAM FROM SARGENT S. PRENTISS.

New Orleans, La., July 5th, 1886.

Hon. Charles J. Chapman, *Mayor, and Chairman:*

Accept my congratulations and best wishes.

S. S. Prentiss.

LETTER FROM BISHOP SOUTHGATE.

RAVENSWOOD, LONG ISLAND, June 20th, 1886.

HON. CHAS. J. CHAPMAN,

Mayor, Portland, Maine.

DEAR SIR: I regret that it will not be in my power to attend the Centennial celebration of the founding of my native city. The recollections of childhood and part of the work of my manhood make it very dear to me. The names of the men who were its leading citizens fifty years ago are familiar to me, and their faces I remember well. Events which help to make up the history of its first century transpired before my eyes. It would be for me a touching memorial to mingle in the three days' celebration, but circumstances which I cannot control, prevent my attendance.

I am yours sincerely,

HORATIO SOUTHGATE.

LETTER FROM HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, June 21, 1886.

HON. CHAS. J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

MY DEAR SIR: If I could control my own pleasure and wholly control my own wishes, I would be in Portland at the Centennial anniversary celebration of my native city. But as the president of the oldest institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb of the country I had previously committed myself to visit the Pacific at about the same time in company with the principals and instructors of the several like institutions of the country at large. In early July I expect to be nearer Portland, Oregon, than to Portland, Maine. Absence from the latter city upon an occasion of so much public interest,— and especially to one born in old Portland, more than seventy years since,— as it was to my parents, when alive, is indeed the source of very great regret. Only once in any common lifetime is the citizen permitted to share in a centennial celebration. Most of my own past lifetime have been years of absence from my native city; but the old home, the old memories, "the town seated by the sea," the hundred and more beautiful islands, the uplands at each end of the town, the bay and harbor of unrivalled beauty, the woods and trees that have outlived in time our oldest lives, the faces and

voices of friends that never die while memory lives, the graveyards where so many thousands born upon the soil have been buried, and whose names we read as a record and memorial of the past, the churches of all faiths and doctrines, the old commerce to the West Indies and elsewhere, the fight near the harbor between the Enterprise and Boxer, that soon ended in the freedom of the seas, and in the war of 1812–'15 in which, at its close, my father lost his life after faithful service in defence of this freedom; these are among the many recollections of the hour, and which in all that is of national, state or local interest will be present with you in the coming days of July. Accept my cordial thanks for your invitation as the guest of the city, and believe me to be

Fraternally yours,

ERASTUS BROOKS.

NOTE.—Erastus Brooks, who has died within a short time, was a native of Portland, and always manifested a great interest in its welfare. His intention was to have been present at the celebration. He was one of two brothers whose careers have been watched with great interest by many of the older citizens of Portland. James, the elder brother, was born in Cape Elizabeth, in 1807, and graduated at Waterville College in 1831. His career as editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, foreign correspondent of that paper, founder of the *New York Express* and member of Congress, is familiar to the public. His younger brother, Erastus, was born in Portland in 1815. They were the sons of Capt. James Brooks, who commanded the privateer "Yankee" during the war of 1812. Their mother, when left a widow, married Joseph Dudley, who resided and kept a small grocery shop on Fore street, corner of Fox's lane, where Philip Quinn afterwards lived. The boys went to our town schools, and are well remembered by many of our older citizens. Erastus learned the printer's trade in this town, and had a hand in various newspaper enterprises in this State and elsewhere, having been associated with John G. Whittier in the editorship of the *Essex Gazette*, at Haverhill. He was Washington correspondent and editor of the *Portland Advertiser* and the *N. Y. Express*, and became one of the proprietors of the latter paper. He served in the New York Senate, and was long a prominent figure in the politics of that State. He was possessed of sound judgment and stability of character, which gave him influence with all his associates.

LETTER FROM BISHOP BURGESS.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, June 21st, 1886.

CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, ESQ.,

Mayor, Portland, Maine.

DEAR SIR: I thank you and the Centennial committee for your

recollection of me and for the invitation extended to me with the accompanying hospitality.

I accept with much pleasure, and am grateful for your courtesy. Yet I am forced to say that it is altogether possible that I may be obliged to recall the acceptance. If so, I will send early and hope for your needy pardon.

With the best of wishes, I remain,

Yours cordially,

ALEX'R BURGESS,
Bishop of Quincy.

LETTER FROM HON. STEWART L. WOODFORD.

NEW YORK, June 22d, 1886.

DEAR MR. MAYOR:

I had hoped I might be able to accept your good invitation to attend the Portland Centennial. My wife tells me that I owe the invitation entirely to the fact that she was born in Portland. I presume she is correct, for she has always brought me "good luck and that daily." We both regret that we cannot come, but our best wishes will be with all our Portland friends for a happy gathering.

Sincerely,

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

THE HONORABLE CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, Mayor and Chairman.

LETTER FROM MRS. CLARA BARNES MARTIN.

HON. C. J. CHAPMAN,
Mayor of Portland.

DEAR SIR: I cannot too much regret that a severe illness obliges me to decline the flattering honor you so kindly do me in inviting me to be the "guest of the city" at the coming Centennial anniversary.

Believe me, with heartfelt thanks,

Sincerely yours,

CLARA BARNES MARTIN.

4 Otis Place, Boston, June 21, 1886.

NOTE.—Mrs. Martin, whose sickness prevented her attendance at the Centennial celebration, died on September 6th last in Boston, and her remains rest in Evergreen Cemetery. She was born in Waterville, and was the eldest daughter of the late Phineas Barnes, the former editor of the *Portland Advertiser*. She came to Portland when a child, with her father and family, in 1839, and her girlhood was

spent here. She was a graduate of the Portland High School. She took a great interest in the proposed Centennial celebration, and it was at her suggestion that the hymn on page 56, which was a great favorite of her father's, was sung in the churches at the services on July 4th. She said, in a letter to the editor of the *Advertiser*, "It is a serious grief to me, that will last the rest of my life, that I shall miss the Centennial to which I have been so kindly and flatteringly invited." She was a contributor to the literary columns of the *N. Y. Post*, and wrote a very interesting sketch and guide-book of Mount Desert Island, which had the effect to attract attention to that now favored resort.

LETTER FROM MRS. WILLIS, WIDOW OF N. P. WILLIS.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN.

DEAR SIR: I regret very sincerely that it will not be in my power to accept your polite and attractive invitation for the Centennial celebration in your beautiful city.

Thanking you for your courtesy and for that of your committee,

I remain respectfully yours,

CORNELIA GRINNELL WILLIS.

NEW BEDFORD, June 23, 1886.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.

123 CHARLES ST. AV., BALTIMORE.

TO HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN.

DEAR SIR: It is with great regret that I find myself compelled to relinquish the pleasure of being present at the Centennial anniversary of a city that will always be very dear to me. Thanking you for your very courteous invitation, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.

June 24th, 1886.

LETTER FROM MARGARET E. NEAL.

BALTIMORE, June 24th, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN.

DEAR SIR: Permit me to acknowledge, with many thanks, the card of invitation from the Centennial Committee, received a few days since.

It is with great regret that I am obliged to decline being present on the occasion, but beg to offer my heartiest good wishes with the

hope that the "City of the Sea," so dear to the heart of my beloved father, may wear its fairest aspect in celebrating its birthday.

Very respectfully,

MARGARET ELEANOR NEAL.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM.

MILTON, MASS., June 26, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN, MESSRS. WM. M. MARKS, GEORGE H. ABBOTT AND ELIPHALET G. SPRING, *Committee, etc.*

GENTLEMEN: Your favor inviting me to be present at the Centennial celebration of the City of Portland is received and most gratefully acknowledged.

I should be glad if it were in my power to be present and a sharer in the festivities of the joyous occasion. But since that is not permitted me, I can but express the interest I feel in all that concerns the prosperity of the beautiful old Forest City, associated with ancestral memories and memories of happy days, and wish that the celebration may not only prove delightful and successful, but also contribute to creating in the minds and hearts of all who share in it a new devotion to the good city's highest welfare.

I remain, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

FRED'K FROTHINGHAM.

LETTER FROM BISHOP STEVENS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26th, 1886.

HON. C. J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

DEAR SIR: I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for the invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary of your beautiful city.

As a native of Maine it would give me great pleasure to attend such a gathering and participate in its exercises, but my health for the last ten months has been so feeble and uncertain that I am compelled to forego all such public gatherings; and hence I am compelled to decline this kind invitation. Hoping that the celebration may be a complete success, I remain,

Yours truly,

WM. BACON STEVENS,

Bishop of Pennsylvania.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

38 East Sixty-third Street,
New York, June 29th, 1886.

Centennial Committee of the City of Portland.

Gentlemen: Many thanks for your cordial invitation to join in the Centennial celebration of your beautiful city. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the power to accept a hospitality of which my remembrance has remained sacred and undimmed throughout half a century—for it was in Portland that my first literary efforts were made, and there they were received with such kindly, encouraging consideration, that when I left that city, fifty long years ago, I carried with me grateful memories of the best friends that ever brightened my life. But these dear friends have passed, one by one, to the sacred resting place that overlooks your noble bay, and even if the infirmities of age would permit my joining in your festivities, the pleasure of meeting the descendants of those who honored me by their friendship would be dimmed by the thought that I had come on a pilgrimage from one generation to another. The same honored names would be there and, I feel and know, the same cordial greeting; but those who bore those names—my own dear friends—would be gone beyond the threshold of that other world, on which your message reaches me. The thought of this would lend a shade of sadness even to the pride and happiness of seeing the dear old place again, more prosperous, more doubly blessed than ever, and I feel that the ordeal would be more than my strength could endure. Nothing but this could prevent my accepting so kind and thoughtful an invitation to revisit a place that has been warmly in my heart for half a century and will be so until that heart ceases its toil.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

Ann S. Stephens.

Note.—Mrs. Ann Sophia Stephens died in New York in September last, her husband having died some years previous. She was born in Derby, Conn., in 1813, and in 1832 married Edward Stephens, a printer, and removed to this city, where she resided five years, on Hampshire street. Her husband was employed at the *Advertiser* office. She commenced her literary labor at the age of seventeen years, and in 1835–37 edited the Portland Sketch-Book and Portland Magazine, of which copies may be seen in the Public Library. In 1837 she removed to New York where she resided until her death. She was a voluminous writer, having written over fifty novels, and was a contributor to various periodicals. One of the

best known of her novels is "Fashion and Famine" (1854), which appeared in three French versions. A uniform edition of her works was published in Philadelphia in 1869 (14 vols., 12 mo.) She became quite wealthy from the proceeds of her pen. She always retained a lively interest in Portland matters and recollections of her former friends in this city.

LETTER FROM JAMES PARTON.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., June 29, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN AND THE COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

GENTLEMEN: Accept the cordial thanks of Mrs. Parton and myself for the invitation you have kindly given us to attend the Centennial exercises of next week. I feel we shall be unable to leave home until the third day, and we cannot now be sure even of getting away then. Our best wishes will be with you for the complete success of the celebration.

I cannot forget that it was the wanton burning of Falmouth in 1775 that weaned the heart of New England from the mother country. Lexington could have been forgiven, but Falmouth never. In the ashes of the little town on the Maine coast Independence was born. The event makes the site classic forever, and gives Falmouth a place in the history of human development.

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES PARTON.

LETTER FROM REV. HENRY M. KING.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 30, 1886.

HON. CHAS. J. CHAPMAN,

Mayor of Portland, Maine.

MY DEAR SIR: Your official invitation to me to be present in Portland, as a guest of the city, at the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary, came duly to hand. Be assured of my grateful appreciation of this courtesy. I have delayed acknowledging it until now, hoping that it might be possible for me to return a favorable response. I am, however, compelled, by reason of unyielding engagements, to deny myself the great pleasure of accepting your courteous invitation.

My heart will be with you in the coming celebration. Portland has a history of which it may well be proud. "Beautiful for situation," commanding, on the one hand, a charming ocean view,

and on the other a no less charming landscape, bounded by the snowy summits of the distant New Hampshire hills, it has been the joy of its citizens and the admiration of its guests. Distinguished for the general culture of its homes and the virtue and substantial prosperity of its people, it has been especially distinguished for the eminence of many of its sons. What Portlander who recalls the names of Henry W. Longfellow, Sargent S. Prentiss, William Pitt Fessenden, Henry B. Smith, and others who have stood in the front rank of America's poets, orators, statesmen and theologians, does not feel his breast swelling with the happy consciousness of being "a citizen of no mean city?"

Of all towns in this fair land of ours no one, I believe, is more tenderly beloved or has a warmer place in the hearts of its absent sons than

"The beautiful town
That is seated by the sea."

Every remembrance of it brings to mind delightful and hallowed associations, bright visions of sunny days, and "friendships old and early loves," which touch the deepest emotions of the soul. Although not yet within sight of that venerable period of life which is sometimes called "the sere and yellow leaf," I find myself often repeating the words of our poet laureate:

"And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again."

The city of Albany, in which I reside, claims to have received the first municipal charter granted in this country, and therefore to be the oldest American city. In July, two weeks later than your celebration, it will celebrate with appropriate ceremonies, continuing through an entire week, the bi-centennial of its existence as a chartered municipality. The stately Dutch matron of two hundred years on the west bank of the Hudson sends her cordial greeting to the fair young maiden of a hundred summers who makes her morning toilet in the sparkling waters of Casco Bay.

I doubt not that your celebration will be worthy of the city and of the occasion, and that great memories will inspire to yet greater deeds. I remain, very respectfully yours,

HENRY M. KING.

LETTER FROM SAMUEL FESSENDEN.

STAMFORD, CONN., June 30th, 1886.

HON. CHAS. J. CHAPMAN,

Chairman, Portland, Me.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 22d inst., inviting me to attend the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the city of Portland, July 4th, 5th and 6th proximo. Please convey to your committee my appreciation of their courteous invitation, and my sincere regret that my professional engagements are such that I am unable to accept. Portland was the home of my ancestors, and pleasant memories will carry me to you in spirit, although I cannot be with you in person on the occasion you celebrate. I send to you and to your committee, my most cordial good wishes, and to the metropolis of Maine, "God speed."

I am very truly yours,

SAMUEL FESSENDEN.

LETTER FROM JOHN WARD DEAN.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.
18 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON, MASS., July 1st, 1886.

HON. CHARLES J. CHAPMAN,

Chairman of the Centennial Committee, Portland, Maine.

DEAR SIR: It would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to attend the Centennial celebration of the incorporation of Portland as a town, to be held on the 4th of this month and the two following days; but I find that I shall be obliged to deny myself this pleasure. I feel a deep interest in everything pertaining to Portland, where I spent my boyhood, and where I received my education. I was a scholar in the Portland High School at its opening in January, 1829, under its able principal, the Rev. Thomas Tenney. Though it is many years since I resided there, I have many friends and relatives in Portland and its vicinity, whom it would be pleasant to meet, particularly on an occasion like this—an occasion which I have no doubt will do honor to all concerned in it.

I shall always rejoice in the prosperity of the city in which I spent so many pleasant years, and shall take pride in it for having given to the nation such writers as Longfellow, Willis, Neal and others of national reputation.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN WARD DEAN.

LETTER FROM PHINEAS BARNES.

309 Shady Lane,
Pittsburg, East End, July 8th, 1886.

John T. Hull, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your favor of June 30th was received yesterday after an absence from home of a few days. I am glad to know that I was thus remembered by your committee as a Portlander, although I left Portland nearly twenty-five years ago. I am glad also to see that so many pleasant things were said and done in commemoration of the historical season in the old city's record, and certainly should have been glad to join in them, if it had at all been practicable for me to have done so.

Yours most truly,

P. Barnes.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

New Berne, North Carolina, June 29th, 1886.

Hon. Charles J. Chapman and Committee of Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration of the 4th, 5th and 6th of July, 1886.

Gentlemen: It is with profound regret that I find myself compelled to forego the pleasure I had anticipated in accepting the invitation you had honored me with, to be with you on that august occasion of the 4th, 5th and 6th of July, and as the guest of the city.

I appreciate fully the honor done me, and have proceeded forty miles on my way to this Mecca of my heart, when circumstances beyond my control, presented obstacles not to be overcome, and I am hindered in my pilgrimage.

I hope you are sorry, but your regret cannot bear the proportion of a tithe compared to mine. I had so desired to see old White Head again, and the beautiful harbor, and look upon familiar scenes again; and to see the people who do not "put hot and rebellious liquors to the blood" to "steal away the brain."

I wanted to feel as Rob Roy did, when with a stamp he said, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

I had so much to see and to learn and to say as your "oldest

inhabitant," whose reminiscences extend so far back — when there were no steamers nor railways; and I wanted not only to see but be seen by this new beautiful "generation arisen" which does not forget "Joseph;" and, more than this, I was more than willing to take a sprinkling drop or two from the vast shower of glory falling upon my beloved city.

This cannot be, and I resign myself to that endurance in which it is said we women excel. If you could express to the people in some sort the sorrow I naturally feel not to be with them on the proposed occasion, it would greatly enhance my obligations to you.

With great respect, truly yours,

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Capt. Washington Ilsley, of Limerick, Me., regretted, under date of July 1st, that on account of ill-health he was unable to attend.

Other interesting letters that were received, were from Livingston L. Baker of San Francisco, H. B. Bartol of Philadelphia, Stillman B. Allen of Boston, Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., President of the North Western University, Evanston, Illinois; Gen. Romaine B. Ayres, U. S. Army; S. K. Marston, President Inter-State Grain Association, Onarga, Illinois; Nathan Sawyer, Boston; James M. Dodge, Millburn, Illinois, formerly a teacher of the colored school in Portland; Rev. Amos N. Freeman, New York, who was the pastor of the Abyssinian church from 1841 to 1851; Austin Willey, Northfield, the distinguished anti-slavery advocate in Portland in former years; Hon. Joseph M. Day, Brockton, Mass.; Elizabeth Akers Allen, Ridgewood, N. J.; Hon. John L. Hayes, Boston; Alden J. Blethen, general manager of *The Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn.; Parker Williams, editor of *Daily Register*, Hudson, N. Y.; Capt. Wm. C. Manning, U. S. A., Fort Mackinac, Mich.; Maria J. C.

Beckett, Shenandoah County, Virginia; D. S. Trowbridge, Greenwich, Conn.; Granville Carter, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Providence, R. I.; Miss Etta S. Quincy, Los Angelos, Cal.; Rev. William E. Gibbs, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles J. Kent, Louisville, Ky.; C. M. Loring, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury, Boston; Mrs. Charlotte F. Boynton, Calistoga, Cal., who is eighty-six years of age (she is a daughter of the late Samuel Freeman, who was one of Portland's most distinguished citizens); William Ross, Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Wm. S. Perry, Bishop of Iowa, formerly rector of St. Stephen's; Edward C. Upham, Montgomery, Vt.; Granville Loud, Baltimore, Md.; Edward S. Williams, St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. Asa P. Moore, Lisbon, Me.; John P. Neal, Chicago, Ill.; David J. True, same; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of *Home Journal*, Philadelphia; Mrs. Lucretia D. Sewall, Freehold, N. J.; M. P. Wells, Marietta, O.; Rt. Rev. Benj. H. Paddock, Bishop of Massachusetts, a former rector of St. Luke's; Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, a former rector of old St. Paul's; George A. Churchill and Lewellyen Deane, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. K. Richardson, pastor of Central square Baptist church, East Boston; E. M. Stackpole, Galveston, Tex.; John Bailey, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Edward E. Shead, Eastport, Me.; N. L. Nelson, of the *Sioux County Herald*, Orange City, Iowa; Mrs. Henrietta M. Cruger, Houston, Tex.; Martin Bradish, Eastport, Me.; James C. Fernald, Garrettsville, O.; Maj. J. P. Jordan, Boston; Prof. E. B. Smith, Andover, Mass.; A. P. Stone, Springfield, formerly teacher of the Portland High School;

Wm. H. Fessenden, Riverside, Cal.; Wm. L. Kent, Brooklyn, N. Y.; George M. Brooks, New York; Gen. A. P. Martin, Boston; W. Storer Howe, Philadelphia, and many others of the sons and daughters of Portland, returning their thanks for the invitations, expressing a great interest in the proposed celebration, and regretting their inability to be present on the occasion.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE NAVY DEPARTMENT RESPECTING THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

A letter was sent by the Mayor to Rear Admiral Jouett, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, then stationed at New York Harbor, extending an invitation for himself, officers and crews of the ships under his command to participate in the Centennial anniversary celebration, and the following reply was received:

NORTH ATLANTIC STATION,
U. S. Flagship Tennessee (1st Rate),
NEW YORK HARBOR, June 3d, 1886.

JOHN T. HULL, ESQ.,
Clerk of Committee, room 18, City Hall, Portland, Me.

SIR: My thanks are due to his Honor, the Mayor, and yourself, for the kind invitation to participate in the ceremonies of July 4th, 5th and 6th. I would be only too happy to bring the squadron under my command to Portland at that time, but all such matters are in the hands of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. I would advise you to communicate with the Navy Department.

Very respectfully,
JAS. E. JOUETT,
Rear Admiral Comd'g U. S. Naval Force on North Atlantic Station.

A letter was sent by the Mayor to the Hon. William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, requesting that the vessels comprising the squadron might be authorized to

take part in the celebration, and the following reply was received:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 8, 1886.

SIR: I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. stating that the people of the City of Portland propose to celebrate in an appropriate manner its Centennial anniversary on July 4th, 5th and 6th next, and requesting that the vessels comprising the North Atlantic Squadron be directed to be present at Portland on the days mentioned to participate in the celebration.

In reply I have to say that at this date it will be impossible to say whether it will be practicable to comply with the request; but should it be found possible, and the Squadron be in the vicinity of Portland at the time above mentioned, the Department will be glad to have it rendezvous at that place for the celebration as requested.

Very respectfully,
W. C. WHITNEY,
Secretary of the Navy.

His Honor, CHARLES J. CHAPMAN,
Mayor of the City of Portland, Maine.

Subsequently, by an order of the Secretary of the Navy, the vessels were ordered to Portland, where they rendered efficient aid in the celebration, and the following acknowledgment of the services of the fleet was extended by the Mayor:

CITY OF PORTLAND,
MAYOR'S OFFICE, July 9th, 1886.

ADMIRAL LUCE, *Commanding North Atlantic Squadron.*

MY DEAR SIR: In behalf of the city, as well as personally, I desire to express hearty acknowledgment to yourself and the Naval Brigade under your command, for the most valuable services rendered in our recent Centennial parade; also to compliment the officers and men on the splendid appearance which they made on that occasion.

Their participation was a source of exceeding interest and gratification to our citizens, while the display of the Brigade in a military point of view excited universal admiration and praise.

Thanking you again personally for your kindly offices, acknowledging the load of obligations under which you have placed us, and extending our cordial thanks to Captain Woodward and each of the officers and men under your command. I have the honor to remain,

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. J. CHAPMAN, *Mayor.*

This acknowledgement was extended to the Fleet by Admiral Luce, and the officers, sailors and marines of the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron at that time in this harbor were highly pleased with the publishing of the following General Order which was issued to the fleet by their Commander-in-Chief:

U. S. FLAGSHIP TENNESSEE,

PORTLAND, ME., July 14, 1886.

General Order.

The Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron takes great pleasure in transmitting herewith to the several ships of this command a letter from his Honor, the Mayor of Portland, as well as for himself their appreciation of the services rendered by the Naval Brigade on the occasion of the late Centennial parade. The organization of the Brigade, the creditable appearance and conduct of the officers, seamen, marines, and boys while on shore, and their orderly return to their respective ships taken together, furnishes very gratifying evidence of the discipline and efficiency of the squadron.

S. B. LUCE,

Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Commanding U. S. Naval Forces, North Atlantic Squadron.

At a meeting of the City Council in convention, held January 4, 1886, the following communication from the Mayor was read:

Gentlemen of the City Council:

July 4th, 1886, is one hundred years since the incorporation of the Town of Portland. That the day and event should receive the proper recognition that it deserves, I would most respectfully recommend a special committee of the City Council, to be appointed, to bring it early in the spring to the attention of our successors in office.

J. W. DEERING, *Mayor.*

NOTE.—Referred to on p. 17.

On motion of Councilman Shaw, the committee was ordered to be raised in each body separately. The committee appointed were: The Mayor, Aldermen Noyes and Prince, Councilmen Woodbury, Hobbs and Beale.[1]

No report was made from this committee.

THE ORGANIZATION OF PORTLAND.

The meeting to organize the Town of Portland was held at the meeting-house of the First Parish, upon the 9th day of August, 1786.

"It was opened with prayer by the venerable Parson Smith, then eighty-five years of age, and in the fifty-ninth of his ministry. Enoch Freeman was chosen moderator, and John Frothingham clerk; John Fox, Nathaniel Deering and Peleg Wadsworth, selectmen; and James Lunt, Eben Preble and Peter Warren, assessors. Thus was Portland organized and commenced its career as a distinct incorporative. It was and is in territory the smallest in the State."

[1] City Records—vol. 22, p. 255.

NOTE.—Reference from page 231. John T. Walton, of Portland, is the oldest member of the Common Council, being a member in 1832 (the year Portland became a city). William D. Little was a member from 1841 to 1850. Joseph Brooks was a member in 1840–41, and Wm. G. Kimball in 1850–51.

CORRESPONDENCE, LETTERS, ETC., SENT OUT AND RECEIVED.

Engraved Invitation Cards and Circulars sent,	4,426
Special invitations,	117
Letters and postal cards sent,	1,775
High School cards,	1,200
	7,518
Letters received,	1,530
Postals "	337
	1,867

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PLATE III. TABLEAU — "Cleeve and Tucker building the first log house."

PLATE IV. TABLEAU — "Old Block House. 1669."

PLATE VI. TABLEAU — "The Mowatt Conference."

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PLATE VIII. TABLEAU — "Justice."

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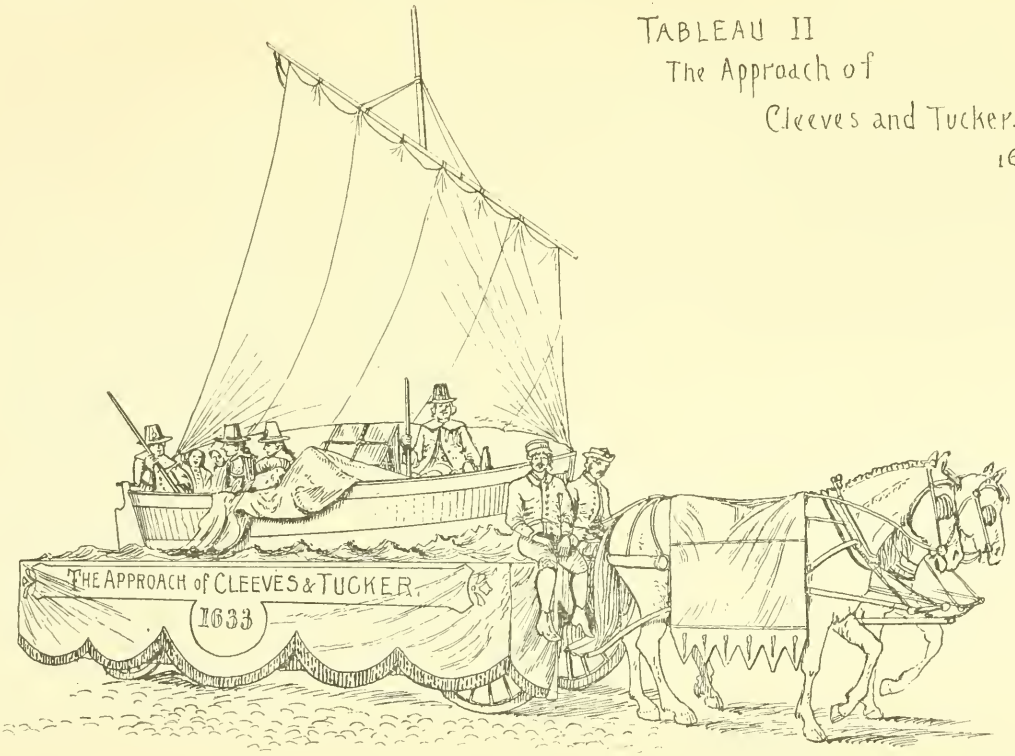
TABLEAU I
The Natives.
THE NATIVES
GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

TABLEAU II
The Approach of
Cleeves and Tucker.
1633.



GEO. H. WALKER & Co. Boston.

TABLEAU III

Cleeves & Tucker

Building The First Log House.

GEO. H. WALKER & Co. BOSTON.

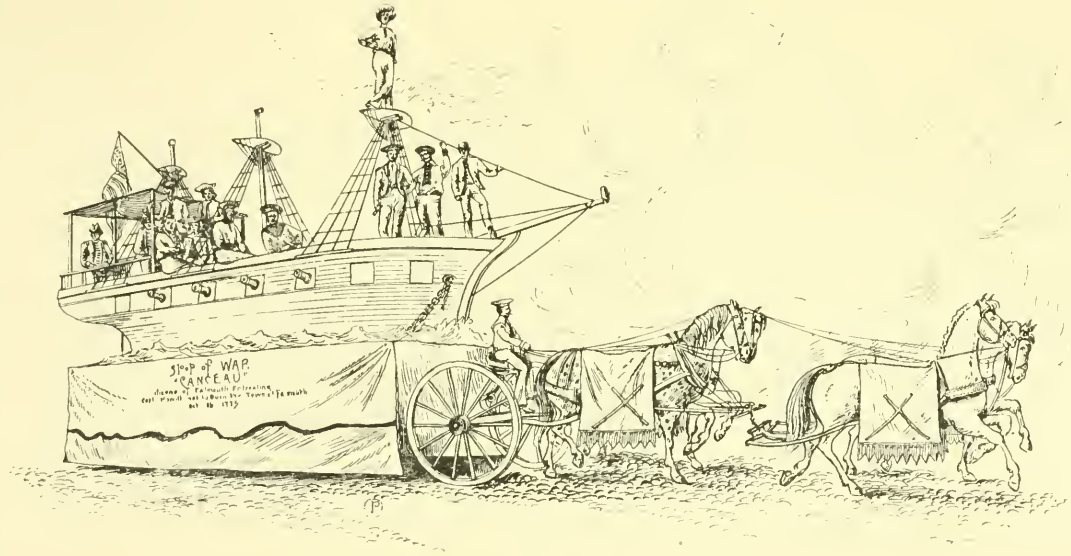
TABLEAU IV.

Block House.

GEO H. WALKER & CO. LITH. BOSTON.

TABLEAU VI

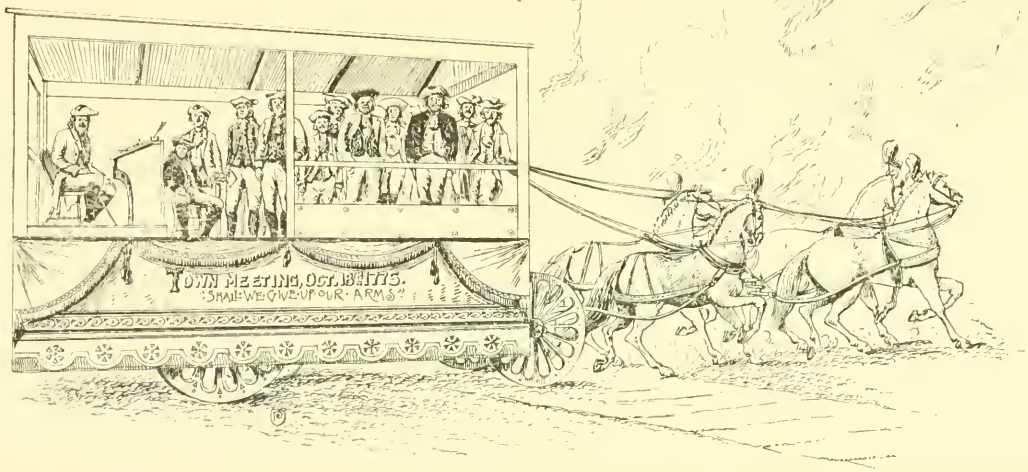
The Mowatt Conference



GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

TABLEAU VII.

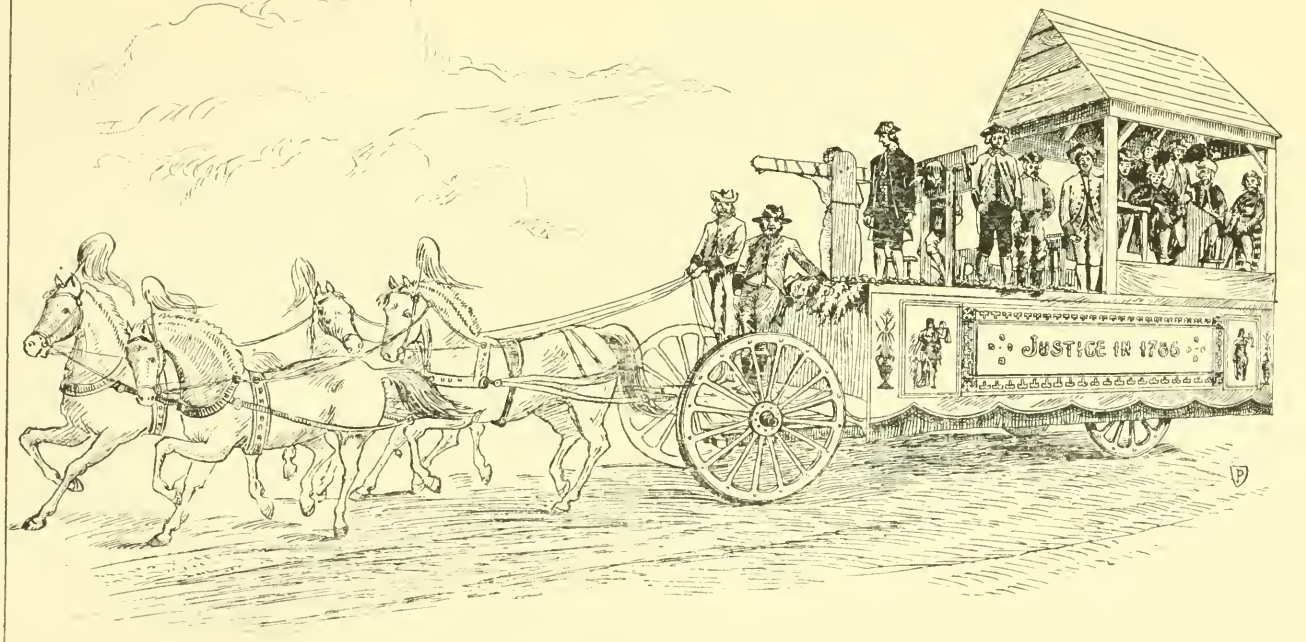
The Town Meeting.



GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON

TABLEAU VIII.

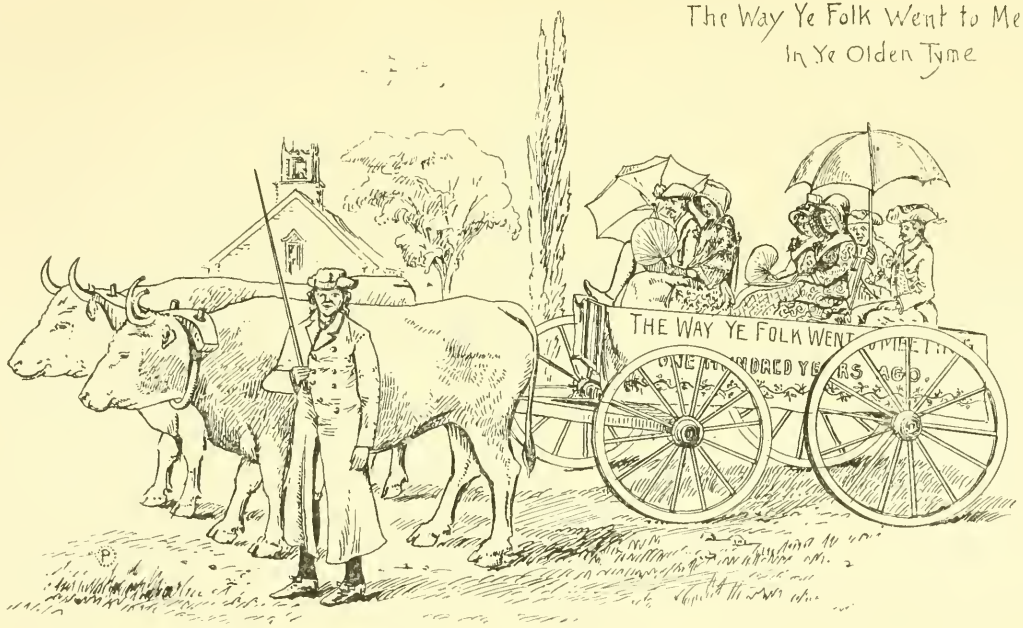
Justice.



Geo. H. Walker & Co. Lith. Boston.

TABLEAU IX

The Way Ye Folk Went to Meeting
In Ye Olden Tyme



GEO. H. WALKER & Co. Boston

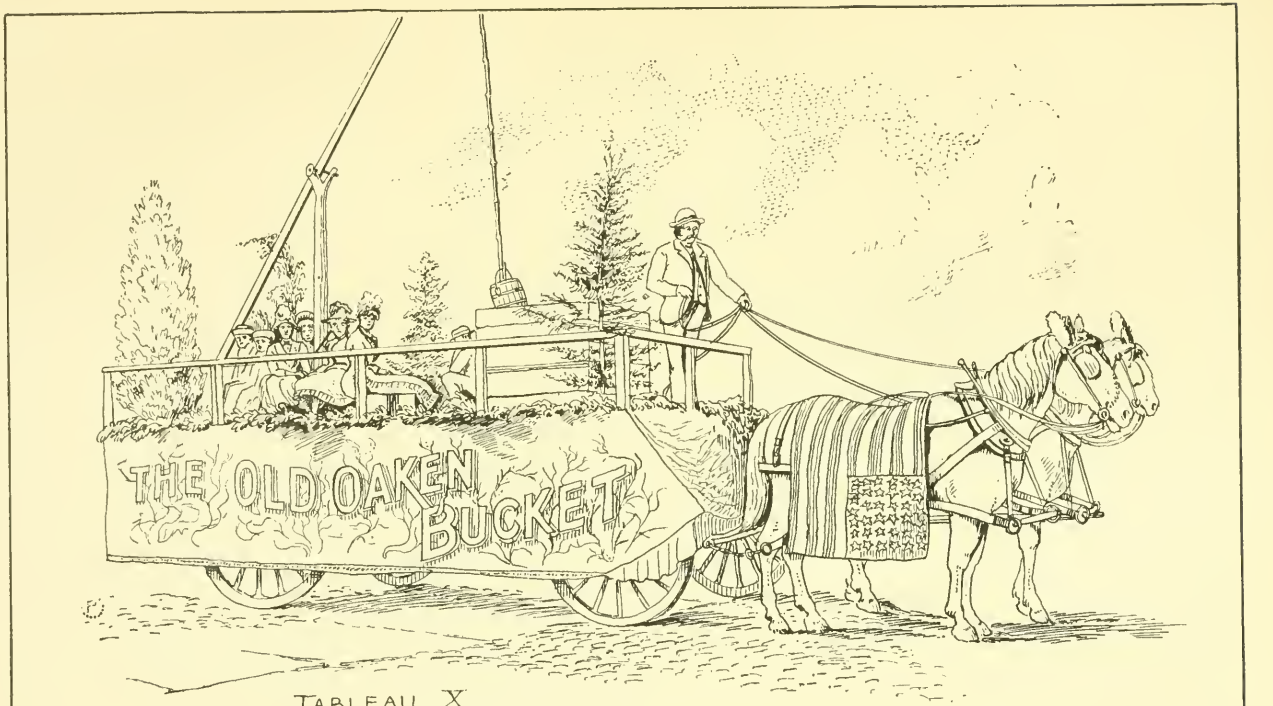


TABLEAU X

The Old Oaken Bucket.

GEO. H. WALKER & CO. Boston.

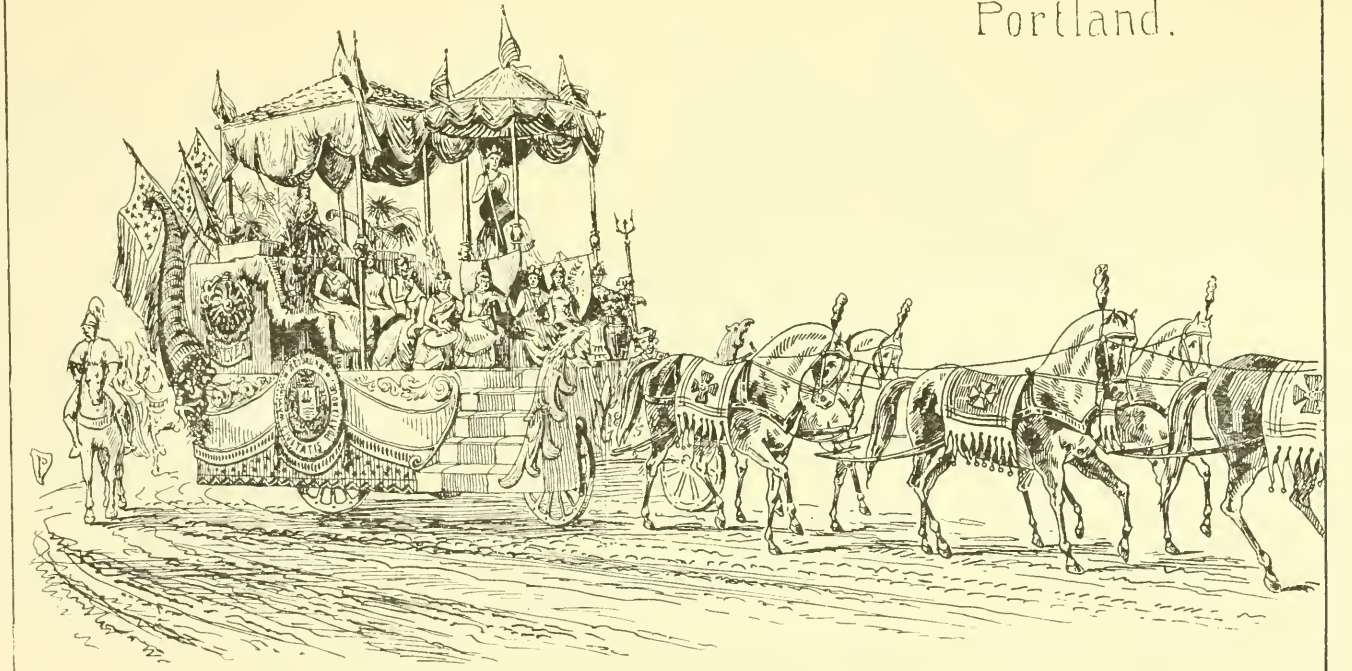
TABLEAU XI

Carrying The Mail.

GEO. H. WALKER & Co Boston

TABLEAU XII

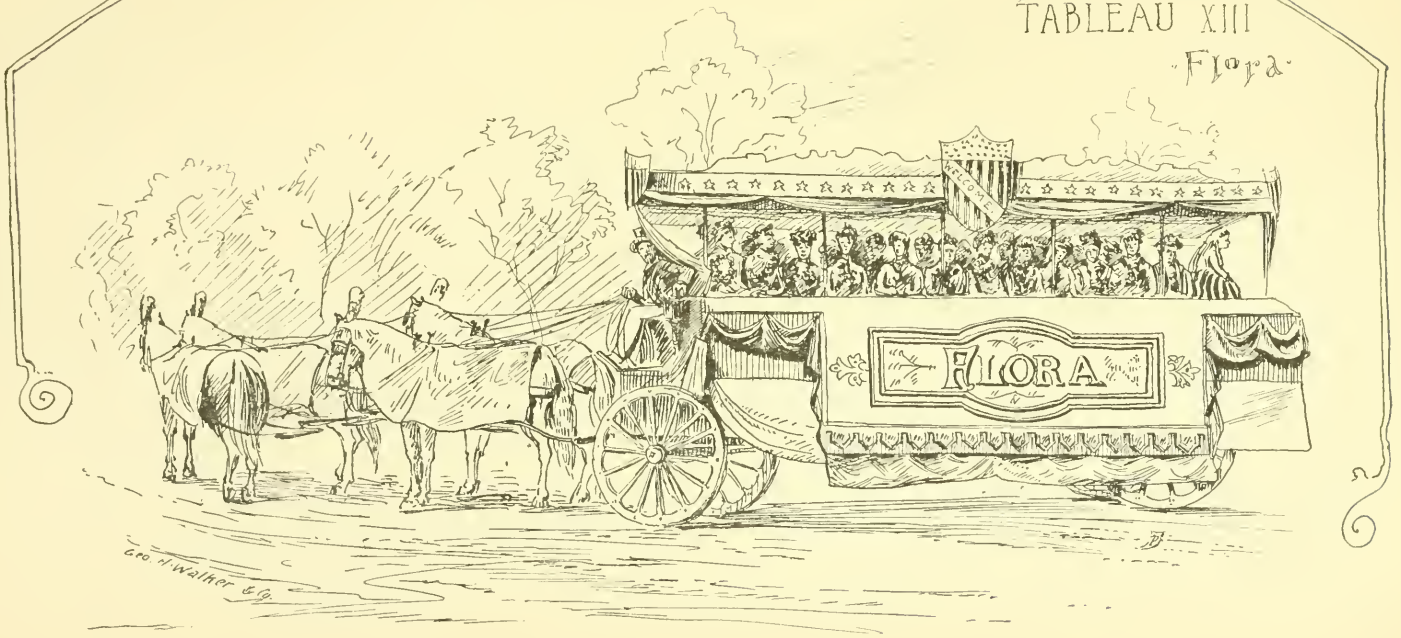
Portland.



Geo H. Walker & Co. Lith. Boston.

TABLEAU XIII

Flora



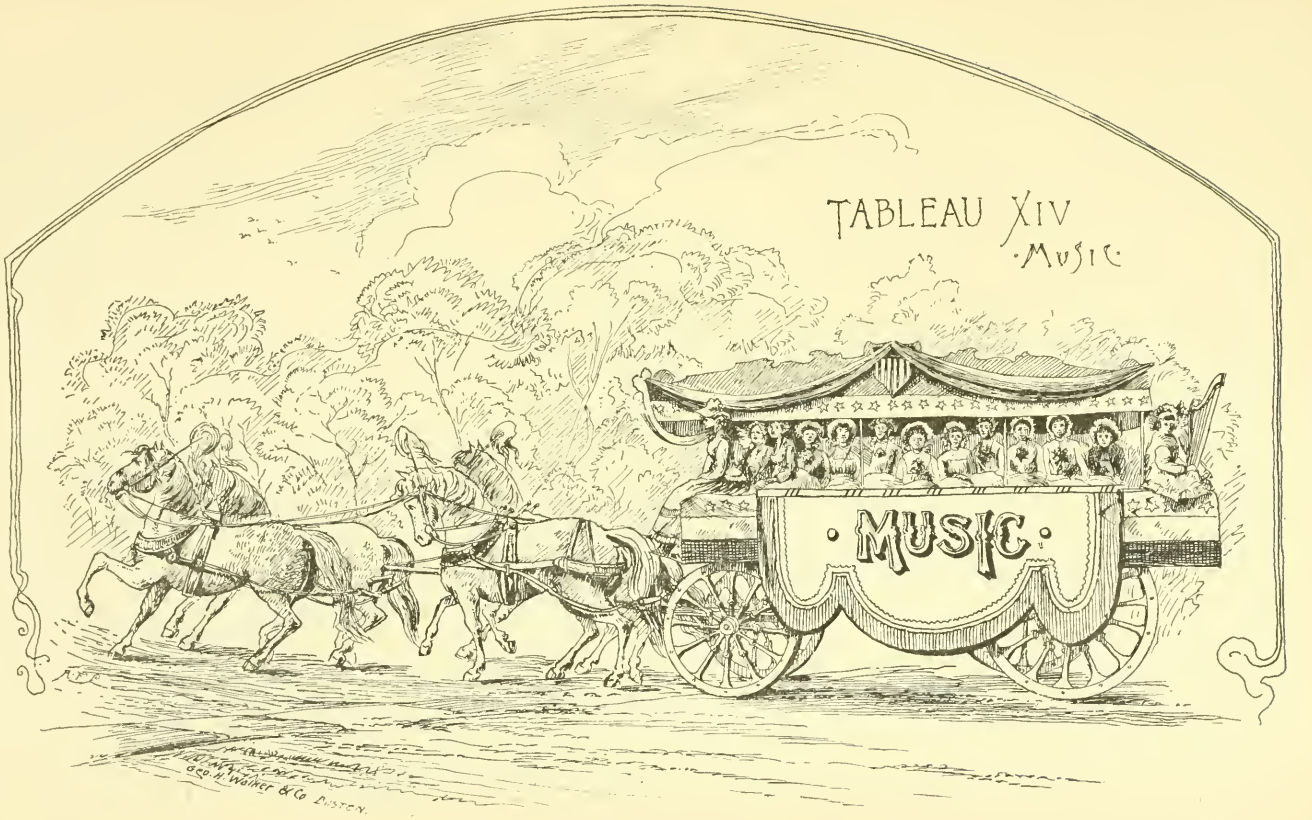


TABLEAU XIV
·Music·
·MUSIC·
GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

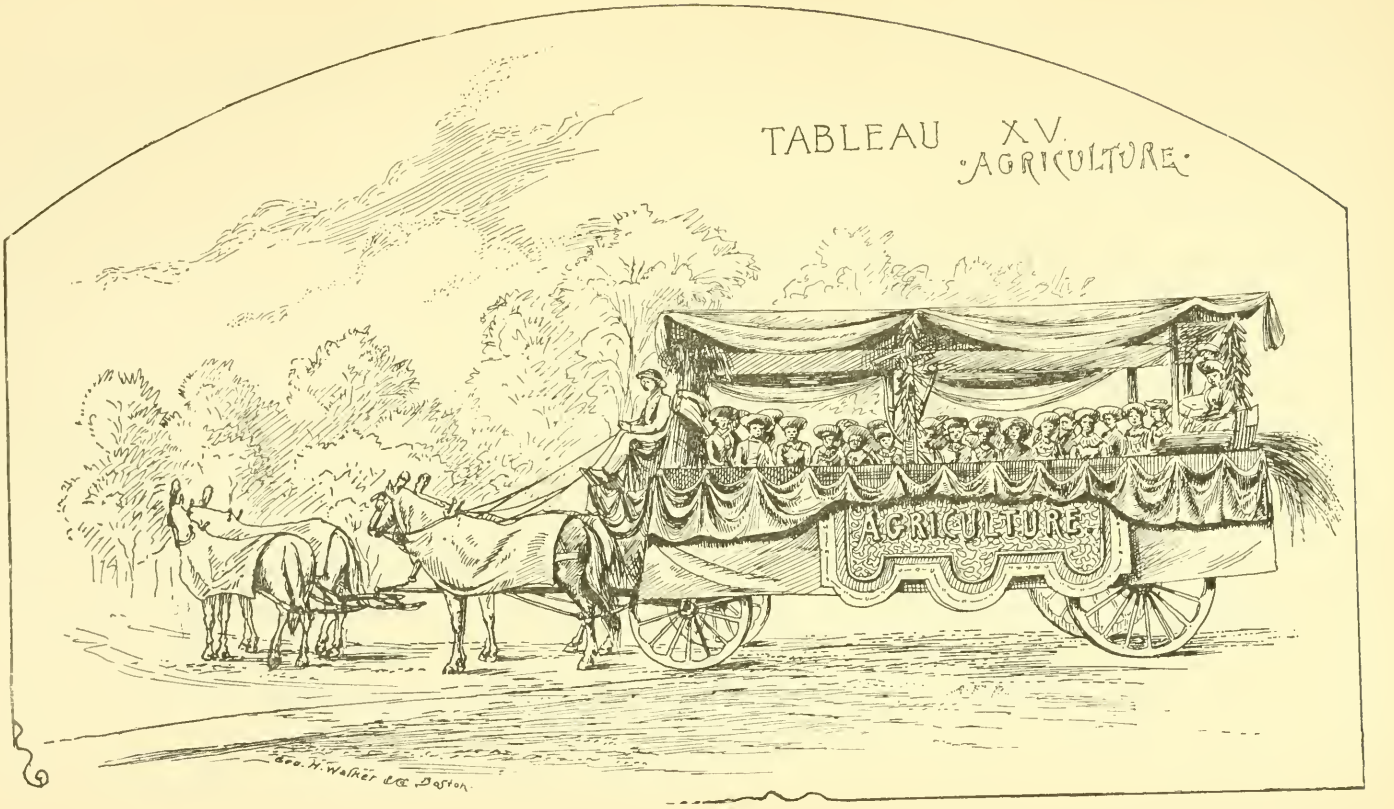
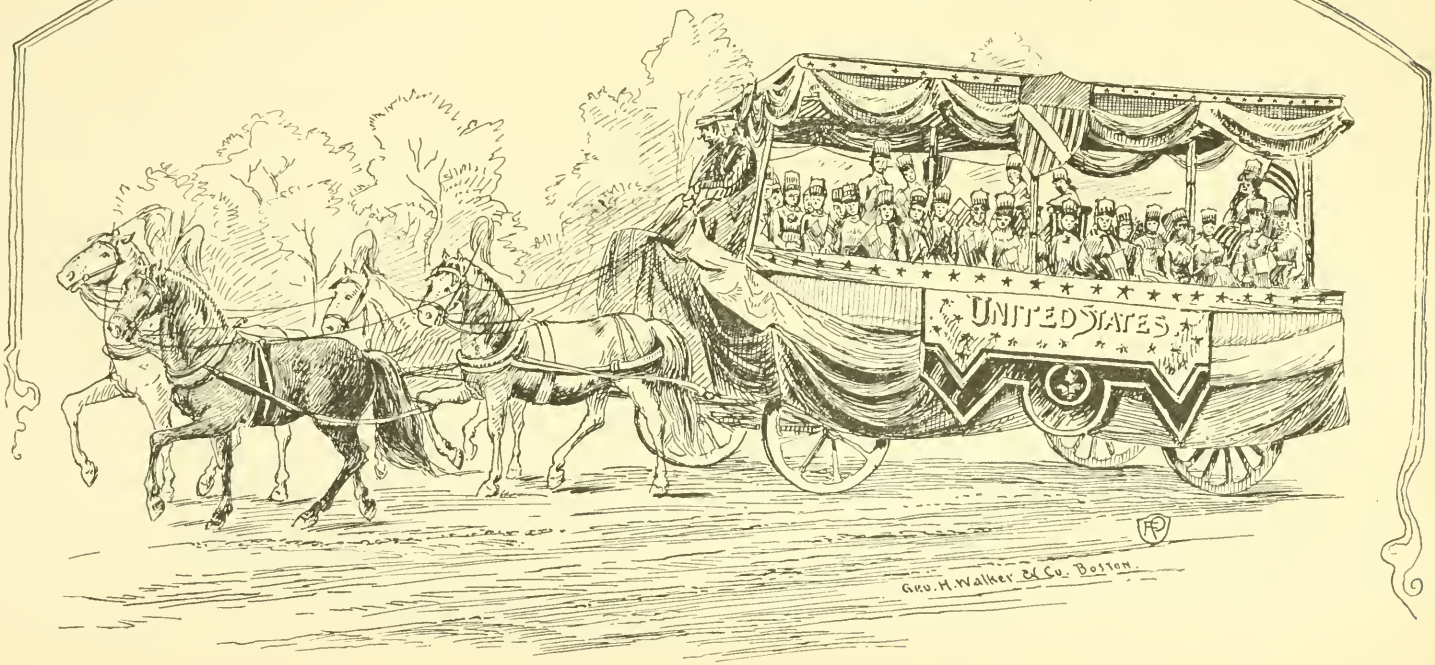


TABLEAU XV.
AGRICULTURE.
AGRICULTURE.
Geo. H. Walker & Co. Boston.

TABLEAU XVI

United States.



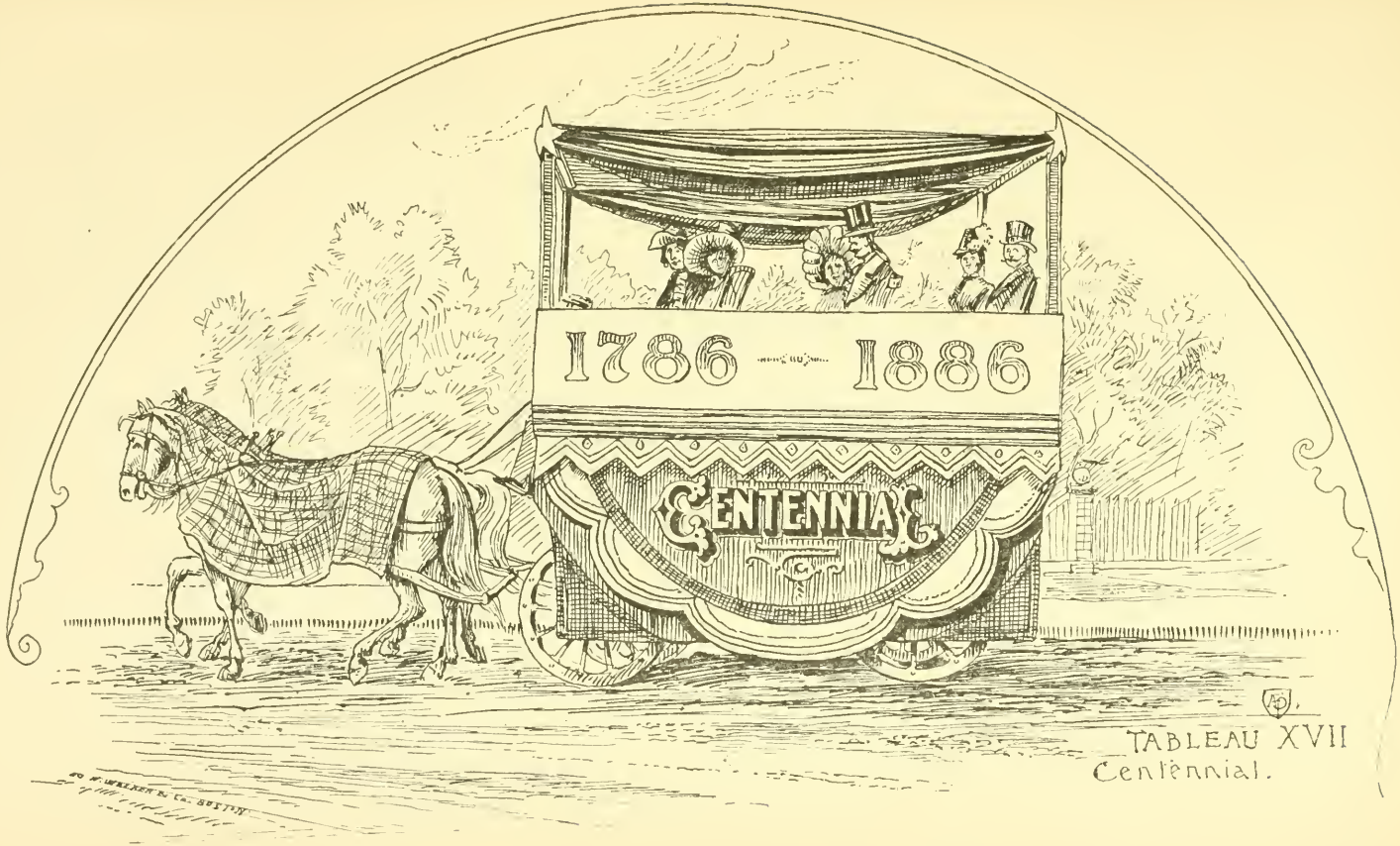


TABLEAU XVII
Centennial.

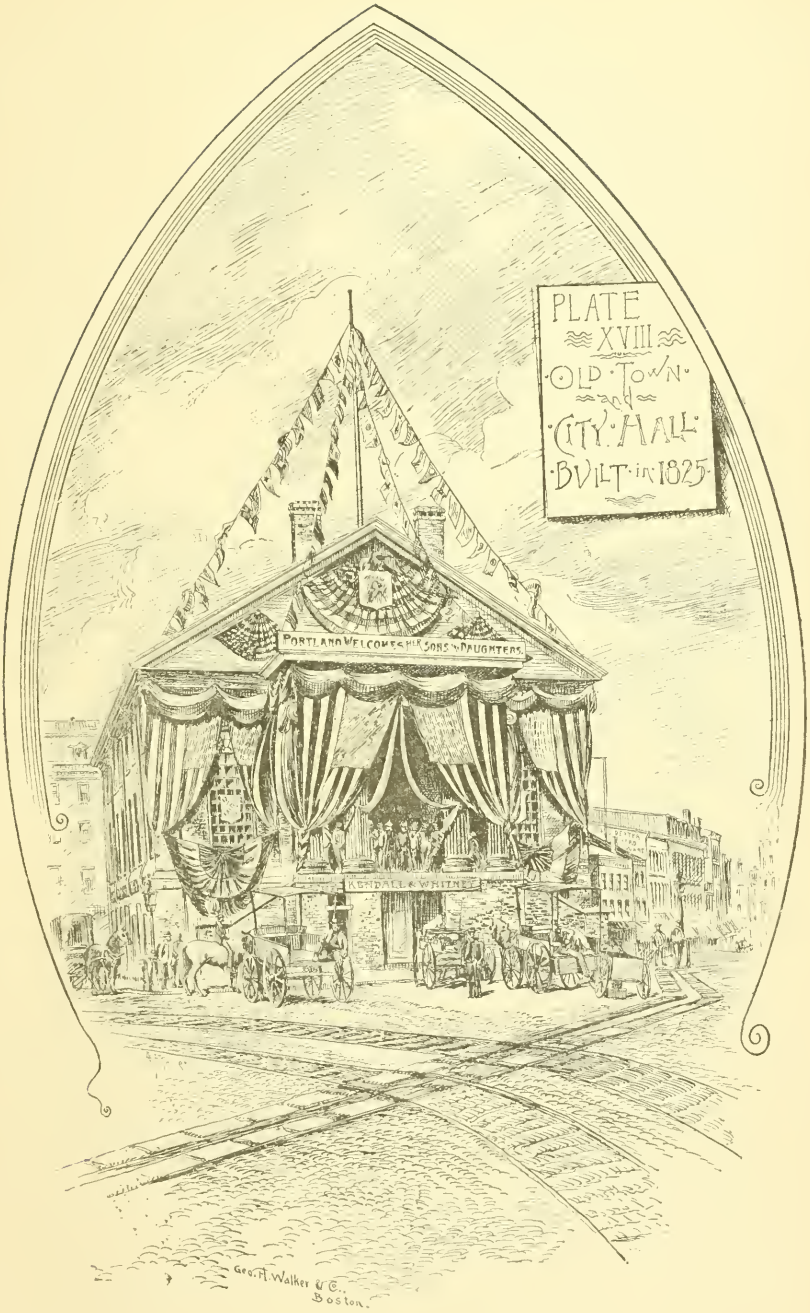
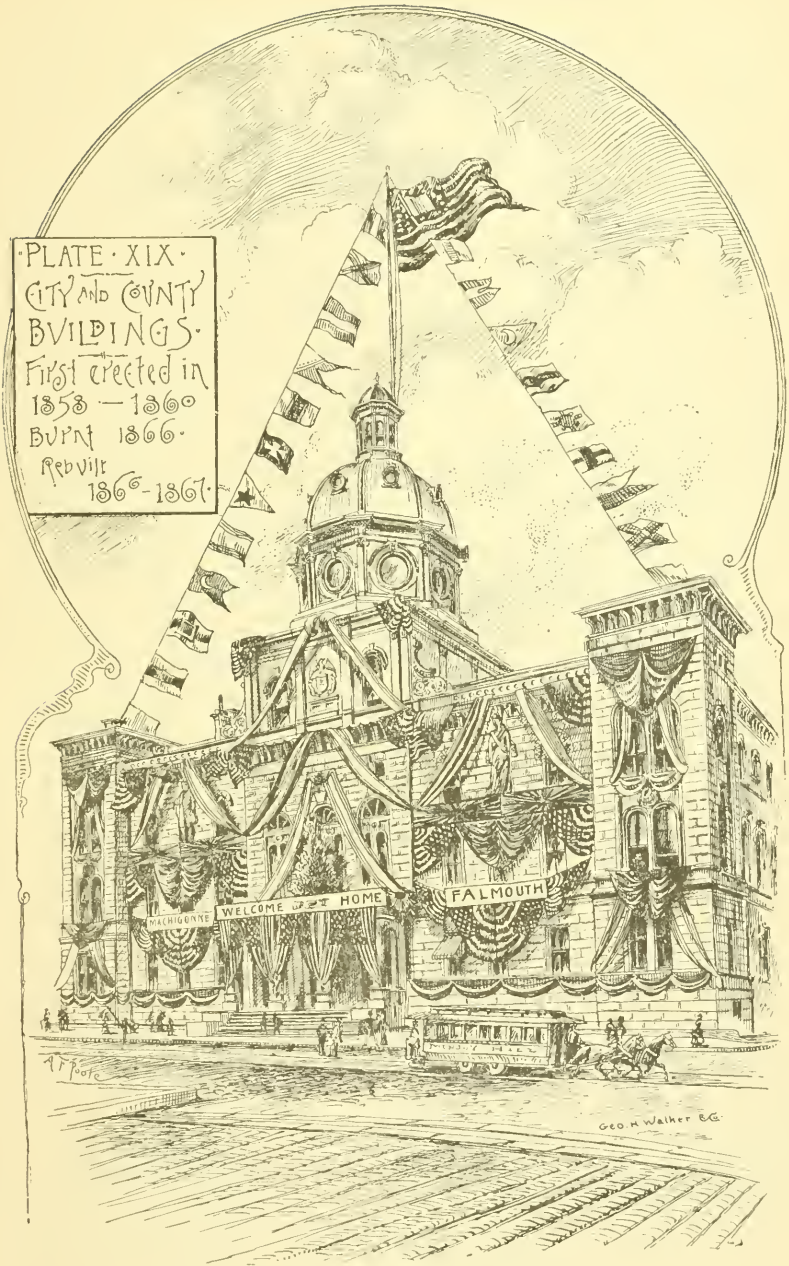


PLATE
XVIII
OLD TOWN
and
CITY HALL
BUILT IN 1825
PORTLAND WELCOMES HER SONS & DAUGHTERS
KENDALL & WHITNEY
Geo. F. Walker & Co.
Boston.


·PLATE · XIX·
CITY AND COUNTY
BUILDINGS·
First erected in
1858 — 1860
BURNT 1866·
REBUILT
1866 - 1867·
WELCOME HOME
FALMOUTH
GEO H Walker & Co

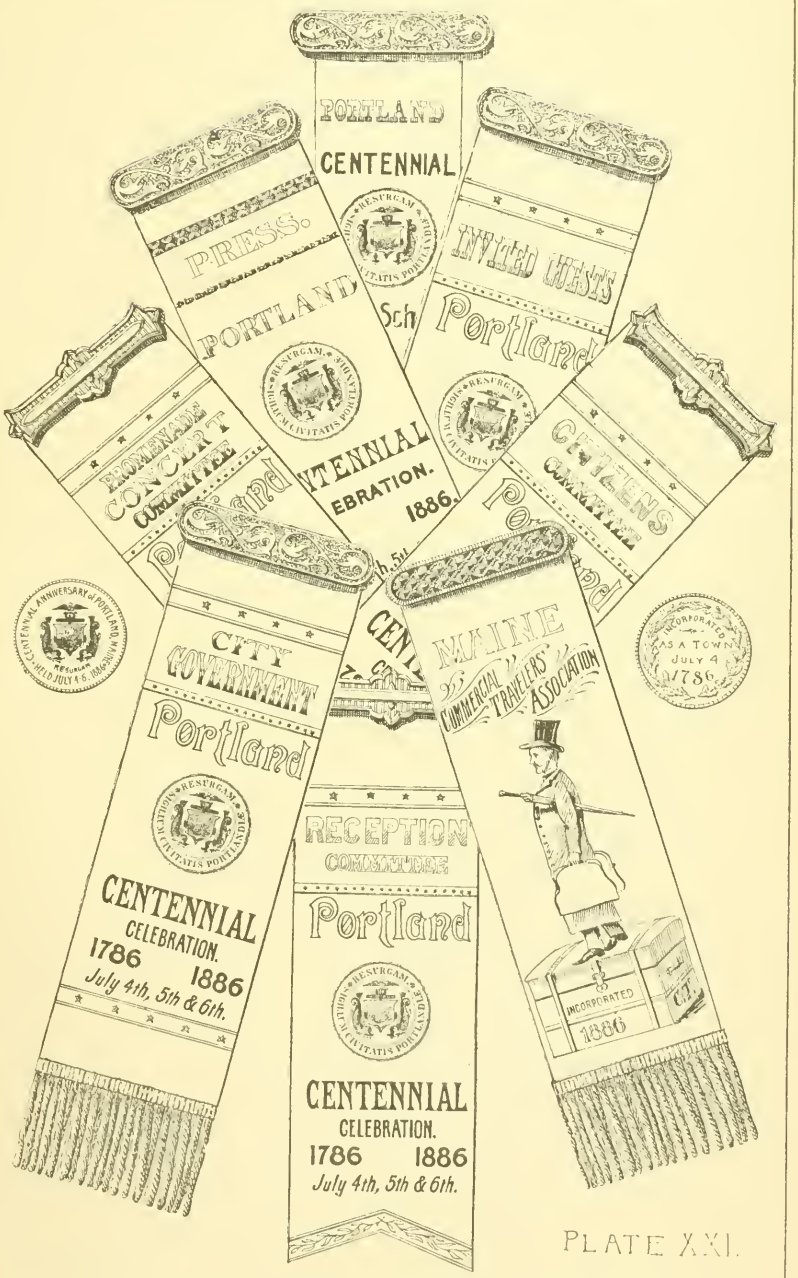
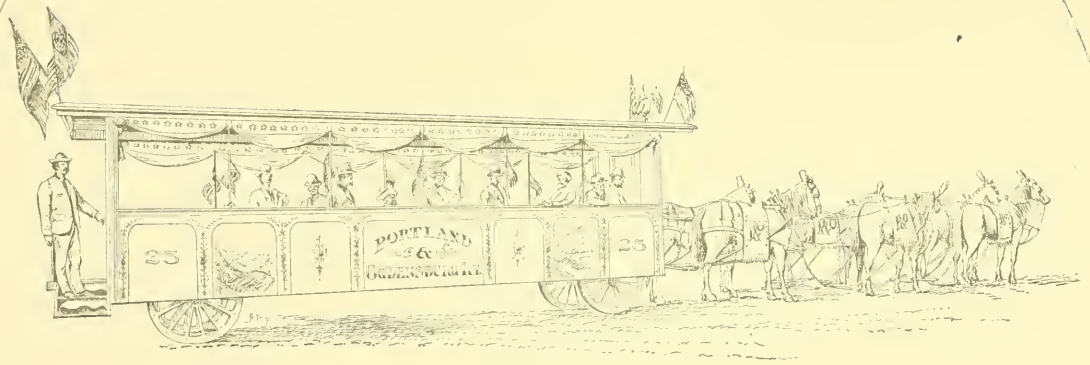

PORTLAND
CENTENNIAL
PRESS.
PORTLAND
INVITED GUESTS
Portland
CITIZENS
COMMITTEE
CITY
GOVERNMENT
Portland
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION.
1786 1886
July 4th, 5th & 6th.
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE
Portland
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION.
1786 1886
July 4th, 5th & 6th.
MAINE
COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION
INCORPORATED
1886
INCORPORATED
AS A TOWN
JULY 4
1786

PLATE XXI.

PLATE A.



GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

PLATE B

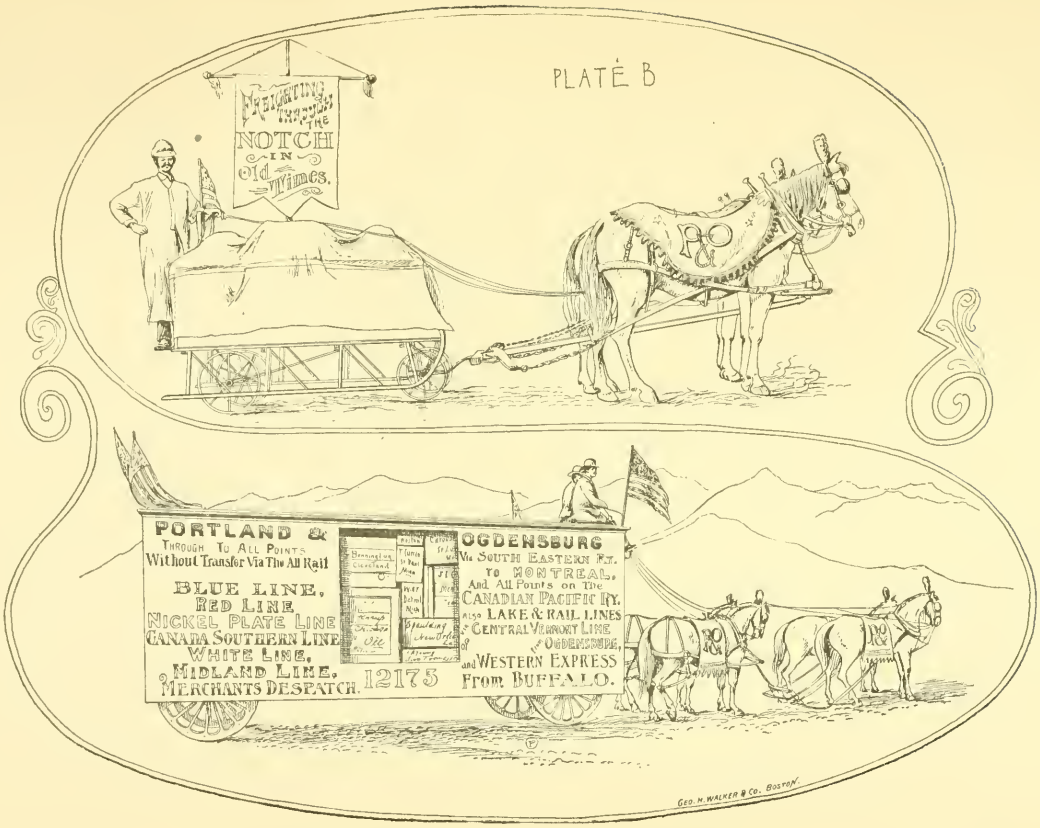
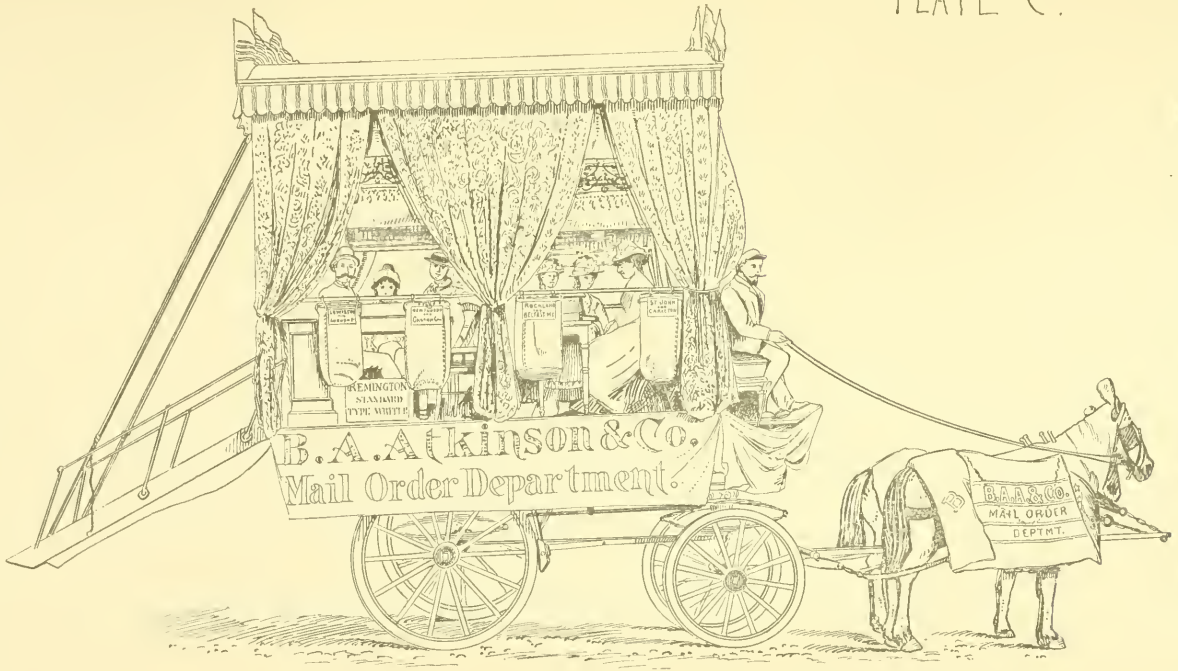

FREIGHTING THROUGH THE NOTCH IN Old Times.
P&O
PORTLAND &
THROUGH TO ALL POINTS
Without Transfer Via The All Rail
BLUE LINE,
RED LINE,
NICKEL PLATE LINE
CANADA SOUTHERN LINE,
WHITE LINE,
MIDLAND LINE,
MERCHANTS DESPATCH.
12175
OGDENSBURG
Via SOUTH EASTERN RY.
TO MONTREAL,
And All Points on The
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Also LAKE & RAIL LINES
& CENTRAL VERMONT LINE
of OGDENSBURG,
and WESTERN EXPRESS
FROM BUFFALO.
P&O
GEO. H. WALKER & Co. BOSTON

PLATE C.



GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

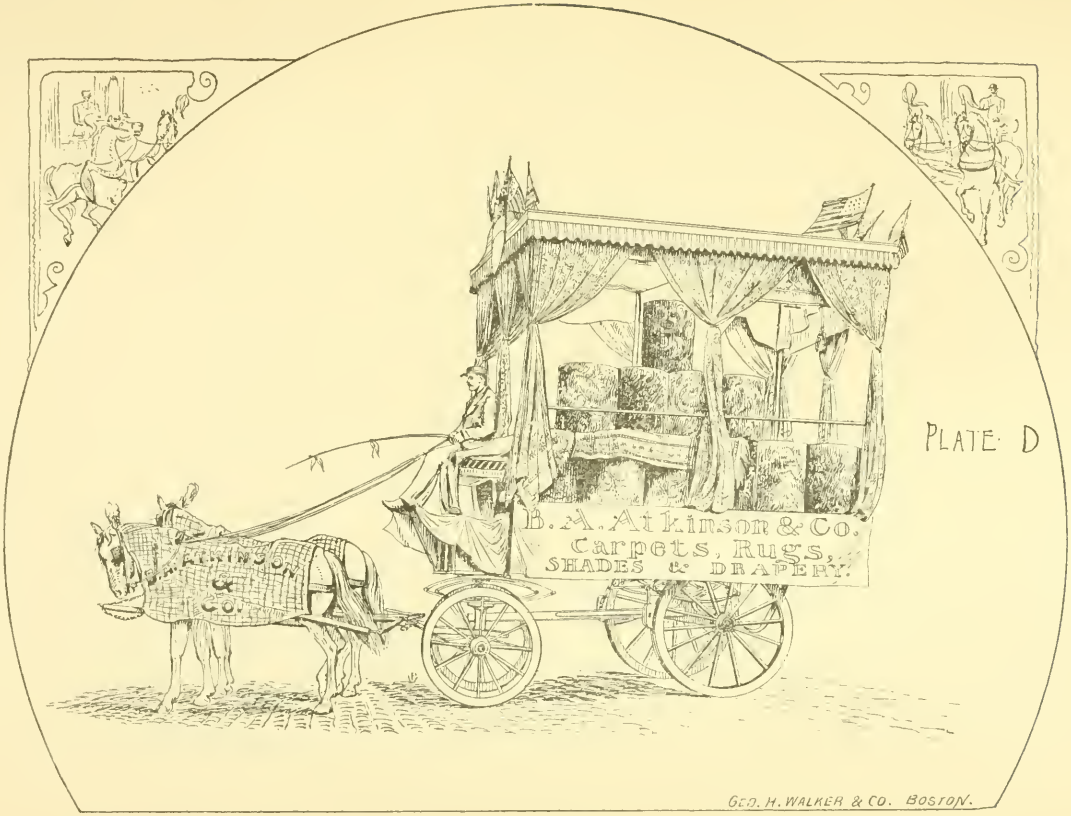
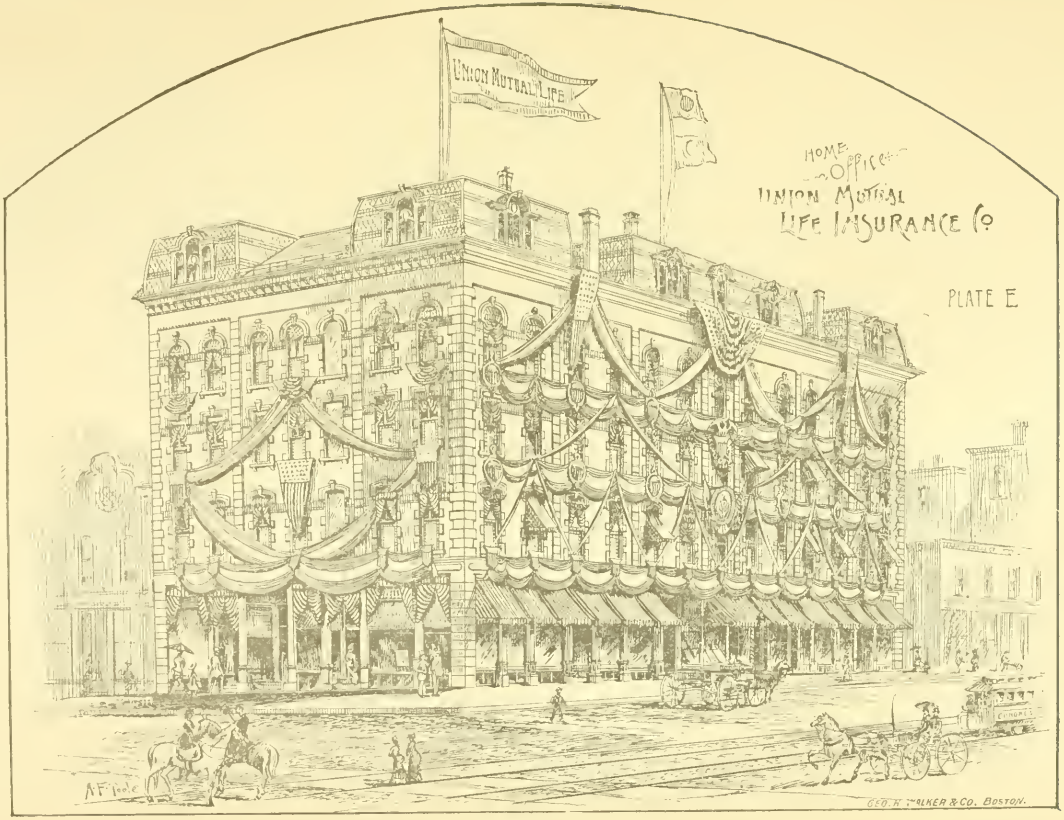
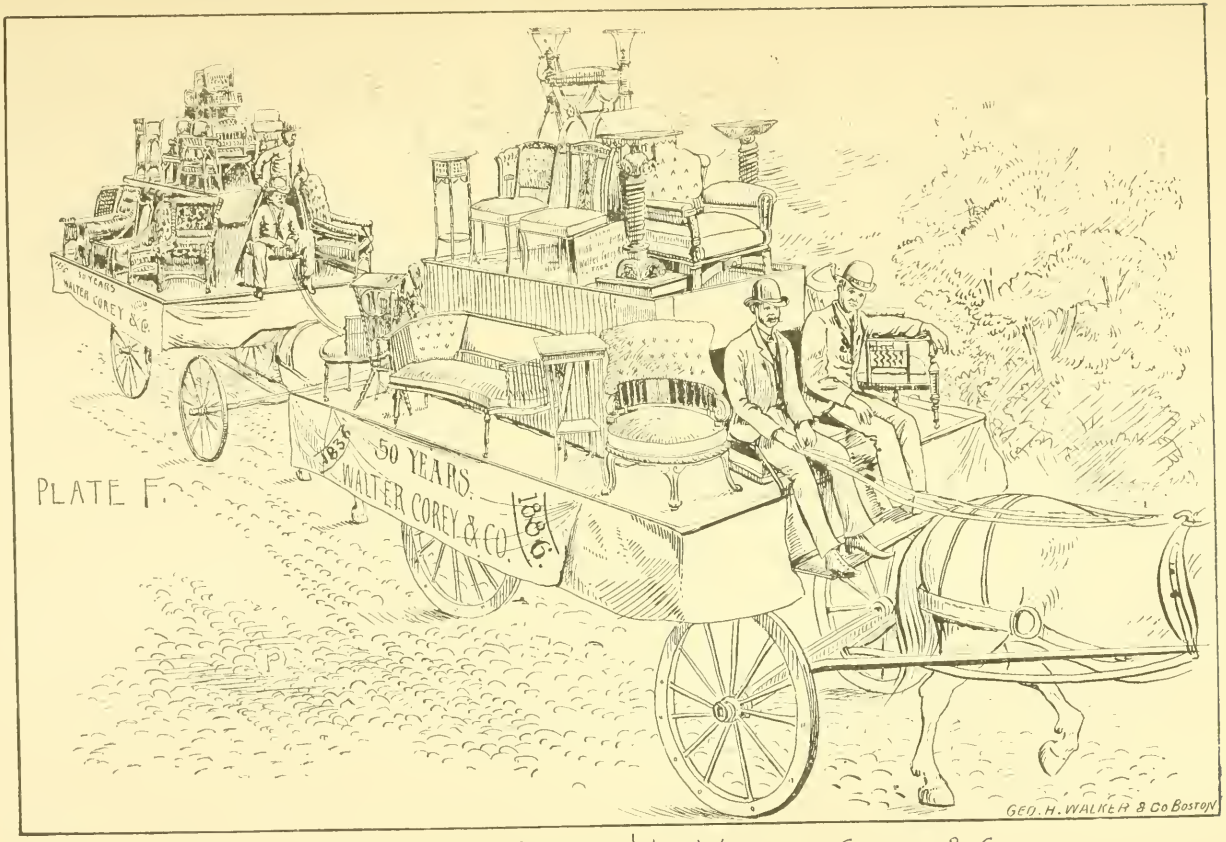


PLATE D

GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.


UNION MUTUAL LIFE
HOME OFFICE
UNION MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE Co
PLATE E.
GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

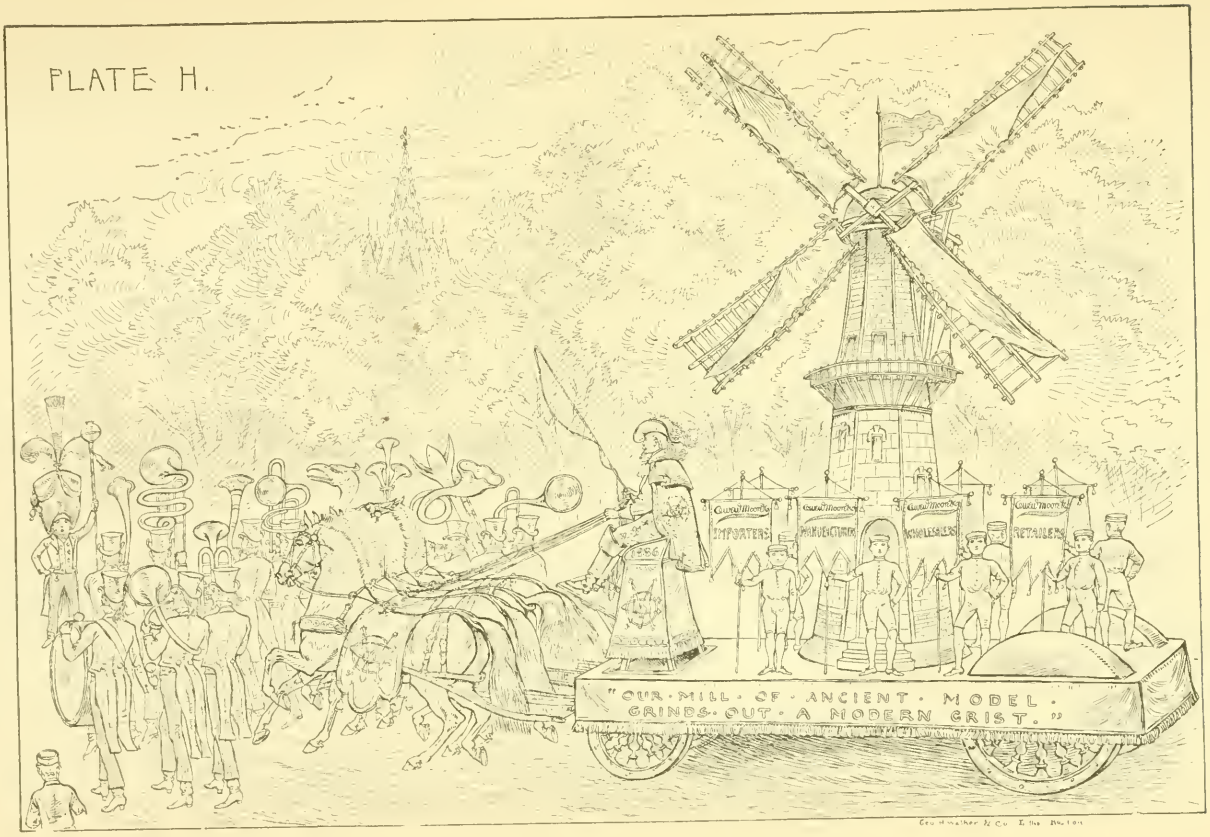


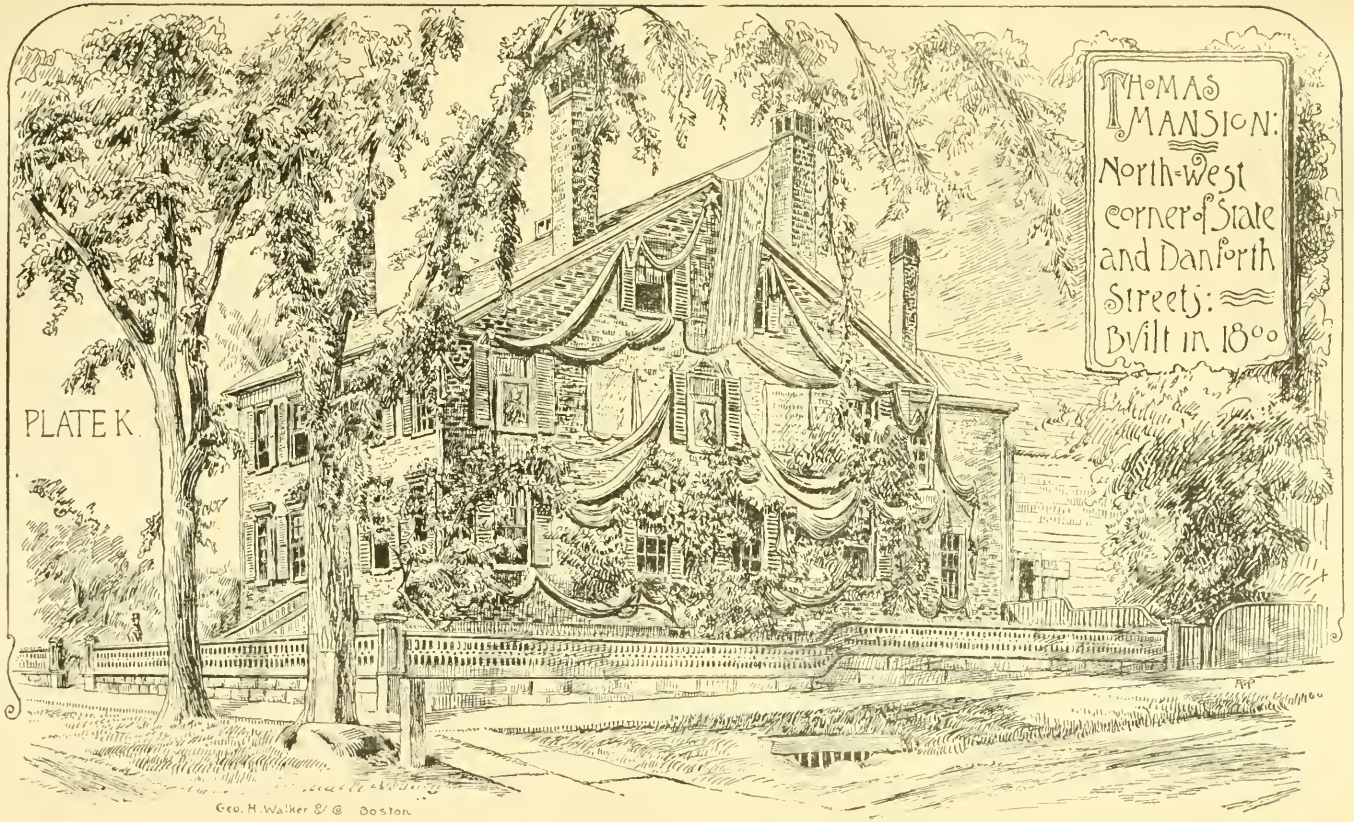
Two of the Thirteen Teams Displayed by WALTER COREY & Co.

PLATE G.

GEO. H. WALKER & CO. BOSTON.

PLATE H.


IMPORTERS
MANUFACTURERS
WHOLESALERS
RETAILERS
"OUR · MILL · OF · ANCIENT · MODEL ·
GRINDS · OUT · A · MODERN · GRIST."


THOMAS MANSION:
North-West corner of State and Danforth Streets:
Built in 1800
PLATE K.
Geo. H. Walker & Co. Boston

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